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THE NEW YORKER

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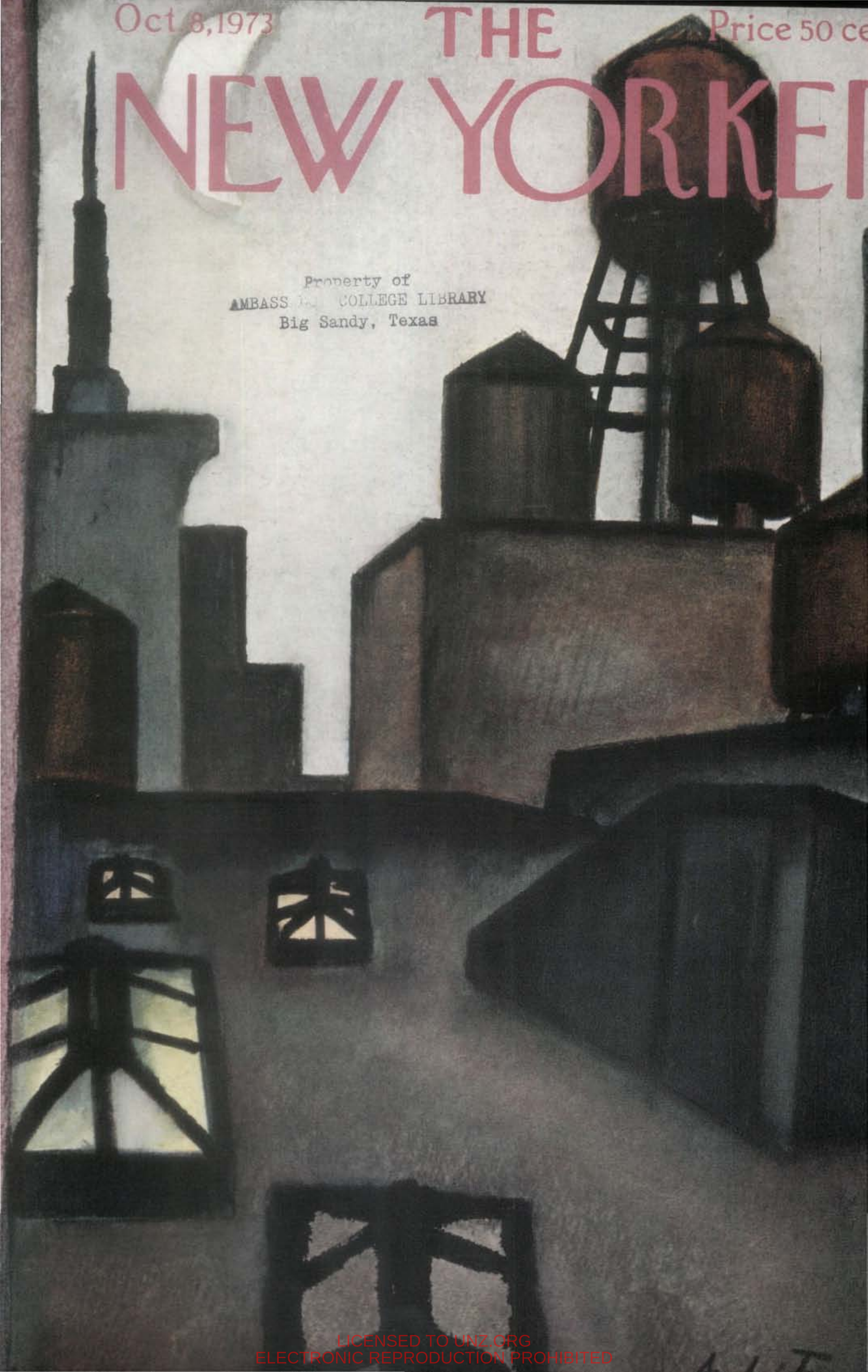

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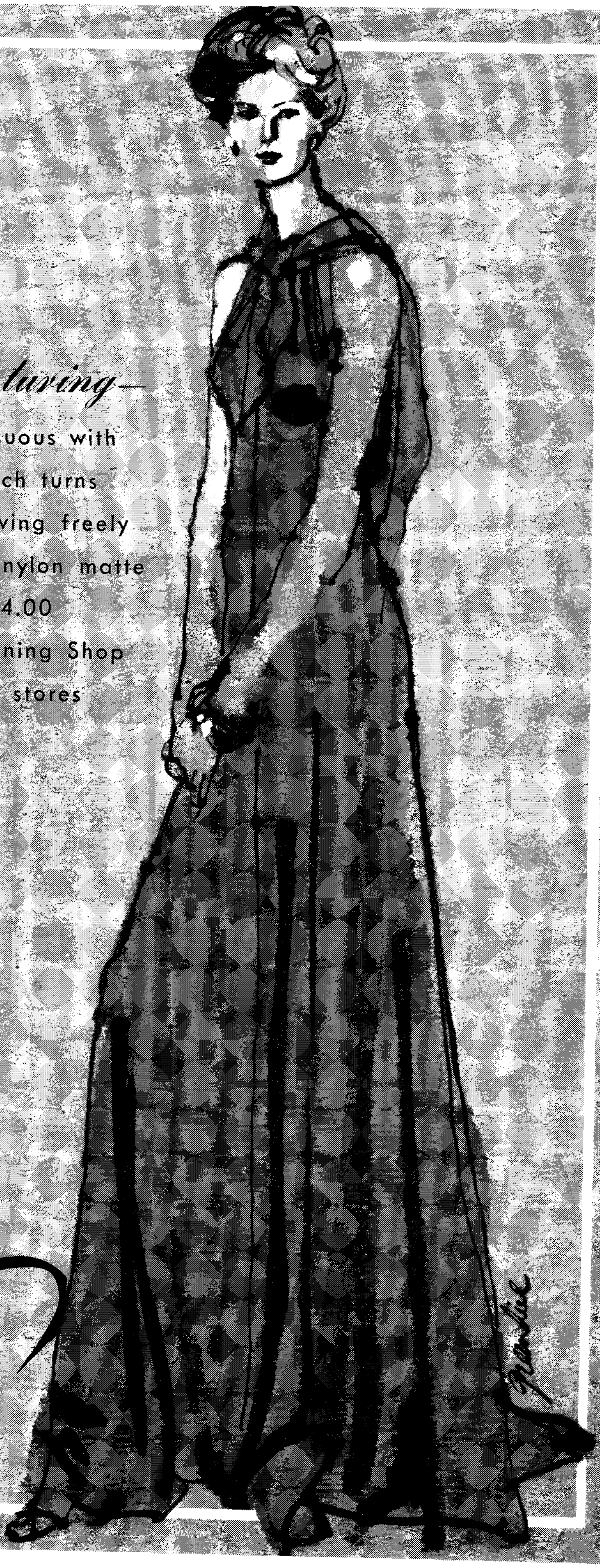

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Crown Matrimonial—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London and starring Eileen Herlie and George Grizzard. Directed by Peter Dews. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)*

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Love Thee Freely—A play, by Benjamin Bernard Zavin, based on the works of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Lady from the Sea—Ibsen's play is here performed by a company most of whom are comparative beginners, and most of whom do quite well. Paul Sparer, no beginner, is excellent as Dr. Wangel. (Gotham Art, 455 W. 43rd St. 489-1816. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nellie Toole & Co.—Sylvia Miles and Stefan Gierasch in a silly play by Peter Keveson. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. *Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays* at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, entitled "Baba Goya" when it was presented last spring at the American Place. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and John Gavin. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sisters of Mercy—A droopy musical conceived (and directed) by Gene Lesser, and taken from the verse, novels, and songs of Leonard Cohen. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—The production of Tennessee Williams' play, seen last season at Lincoln Center, will reopen on Broadway. Lois Nettleton heads a cast directed by Jules Irving. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 4. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, William Roerick, and many other able actors in a spirited but not very credible production of Anouilh's superb comedy about how awkward amorousness can be in middle age. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—don't bother me, i can't cope: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,590 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 33, October 8, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

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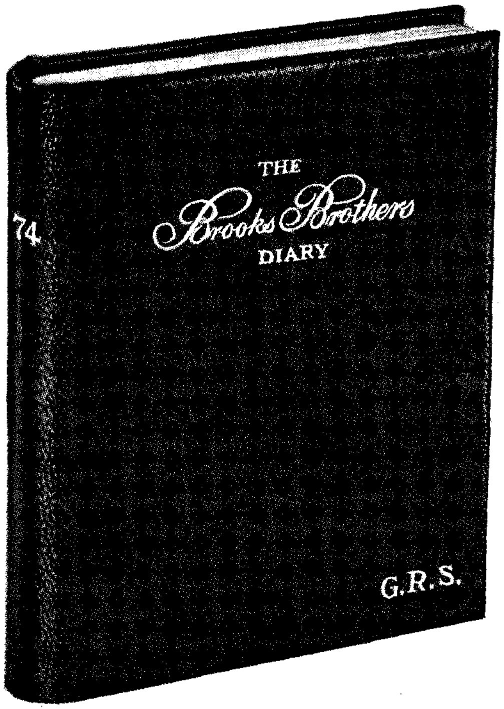

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, at 8 and 10. Thereafter, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.) . . . **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 10, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 8, at 3. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

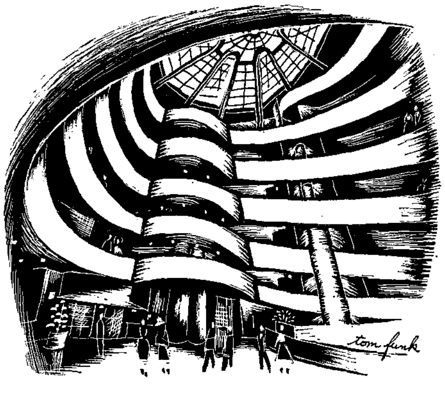
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 4—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:30: "The Dream" (company première), "Secret Places," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Deuce Coupe," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Parade," an unnamed work (première), and "Jive." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "The Dream" and "Deuce Coupe." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane" (company première), "Confetti," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY—A troupe of thirty-nine musicians, singers, and dancers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 6:45; Friday, Oct. 5, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.)

UTAH REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—The resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah in the first four in a series of seven programs that will run through Saturday, Oct. 20—Thursday evening, Oct. 11, and Sunday matinée, Oct. 14: "Women Waiting," "Within Bounds," "'Opus' Jazz Loves Bach," and "Snack Pack." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 12-13: "Footprint," "Spotlight," "The Brood," and "Five Songs in August." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 3.)

BALLET NACIONAL DE ECUADOR—A company of twenty-one dancers and musicians. (Hunter



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College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1974," with Janet Lynn. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 7, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

KENNY BURRELL—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, beginning Monday, Oct. 8. From nine-thirty Monday through Friday, and from nine on Saturday.

RON CARTER AND JIM PONDER—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Bass and guitar, respectively, from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

WILLIE DIXON—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Chicago bluesman, singing with a backup quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 9.

GIL EVANS—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Leading a fourteen-piece band, through Monday, Oct. 8. Wednesday, Thursday, Sunday, and Monday at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty.

STAN GETZ—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 6.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quartet, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

EDDIE HEYWOOD—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, nightly, except Sunday, from eight to one, through Thursday, Oct. 11.

FREDDIE HUBBARD—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a sextet, Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Oct. 6, from nine.

ELVIN JONES—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, leading a combo Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, at ten.

HANK JONES—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist George Duvivier and guitarist Remo Palmier, from nine to one, through Saturday, Oct. 6.

JONAH JONES—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one-thirty.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

CLEO LAINE AND JOHN DANKWORTH—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Jazz vocals and saxophone, respectively, with Dankworth's quintet. At nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus an all-George Gershwin program on Sunday, Oct. 7, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

YUSEF LATEEF—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, Oct. 7.

NELLIE LUTCHER—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, beginning Friday, Oct. 12.

BUDDY RICH—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Drums, leading a fifteen-piece band, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 9, at nine and eleven-thirty.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

ZOOT SIMS AND BUCKY PIZZARELLI—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

DICK WELLSTOOD—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist Kenny Davern and drummer Cliff Leeman, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 9, from nine to one.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays *1001 Songs Everyone Remembers*. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Gil Evans takes a fourteen-piece aggregation through his stylish arrangements until Monday, Oct. 8. Harry Chapin, an emotional folkie, starts singing on Wednesday, Oct. 10. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. Tenorman George Coleman works with organist Bobby Forster and drummer Eddie Moore through Saturday, Oct. 6. Houston Person, also on tenor, leads a trio that features vocalist Etta Jones, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 10. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music constructed by Sam Brown on guitar and Dave Matthews on piano from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 6. Pianist Cedar Walton plays with bassist Sam Jones starting Monday, Oct. 8. On Sundays from nine until one, the forceful bop pianist Al Haig, who used to play with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, has returned with his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—that summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The music begins at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot showcasing the talents of young stride pianist Brooks Kerr, who works with trombonist Mathew Gee Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-

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4450)—Pianist Eddie Heywood runs through neatly packaged standards on the order of "Caravan" and "God Bless the Child" from eight to one. Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the Victor Borge of Lake Charles, La., blueswomen, returns, singing and playing piano, with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, on Friday, Oct. 12. Sundays Dick Hyman plays from eight to one. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, some not.) The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 7, the duo will play an all-George Gershwin concert from five-forty-five until seven-forty-five, before their usual sets begin. Mondays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine. Singer Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bass accompaniment on Mondays.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listeners alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Ron Carter, a high priest of the bass, collaborates with guitarist Jim Ponder. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Guitarist Mike Gari and bassist Dave Shapiro play on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 7-8.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is offering two groups each night. Accomplished trumpeter Freddie Hubbard leads a sextet, sharing the facilities with the singing, smiling duo of Jackie Paris and Ann Marie Moss through Saturday, Oct. 6. Kenny Burrell, a fine guitarist, and his quartet trade sets with pianist Monty Alexander and his trio beginning Monday, Oct. 8. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers work from eight to two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—As farsighted as it is far-out, this club seriously cultivates the very best younger musicians working in the city, and some older, more established ones, too. Music from nine until three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Herman Autrey, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room**, the polished Stan Getz quartet alternates with the fanciful Ahmad Jamal quintet at nine and eleven-thirty through Saturday, Oct. 6. Galloping drummer Buddy Rich energizes a big band starting Tuesday, Oct. 9. Closed Sunday and Monday, Oct. 7-8. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the backroom—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. Reedman Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck co-head a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 7. Singer Teri Thorton will also contribute her talents. Willie Dixon (with his band) sings some of his compositions, which include such Chicago-blues classics as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "The Seventh Son," and "Little Red Rooster," starting Tuesday, Oct. 9. Music Tuesdays through Sundays, starting at nine-thirty. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. A solid folk-rock-and-blues group, the Fabulous Rhinestones, plays, along with Orleans, a rock band that used to frequent the Mercer Arts Center (before its headquarters' untimely collapse). Through Monday, Oct. 8. On Wednesday, Oct. 10, Peter (minus Paul and Mary) Yarrow begins singing folk songs with feeling. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

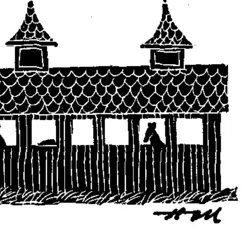
Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Guitarist Pat Martino performs opposite singer and picker Richard Johnson. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Composer-pianist Hank Jones—in a rare appearance as a leader of a group—plays with bassist George Duvivier and guitarist Remo Palmier through Saturday, Oct. 6, from nine to one. Dick Wellstood, a fine pianist (and one who makes no bones about going his own way), and clarinettist Kenny Davern and drummer Cliff Leeman join forces on Tuesday, Oct. 9. Sometime clarinettist Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. When he's not soloing in his low-keyed, engaging manner, Chico Hamilton seems pleased as punch (as do the customers here) over the inventiveness of the young musical artisans in his group. Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date show-biz image. Leata Galloway sings through Saturday, Oct. 6, along with Australian singer/songwriter/pianist Peter Allen. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 9, Betty Rhodes, a brassy pop singer, and Holly Woodlawn, the female impersonator who starred in Andy Warhol's "Trash" and who will be singing songs from the forties, take over. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. The resident twosome—pianist Lewis Friedman and clown guitarist Tiger Haynes—fills any gaps between eight-thirty and two. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli renew a worthy association in these quarters nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, from nine-thirty to one.



Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Music is furnished by vibraharpist David Friedman's trio on Fridays and Saturdays, from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress continues its tradition of presenting top-flight jazz. Singer Bu Pleasant remains at the keyboard with her trio through Sunday, Oct. 7. The legendary Elvin Jones and his group will join in on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6. Wednesday's feature, as usual, is harpist Daphne Hellman's trio. Music at ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable thirty-nine-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance leading from a cobblestoned street. Yusef Lateef, the spiritual flutist, plays with his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 7. A fine young vibraharpist, Roy Ayers, drops in with his band on Tuesday, Oct. 9. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and their vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater, all of them just back from a European tour. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—An old beatnik hangout, this Columbia University bar (redecorated in the mid-sixties with distressed-wood tables and colored-glass lamps) has just added a music room, which has so far presented mostly pop and folk types. Murray and Diana May lead a good-time music band in the tradition of the Lovin' Spoonful, and beyond. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4-6. The Shout Band will start in a-hollerin' on Wednesday, Oct. 10. Music from nine-forty-five until two. Dinner.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue and cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays or Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Cleo Laine's lack of exposure in this country remains a major puzzlement in the realm of jazz and popular music. (She made her New York début only last fall, at Alice Tully Hall.) Astonishingly gifted, this forty-five-year-old British singer, who is also an accomplished West End actress, has a substantial and wildly devoted following at home. Whether she sings Gershwin's charming "Lorelei" or Burton Lane's less obscure "On a Clear Day, You Can See Forever," her back-of-the-throat, delicately husky voice and her unique interpretations yield unusually satisfying results. Her voice would be a marvel even without its incredible range. Her choice of material is also singular: she performs Bessie Smith's "Gimme a Pigfoot" with originality and her own intensity, and she does an extraordinary rendering of Noël Coward's "Mad About the Boy" in three of the four characterizations for which it was written—a woman of the world, a schoolgirl, and a Cockney charwoman. Perhaps the most striking aspect of her singing repertoire is her handling of Shakespeare and, sometimes,

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Donne. She and her husband, John Dankworth, a prolific and respected composer, have had a twenty-one-year musical relationship, and it shows: he sets Shakespeare to music, and she turns Kern into poetry. Her voice and his lyrical alto saxophone and clarinet are supported by his quintet nightly at dinner and supper. Recorded music (very late Sinatra, shameful by contrast with the live entertainment) from eight. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, the Jonah Jones quartet and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish cats with nine lives and the ability always to land on their feet. The current troupe is called Los Solera. Cuban singer Celia Cruz is the resident soprano. On Thursday, Oct. 11, a new show centering on Mexican singer Marc Antonio Muñiz will arrive. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE**, there is activity after eight-thirty by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, Oct. 6, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio will prevail Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 9-13. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** will open its fall season on Tuesday, Oct. 9, with singer Dax Xenos appearing at dinner Mondays through Thursdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven-thirty to one (Fridays and Saturdays to two). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan will present the piano team of Whittemore and Lowe in a nightly musical-comedy repertoire, from seven to midnight, through Sunday, Oct. 7. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver will take over the pianos.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **MAISONETTE** affords the songs of Lorna Luft. On Monday, Oct. 8, Freda Payne will start singing in her stead. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, a quiet glade, is dispensing violin-and-piano music, with vocal accompaniment by Russian singer Aelita, from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer Hugh Shannon has just been installed in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**. His hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lainie Kazan will end her song recital in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, Oct. 6, so that Leslie Uggams may begin chirruping on Tuesday, Oct. 9. Dinner and supper are the hours. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—The twenty-eight small watercolors and three oils that largely make up this exhibition were produced during the Depression on a farm in Geneva, New York, to which Dove and his second wife went in 1934, and from which they were barely able to eke out an existence. The watercolors show familiar country sights, and they reflect a touching intimacy with, and friendliness for, the animals and barns and trees and streams and clotheslines and woodpiles that they depict in a near-abstract style, executed in a fast Marin-like watercolor technique and with a palette of earth colors. Some of the watercolors resemble the abstractions for which Dove is known, but others have a simple linearity that is more suggestive of folk art than of modern abstract art. An oil called "The Green House" expresses the darker vision of nature that is latent in the watercolors. The painting is of a crooked, sagging house and a black, writhing tree from which leaves are falling, set against a strange, yellow-white sky, and it gives an almost palpable sense of wind, weather, decay, desolation, things shrinking into themselves—the dead stillness of the world before a storm. "We go on doing what we do, earth and man and all, as in a ball," Dove wrote in 1931. This show, in illustrating the Thoreauvian basis of Dove's art, casts much light on the achievement of this thorny, solitary, yet-to-be overestimated American artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Alice Neel—A show of recent full-length portraits in oil by the well-known realist, whose subjects include Raphael and Moses Soyer, the artist's pregnant daughter-in-law, a black mother and child, and the obligatory (among today's *engagé* women artists) reclining, flaccid-penised male nude. These paintings have a powerful and aggressive appearance, but their spirit is that of Victorian sentimentality and anecdotalism. Like Millais and Rockwell, Neel is a master of the art of pushing the viewer around and telling him what to feel, and apparently (to judge from the revival that Millais and Rockwell are enjoying) this has again become respectable and profitable. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings, watercolors, and ink drawings, from 1950 to the present, by a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karel Appel—Oils, paintings with wood relief, watercolors, and ceramic sculptures. Through Tuesday, Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Recent paintings of figures and interiors by a veteran New York artist. Through Oct. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Belkin—A series of figure paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Mobiles, stabiles, a painted model jet plane, gouache paintings, and models for commissions. Through Nov. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Chapin—Figure paintings on canvas and on panels of Plexiglas and wood; also prints. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Paintings of this abstractionist's late works, most of them in white. Through Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Russell Forester—Paintings and pen-and-ink drawings built up of rhythmic patterns of tiny squares. Through Oct. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Drawings and collages by an artist known for her leather-covered, zippered male heads. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes by the author of "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land." Through Oct. 20. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Havard—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Floyd Johnson—Paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Oct. 27. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronzes by an artist known for his ecclesiastical figures. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Donn Moulton—Enamelled, molded fibre-glass apples. Through Oct. 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings. Through Oct. 18. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Marianne Schnell—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Stuyvesant Van Veen—A triptych, cartoons for the triptych, five paintings, and forty studies by a veteran fantasist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

John von Wicht (1888-1970)—Semi-abstract paintings and gouaches by a German artist who came to America in 1923. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobi Zausner—Six large canvases and small works on paper by a young neo-Surrealist; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Avery, Stuart Davis, de Kooning, Hofmann, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Craft objects in ceramic, metal, glass, wood, papier-mâché, and fabric by various New York craftsmen. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Léger, Feininger, Klee, Miró, Giacometti, Matisse, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Pastels, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century Americans, such as Burchfield, Glackens, Marin, Sloan, and Twachtman. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Eighty American landscapes of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of seventy-six paintings, from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, taken from the collections of ten midwestern universities. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Americans as Avery, Burchfield, Calder, Lipchitz, and Maurer. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Thirty sculptures, plus drawings. Through Oct. 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jackie Ferrara—Geometric constructions made of cotton batting. Starts Saturday, Oct. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward C. Flood—Boxes made of layers of clear Plexiglas. Through Thursday, Oct. 11. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Goto—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Twenty-eight stone sculptures devoted to the female figure. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Hale—Welded figurative sculptures, plus drawings. Through Oct. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

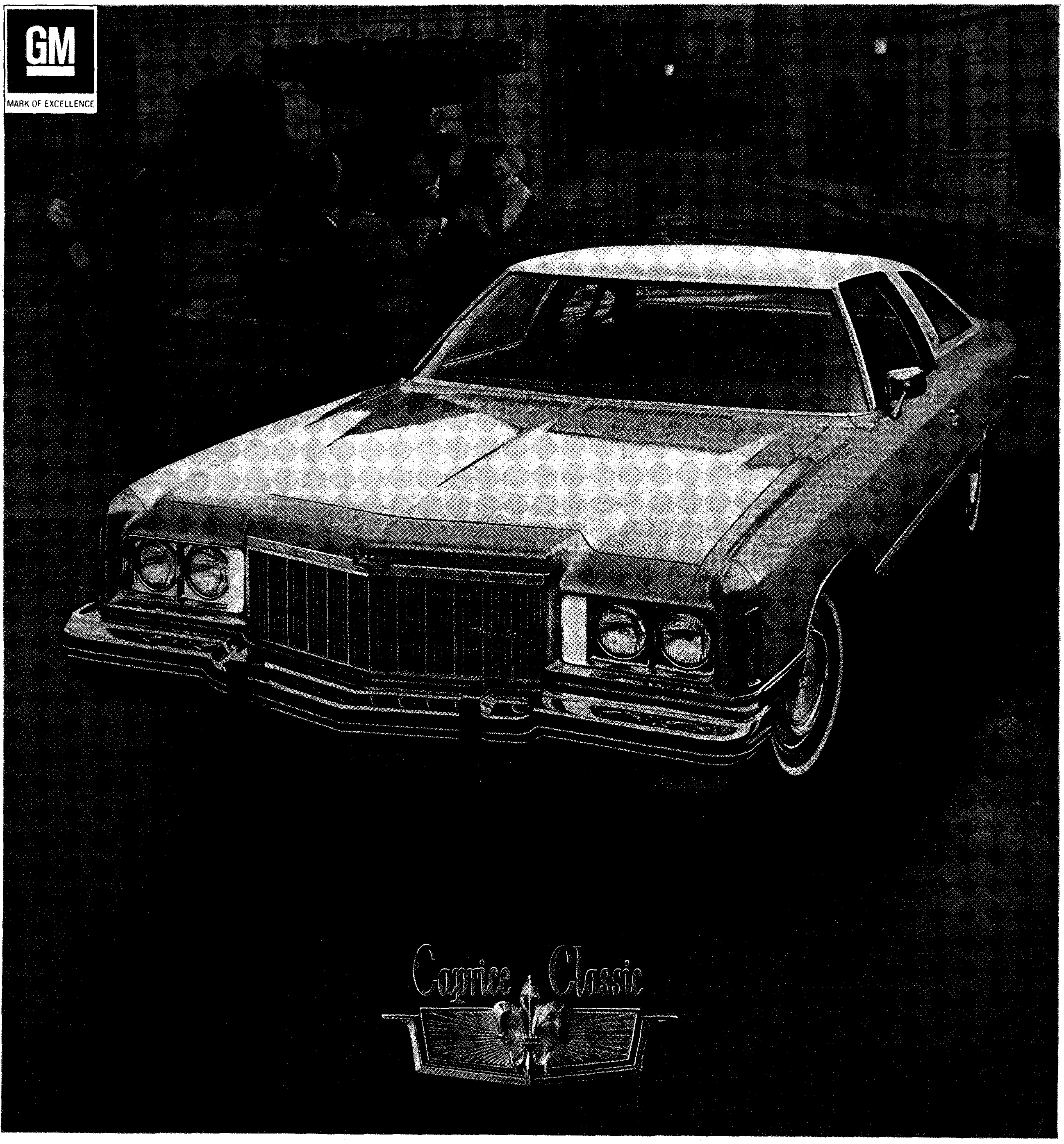
Al Held—Two shows of large geometric paintings in black and white. Both start Thursday, Oct. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. and 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Clinton Hill—Abstract paintings that emphasize texture. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Twenty works on paper from the fifties. Through Thursday, Oct. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julio Le Parc—Paintings by this leading Argentinian Optical artist. Through Oct. 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Malcolm Morley—A thirty-foot painting resembling a folding postcard of New York, plus figure compositions by a prominent



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Photo-Realist. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janet Stayton—Paintings of skies, some within rooms, accompanied by mysterious objects. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Zuka—Portraits of American historical figures; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by four California artists. Through Oct. 27. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of paintings and sculptures on loan by artists ranging from Picasso to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti. Through Nov. 3.... **RIZZOLI**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Over a hundred drawings, watercolors, prints, and posters by such artists as Picasso, Chagall, Braque, and Moore, depicting the world of entertainment. Through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to midnight.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mel Bochner—Works by a Conceptualist. Through Oct. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Franz Gertsch / William Geis—Extra-large Photo-Realist paintings, evocative of vacation snapshots, by a Swiss artist; first one-man show here. / Small sculptures of glass, wire, wood, and other materials; first one-man show here. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Owens—Massive sculptures made of industrial materials. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Robert Pittenger—Landscapes and cityscapes. Through Oct. 18. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Edwin Ruda—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 17. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

William Schenck—Paintings based on old movie stills. Starts Saturday, Oct. 6. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Welch—"Live Activity" is the puzzling name of a series of interviews with people born before 1890 that this twenty-five-year-old artist has been conducting on successive Saturday afternoons. He sits at a table facing an old person, and as the guest describes the street plan of his home town, Welch makes sloppy diagrams that are simultaneously projected on a wall. After an hour or so of this, Welch sets up the town with small wood blocks on a board on the floor. Such "live activity" as there is is provided by people walking out. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Anthos Zacharias—Geometric shapes in repetitive tonal variations. Through Oct. 18. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by ten women artists who are members of the gallery. Through Oct. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Oct. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Twenty-five Photo-Realist paintings by Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, and Audrey Flack. Through Saturday, Oct. 6.... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Flavin, Haacke, Snelson, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Large paintings by seven women artists (Loretta Dunkelman, Natalie Edgar, Gabriele Roos, and Therese Schwartz, for example). Through Oct. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)... **GLASS**, 315 Central Park West, at 91st St.: Collages and pen-and-ink drawings by Benny Andrews, Marcelin Cardinal, Zoltan Hecht, Alice Neaman, and Judith Shahn, and sculptures by Bea Goldfrank and Dorothy Robbins. Through Oct. 20. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Ninety fine-art posters by sixty-six contemporaries. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A retrospective of the seventy-five-year-old master photographer's career, which includes portraits of James Joyce, John Sloan, Atget, Djuna Barnes, Janet Flanner, and Edna St. Vincent Millay made in Paris in the twenties; New York street scenes taken in the thirties; and compositions illustrating physical laws done in the fifties. The impeccable prints were made for the show by Miss Abbott herself. Through Oct. 20. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Elsa Dorfman—Photographs of Allen Ginsberg. Through Oct. 29. (Focus II, 163 W. 74th St. Daily, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M.)

Robert Heinecken—Works in collage, multiple and serial image, and offset press. Through Nov. 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Kertész—Recent and seldom seen works by the inimitable eighty-year-old modern master—mostly views of buildings and landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mike Levins—Scenes of New York, Boston, Connecticut, and European cities. Through Oct. 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of forty-eight recent acquisitions that reflect the preference of John Szarkowski, curator of photography, for what he calls photography's "functional tradition" over its "fine-art tradition." Through Monday, Oct. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) ... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The historical survey on view here, called "A Century of Photographs," is made up largely of early photographs that have more historical than aesthetic interest, though exceptions exist, such as an unknown French photographer's crisp, handsome ferro-cyanotype prints of the Paris Exposition of 1900 and Herbert Barraud's beautiful portrait of an old Jew wearing a yarmulke (who turns out to be John Henry, Cardinal Newman, but never mind). When, finally, one arrives at Alfred Stieglitz's view of lower Manhattan of 1910, one is quite stunned by the difference between it and what has come before—a difference like that between Icarus and the jet airplane, and a sharp reminder of the Photo-Secession's momentous achievement. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 30.... ¶ Paintings, prints, and pastels by Mary Cassatt (1845-1926). Starts Tuesday, Oct. 9.... ¶ Prints and drawings of landscapes, biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Nov. 4.... ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately fifty paintings, sculptures, and wood reliefs, plus twenty-five collages and drawings selected from twenty-four years of work by Ellsworth Kelly. Through Nov. 4. ... ¶ Tapestries based on photographs by Helena Hernmarck. Through Wednesday, Oct. 10.... ¶ An exhibition of forty-eight recently acquired photographs; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A big retrospective of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton. Through Nov. 4.... ¶ Five model airplanes that Alexander Calder has painted with red-yellow-black-and-blue abstract designs in preparation for the job, to be executed this fall, of decorating an actual DC-8 belonging to Braniff International. Through Sunday, Oct. 7.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the museum's collection (by Xceron, Bauer, Albers, Bissier, Calder, Cornell, Miró, Michaux, Herbin, and Brancusi). Through Sunday, Oct. 7.... ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the museum's program in the arts for inner-city children. Through Oct. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 12.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Nov. 4. ... ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Starts Thursday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, noon to 6.)... ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., about twenty paintings by twentieth-century Americans. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays, except Oct. 8, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 8, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Needlepoint designs by Nora F. Camman alongside the museum's Indian artifacts on which she based her work. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 8, from 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2.... ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty-six works surveying contemporary Japanese printmaking. Through Oct. 28.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and films by about forty black artists. Through Oct. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall [formerly Philharmonic Hall] TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 3: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; conducted by Peter Maag.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 4: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; Jan Behr.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and William Walker; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Nedda Casei, Stuart Burrows, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 8:

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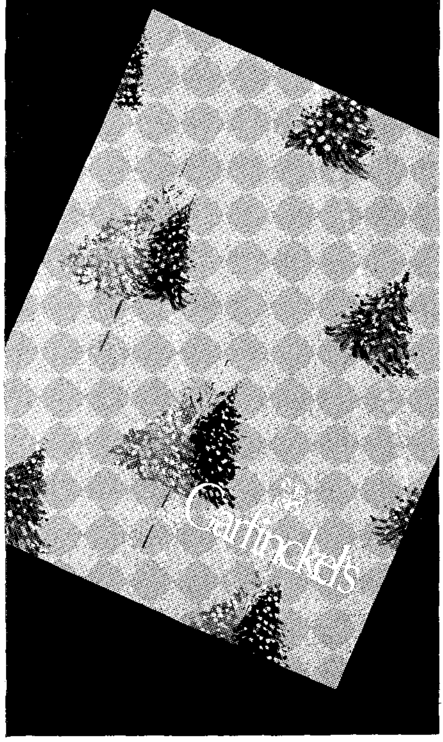

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 9: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 10: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 11: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and William Walker; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 12: "Rigoletto," with Mady Mesplé, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Raymond Michalski, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 13: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 13: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Max Rudolf. (Evenings at 8; on Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7: The New York première of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; conducted by Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: A new production of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, Harry Theyard, and Samuel Timberlake; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Pamela Hebert, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: The New York première of Frederick Delius's "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 1: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Roger Patterson, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Beverly Evans, Michael Devlin, and Reginald Byers; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Harry Theyard, Vern Shinall, and David Rae Smith; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Vittorio Terranova, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Yoes, Margaret Yauger, Harry Theyard, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, and David Holloway; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall (formerly Philharmonic Hall), Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 5, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Leinsdorf acting as narrator, and with John Cerminaro, French horn); and Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 8, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Berlioz' dramatic legend "La Damnation de Faust," with Edith Mathis, soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the St. Paul's School Boy Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 10, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ A varied program, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting, with Penny Prince, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8. For free tickets, call 749-2802.)

Belgrade Chamber Orchestra—Antonio Janigro conducting and acting as cello soloist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting a program of music by Latin-American composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Noël Lee—The second in a series of five recitals presenting the Schubert cycle of piano sonatas. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of three recitals of eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Note—Stanley Ritchie and Albert Fuller will give the second of two recitals of Bach sonatas for violin and obbligato harpsichord at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Oct. 9, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 5:45: ELLY STONE. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 5:45: LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY.

Slade and Blue Oyster Cult—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt—Avery Fisher Hall (formerly Philharmonic Hall). Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3.

Jazz: The American Invention—"Three Generations of Jazz Piano," with Eubie Blake, Roland Hanna, and Danny Mixon. The second in a series of five concert/lectures. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.)

Foghat, Spooky Tooth, and Strawbs—Academy of Music. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8 and 11:30.

George Kirby and Melba Moore—With Rufus and East Coast. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 9.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, *Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.*, 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—The National League Championship Playoffs—Mets vs. Cincinnati. Starts Saturday, Oct. 6, in Cincinnati. The first two games will be played there, and the third and, if necessary, fourth and fifth games at Shea Stadium. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Knicks (exhibition game), Thursday, Oct. 4,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston (exhibition game), Sunday, Oct. 7, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Oct. 12, at 7:35.

Boxing—Vito Antuofermo vs. Tony Durango, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 8. Preliminaries at 8; main bout at 9:15.)

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Radnor Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 6**: Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Massachusetts, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 13**: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 7: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Chicago Cougars, Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7:35.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 13. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 3; the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 6; the Man o' War, Monday, Oct. 8; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. The Matchmaker, Monday, Oct. 8.

Sports-Car Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 16.

Yachting—The seventh annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 13 (rain date, Sunday, Oct. 14). A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 6-7, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Oct. 13, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"In Beauty It Is Begun: Native American Children's Art." The native American children—at least in this exhibit—are American Indian children. Through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Oct. 8, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Frederick Morgan and Allen Tate reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 8, at 7:30.)

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (362-1911)—Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 6:15: "Mean Streets" (United States). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 9:30: "Réjeanne Padovani" (Canada). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 5, at 10:30: "La Rupture" (France/Italy/Belgium). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 9:30: "Ritorno" (Italy). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 6:15, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:45: "The Mother and the Whore" (France). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 6:15: "History Lessons" (West Germany/Italy). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 5 and 8:45: "Israel Why" (France). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 8, at 6:15, and Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 9:30: "Land of Silence and Darkness" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 8, at 9:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 6:15: "Just Before Nightfall" (France). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 9:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 6:15: "Andrei Rublev" (Russia, 1969). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 9:30: "Distant Thunder" (India). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 9:30, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 6:15: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1: "Doktor Mabuse" (Germany, 1922). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7 and 9:45: "Badlands" (United States).

Antiques Fair and Crafts Show—A hundred and twenty-five dealers displaying furniture, silver, glass, silver, and the like, plus thirty craftspeople demonstrating the art of spinning, weaving, wood carving, leatherwork, and such. In addition, the Museum of the American Indian will display a collection of feather craftwork. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 8-13, noon to 9, and Sunday, Oct. 14, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, paintings, and screens; from the collection of Grace F. Wickes and Gertrude Wickes Snellenburg and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 2: Oriental rugs and carpets, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 6.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 6 elections are Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 3 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5:30: "The Devil's General" (1955), in German, directed by Helmut Kautner, with Curt Jurgens. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 5:30: "Caged" (1950), directed by John Cromwell, with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: "The Old Maid" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30 and Oct. 6 at noon: "Battle of the Rails" (1945), in French, directed by René Clément; with English narration and subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3: "The Unfaithful" (1947), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Ann Sheridan and Lew Ayres. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5:30: "Possessed" (1947), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Joan Crawford and Van Heflin. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 12:30 and 3: "Goodbye, My Lady" (1956), directed by William A. Wellman, with Walter Brennan and Phil Harris. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "To the Victor" (1948), directed by Delmer Daves, with Viveca Lindfors and Dennis Morgan. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2: "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." (1951), directed by Gordon Douglas, with Frank Lovejoy. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 5:30: "The Breaking Point"

(1950), directed by Michael Curtiz, with John Garfield and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5:30: "Woman of the Ganges" (1973), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5:30: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Ray Danton. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 3 at 4 and 6: "Delicious" (1931), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 4 and 6: "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938), directed by George Marshall, with Zorina and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5 and 7:30: "Band of Outsiders" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2, 4, and 6: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3 and 6: "Porgy and Bess" (1959), directed by Otto Preminger, with Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge. . . . ¶ Oct. 10-11 at 4 and 6: "Girl Crazy" (1932), directed by William A. Seiter, with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Eisenstein, Frampton, Kubelka, Griffith, Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Jordan, and others. Oct. 3 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 4, 6, and 7 at 6 and 8; and Oct. 9-11 at 6, 8, and 10. On Friday, Oct. 5, at 6 and 8, special screenings of films by Katsumi Yazaki. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—Through Oct. 10: Films by John Ford. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

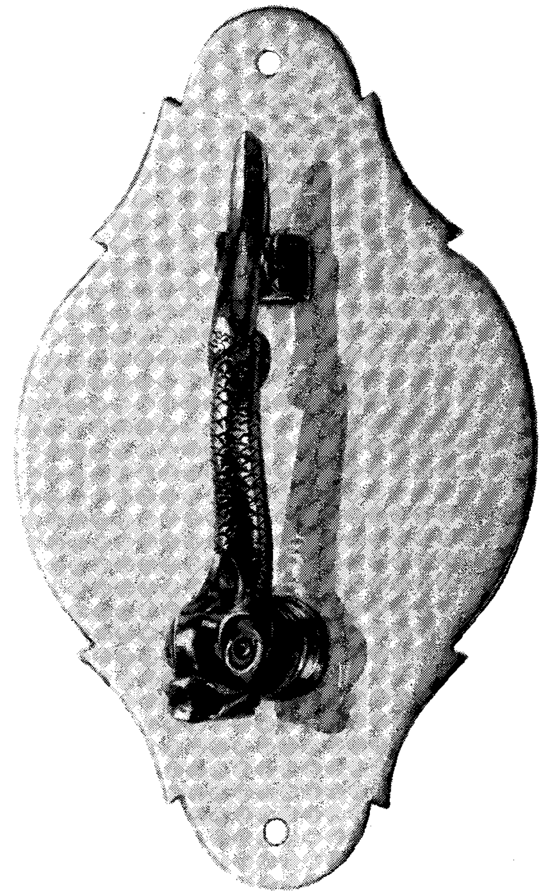
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: Joe Newman's quintet and Robin Kenyatta. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7:30 (final concert of the season): Howard McGhee's band (with Joe Carrol), the Jimmy Owens Quartet Plus 1, and Wild Bill Davis's quintet. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

WALKING TOURS—"The Conservatory Gardens and the Museum of the City of New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Oct. 7. Meets at 100th St. and Central Park West, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

BUS TOURS—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the Museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.



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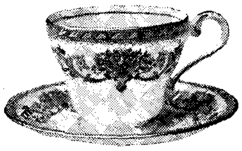

Photo: Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 9: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 10: "Visions of Eight."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 6: "I Married a Witch" and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid."
Oct. 7-9: "Little Women" and "Quality Street."
From Oct. 10: "Only Angels Have Wings" and "Twentieth Century."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Oct. 9: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," "Sounder," and "The Ruling Class."
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Monsieur Verdoux" and "King of Hearts."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 9: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "César and Rosalie."
From Oct. 10: "A Clockwork Orange."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Kid Blue."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cops and Robbers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"American Graffiti."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 6: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 7: "The Second Gun."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 6: "Le Sex Shop."
From Oct. 7: "Day for Night."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Tear in the Ocean."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Touch of Class."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"What?"

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sisters."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Heavy Traffic."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"O Lucky Man!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Bang the Drum Slowly." (The theatre will be closed all day on Tuesday, Oct. 9, and in the evening on Wednesday, Oct. 10.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Visions of Eight."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Oct. 3: "Corky."
Oct. 4-6: "Alice Adams" and "Mary of Scotland."
Oct. 7-10: "Spitfire" and "Sylvia Scarlett."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last American Hero."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Hireling."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Save the Children."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cops and Robbers."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Jeremy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 9: "The Day of the Jackal."
From Oct. 10: "Godspell."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Night Watch."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Spook Who Sat by the Door."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"State of Siege" and "Z."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 4: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Oct. 5: "Electra Glide in Blue."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hit!"

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Enter the Dragon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jesus Christ Superstar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Slams."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Enter the Dragon."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 9: "The Harder They Come."
From Oct. 10: "The Last of Sheila" and "Steelyard Blues."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 9: "Phantom India."
From Oct. 10: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Claire's Knee."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 4: "A Doll's House" and "Save the Tiger."
From Oct. 5: "Electra Glide in Blue."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 9 at one or another of the theatres: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Frenzy" / "Godspell" and "Let the Good Times Roll" / "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Women in Revolt" / "The Maltese Falcon" and "High Sierra" (through Oct. 6) / "To Have and Have Not" and "The Big Sleep" (Oct. 7-9).
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 3: "The Seven Samurai."
Oct. 4-6: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
Oct. 7-8: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
Oct. 9: "Children of Paradise."
Oct. 10: "The Sword of Doom."
From Oct. 11: "Planet of the Apes" and "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 9: "Class of '44" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit."
From Oct. 10 (tentative): "The Last of Sheila" and another feature, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Romeo and Juliet."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 6: "Harry in Your Pocket."
From Oct. 7: "Ben-Gurion Remembers."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 6: "L'Amour" and "Trash."
From Oct. 7: "Le Sex Shop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Grande Bouffe."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heavy Traffic."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 9: "The Legend of Hell House" and "Money, Money, Money."
From Oct. 10: "Visions of Eight."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Oct. 9: "Enter the Dragon" and "The Omega Man."
From Oct. 10: "The Last of Sheila" and "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Night Watch."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 3: "The Idiot" and "Downtown."
Oct. 4-5: "Red Beard."
Oct. 6-7: "Yojimbo" and "The Hidden Fortress."
Oct. 8-9: "The Seven Samurai."
Oct. 10-11: "The Lower Depths" and "Stray Dog."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 9: "The Harrad Experiment" and "Straw Dogs."
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 9: "A Doll's House."
From Oct. 10: "Love" and "The Ruling Class."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 9: "Cleopatra Jones."
From Oct. 10: "A Clockwork Orange."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Oct. 9: "Thunder Kick" and "Evelyn Out of the Grave."
From Oct. 10: "Queen Boxer."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 9: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From Oct. 10: "The Last of Sheila" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Note: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes five. . . . **BIJOU THEATRE**, 209 W. 45th. (757-8455): Japanese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (First Avenue Screening Room: Oct. 4-6.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing, because the figures aren't treated as creatures of easy nostalgia. (Sutton.)

L'Amour—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (Playboy; through Oct. 6.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema I. The theatre will be closed all day on Tuesday, Oct. 9, and in the evening on Wednesday, Oct. 10.)

Ben-Gurion Remembers—A documentary tracing the political career of David Ben-Gurion, directed by Simon Hesera. (Festival; starting Oct. 7.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Quad Cinema 3; Oct. 7-9.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Gramercy; through Oct. 9.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 9.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Cleopatra Jones—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. Beautiful amazon Tamara Dobson, who doesn't take herself any more seriously than Errol Flynn used to, is a black Robin Hood out to get the dope dealers (led by Shelley Winters as "Mommy"). Good-humored, non-racist entertainment (whites can have a pleasant time at it). With Bernie Casey, the ravishing Brenda Sykes, and Albert Popwell and Caro Kenyatta. Directed by Jack Starrett. (Riverside; through Oct. 9.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Gramercy, and Riverside; starting Oct. 10.)

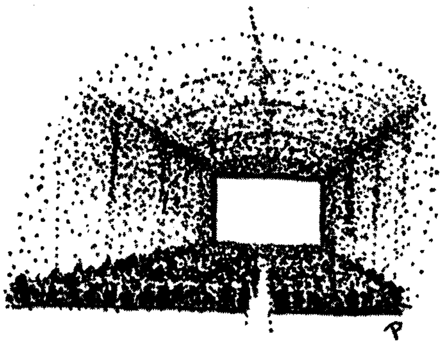
The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; Oct. 4-6.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Corky—With Robert Blake, directed by Leonard Horn. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 3.)

Day for Night—With Jacqueline Bisset and Jean-Pierre Aumont, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Fine Arts; starting Oct. 7.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)



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The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 10.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Greenwich; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Oct. 9.)

Downtown (1955)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Yasuki Chiba. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 3.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; Oct. 7-8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Olympia; through Oct. 9.)

Electra Glide in Blue—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (U. A. East, and Greenwich; starting Oct. 5.)

Enter the Dragon—With Bruce Lee and John Saxon, directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Ciné, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Beacon; through Oct. 9.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes (1971)—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (Elgin; starting Oct. 11.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (U. A. East; through Oct. 4.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler—Ingrid Bergman, as a recluse art patron, and two coy runaway children who've hidden for a week in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Directed by Fielder Cook. (Music Hall.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 10.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Harder They Come—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 9.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Symphony; through Oct. 9.)

Harry in Your Pocket—With James Coburn and Michael Sarrazin, directed by Bruce Geller. (Festival; through Oct. 6.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Oct. 9.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love

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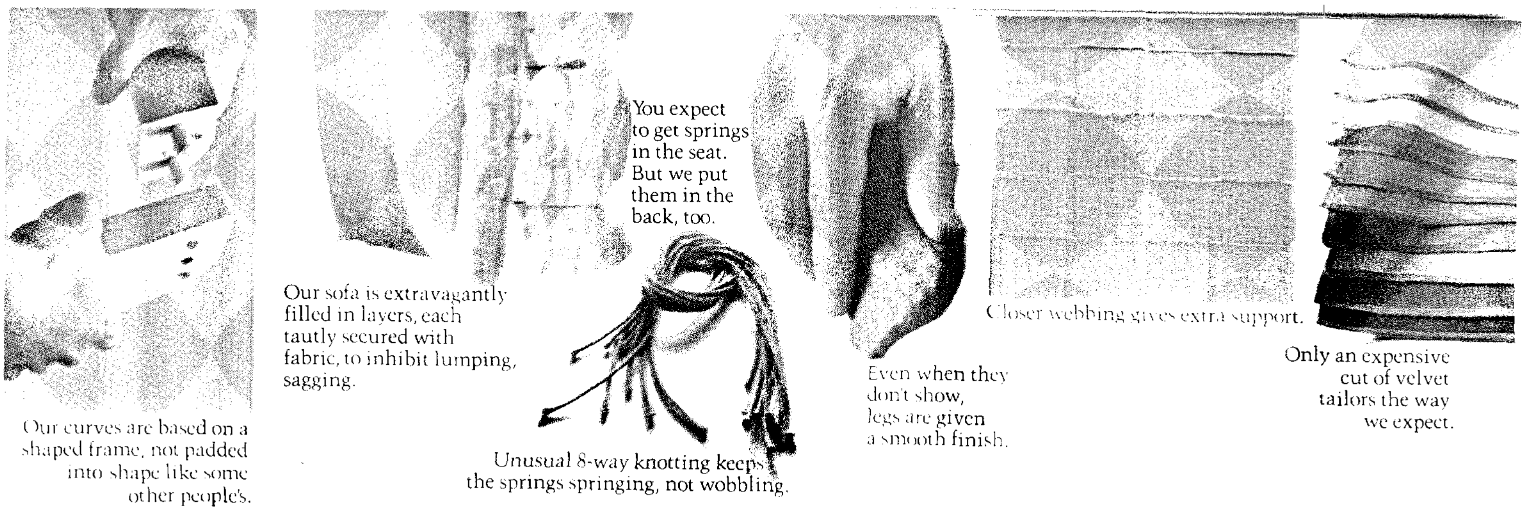

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II, and Paramount.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 6-7.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Quad Cinema 3; through Oct. 6.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Columbia II.)

Hit!—With Billy Dee Williams and Richard Pryor, directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Elgin; Oct. 7-8.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 3.)

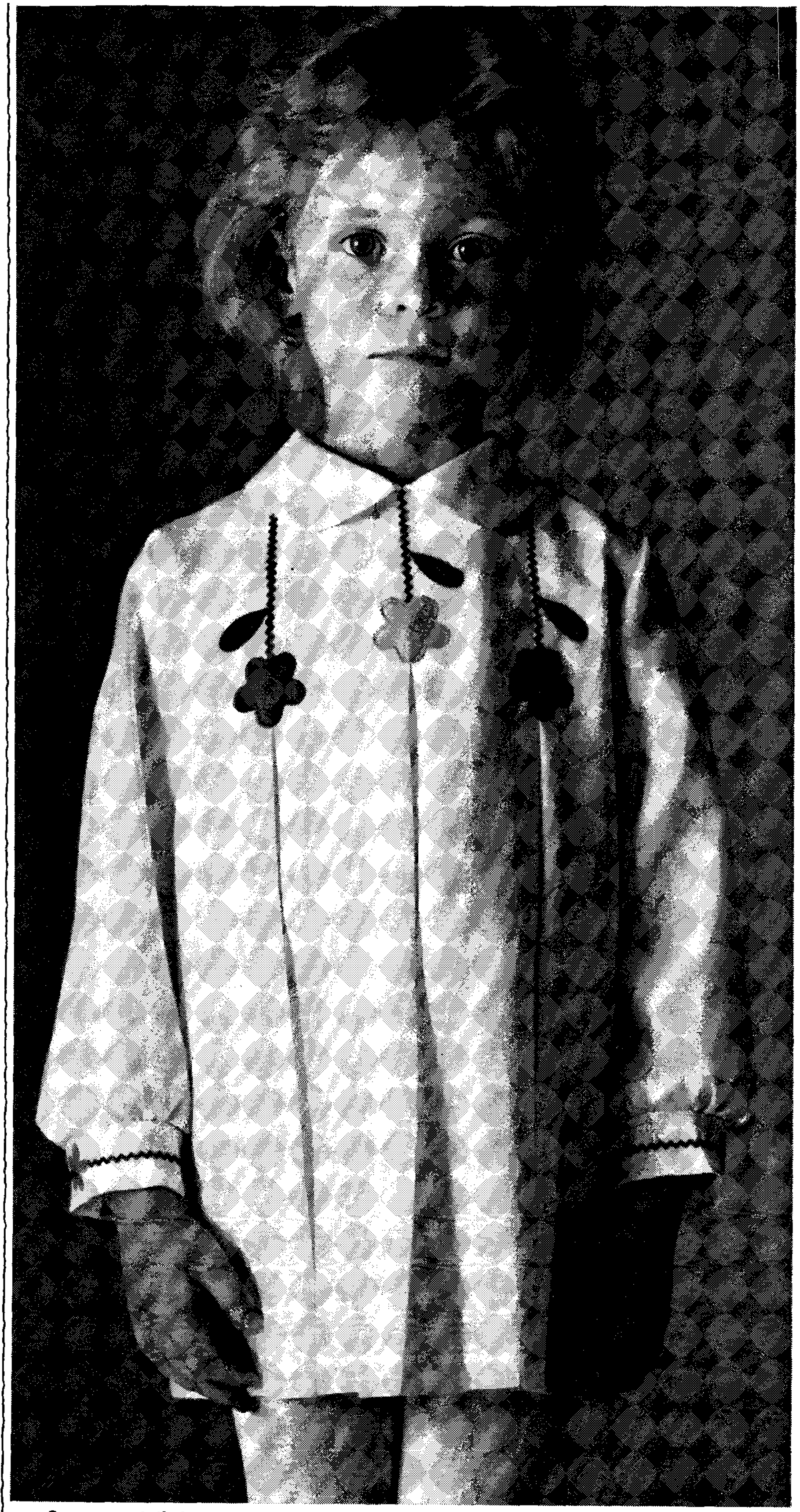
I Married a Witch (1942)—Moderately amusing romantic fantasy, with Veronica Lake at her prettiest (and getting the full star treatment) as a witch burned in Puritan days who comes back in modern times and discovers that "love is stranger than witchcraft." René Clair directed, and the cast includes Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway as a warlock, and Susan Hayward as a bitch. From Thorne Smith's "The Passionate Witch." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 6.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (Loews Tower East.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (86th St. East.)

Kid Blue—With Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates, directed by James Frawley. (Murray Hill.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period



Some children wear nothing but Florence Eiseman Clothes.

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comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Village.)

The Last American Hero—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (Columbia I.)

The Last of Sheila—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (8th St. Playhouse, Beacon, and Olympia; starting Oct. 10. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 10, tentative.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Art; through Oct. 9.)

The Legend of Hell House—With Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall, directed by John Hough. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 9.)

Let the Good Times Roll—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïvely sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-9.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (Thalia; starting Oct. 10.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 10-11.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Quad Cinema 3; through Oct. 6.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 4-6.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Olympia; starting Oct. 10.)

Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid (1948)—William Powell, and Ann Blyth with a lot of scales on her dress. So-so, and that's putting it generously. Irving Pichel directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 6.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 9.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; Oct. 4-6.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Cinema Village.)

Night Watch—Elizabeth Taylor in a stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. Worth a miss. (Juliet 1, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Omega Man (1971)—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive, we wouldn't advise it. (Beacon; through Oct. 9.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 10.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Ciné Malibu.)

Phantom India (1972)—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film, previously shown in segments, runs close to seven hours in all, and is now being presented in two parts by the 5th Ave. Cinema. Parts 1-4 Oct. 3-6, and Parts 5-7 Oct. 7-9.

Planet of the Apes (1968)—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Elgin; starting Oct. 11.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-strung

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trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody (and, of this film, perhaps the décor most of all). He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Guild.)

Quality Street (1937)—It isn't really so long ago—though it seems like another age—that the heroine of an American movie could say, "I could bear all the rest, but I've been unladylike." This film is from the James M. Barrie play about a street where gentlemen are an event, and where a dashing, gallant officer (Franchot Tone) devastates the maiden ladies. As in so much of Barrie, the sensitive all-knowing woman (Katharine Hepburn) gets the vain, infantile male. Underneath all the proprieties, there's a dismaying and rather grim view of human relations. The director, George Stevens, holds to a quaint style that gets silly, but Hepburn does wonders for the material. With Cora Witherspoon as the belligerent servant, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Bonita Granville, and—in a lace cap and tall hat—Estelle Winwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-9.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 4-5.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Ziegfeld.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Oct. 10.)

Save the Children—Filmed at the Black Exposition held in Chicago by Operation PUSH, with such singers as Marvin Gaye, the Jackson Five, the Staple Singers, the Temptations, and others. (Beekman.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Greenwich; through Oct. 4.)

The Second Gun—Ted Charach's probe of the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. Filmed by Gerard Alcan. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 7.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Oct. 8-9.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Fine Arts; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Oct. 7.)

Sisters—With Margot Kidder, directed by Brian

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De Palma. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Slams—With Jim Brown, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Sounder (1972)—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Spitfire (1934)—With Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young, directed by John Cromwell. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 7-10.)

The Spook Who Sat by the Door—With Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Steelyard Blues—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 10.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Symphony; through Oct. 9.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 10-11.)

The Sword of Doom (1967)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 10.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and one can certainly see why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn as her con-man father and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 7-10.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (U. A. East; through Oct. 4.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

A Tear in the Ocean—Directed by, and with, Henri Glaeser. In French. (Plaza.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Guild.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh, Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Beacon; starting Oct. 10.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Quad Cinema 3; Oct. 7-9.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib's prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Playboy; through Oct. 6.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 10.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 10.)

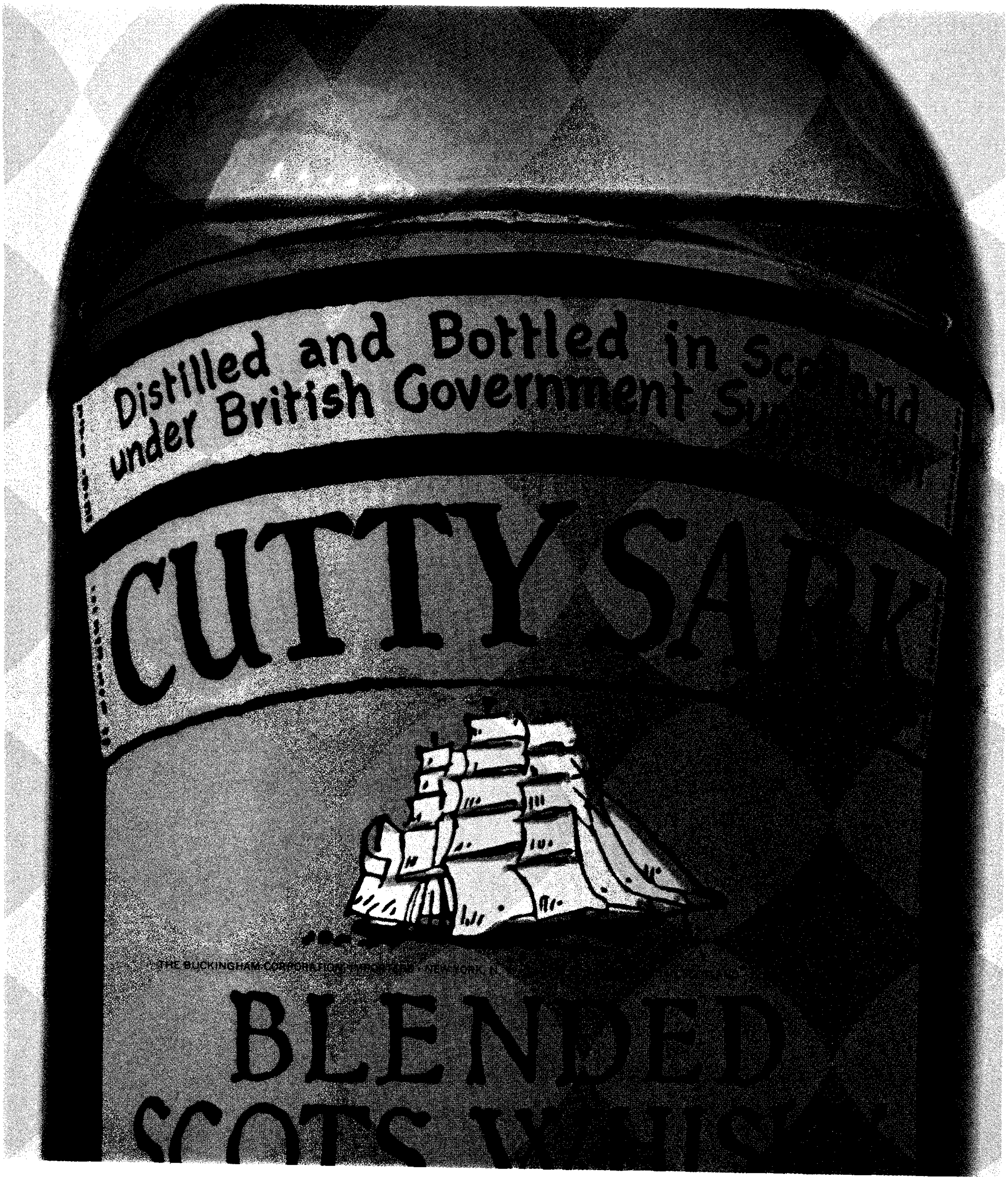
What?—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 9.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 6-7.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Dewar a favor and tell her...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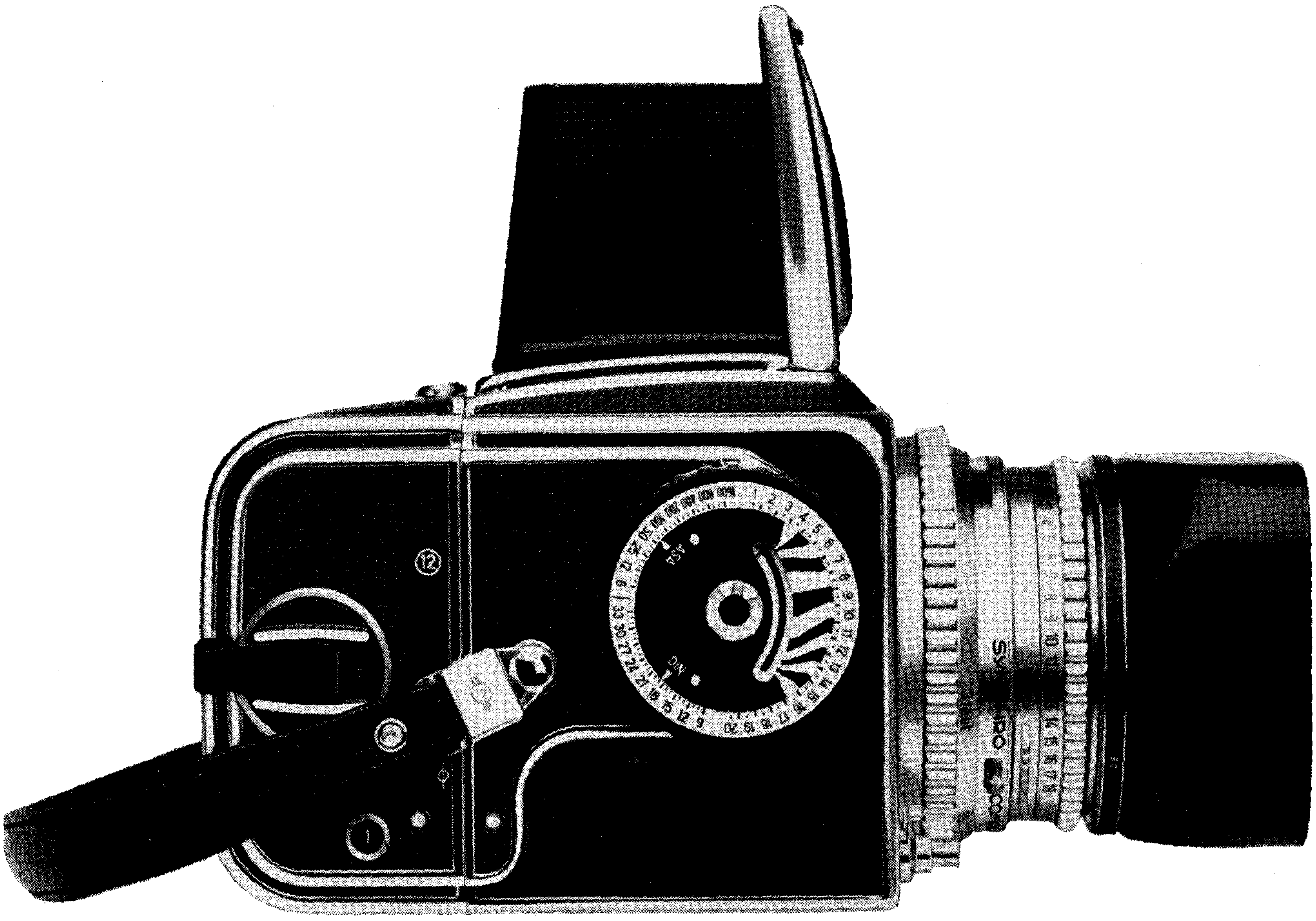

The Company Camera

If one picture is worth a thousand words, you wouldn't know it to look at the average company.

The typical office fairly bulges with typewriters, copiers, dictating machines, dittos—everything to record and circulate the printed word.

But what about a camera for recording things visually?

Like that new product you want to publicize. And the construction of the new plant. And visiting dignitaries. And the faces of the stockholders when the company announces increased profits.

It's these things, captured on film, that breathe life into the annual report, brighten up the house organ and make for publicity releases that are more likely to get publicity.

So point number one: a good company camera should be able to be used by *any* member of the company, in *any* situation.

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It's a single lens reflex, which means you see exactly what you're taking at all times.

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You might want to change perspective. Take off the 80mm Carl Zeiss lens and put on the appropriate one. There are 13 lenses in all, ranging from 30mm super wide angle to 500mm telephoto.

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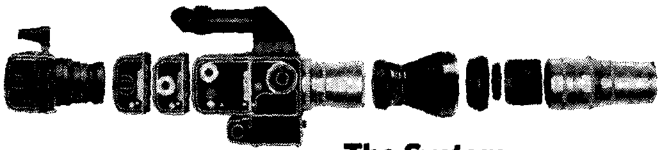
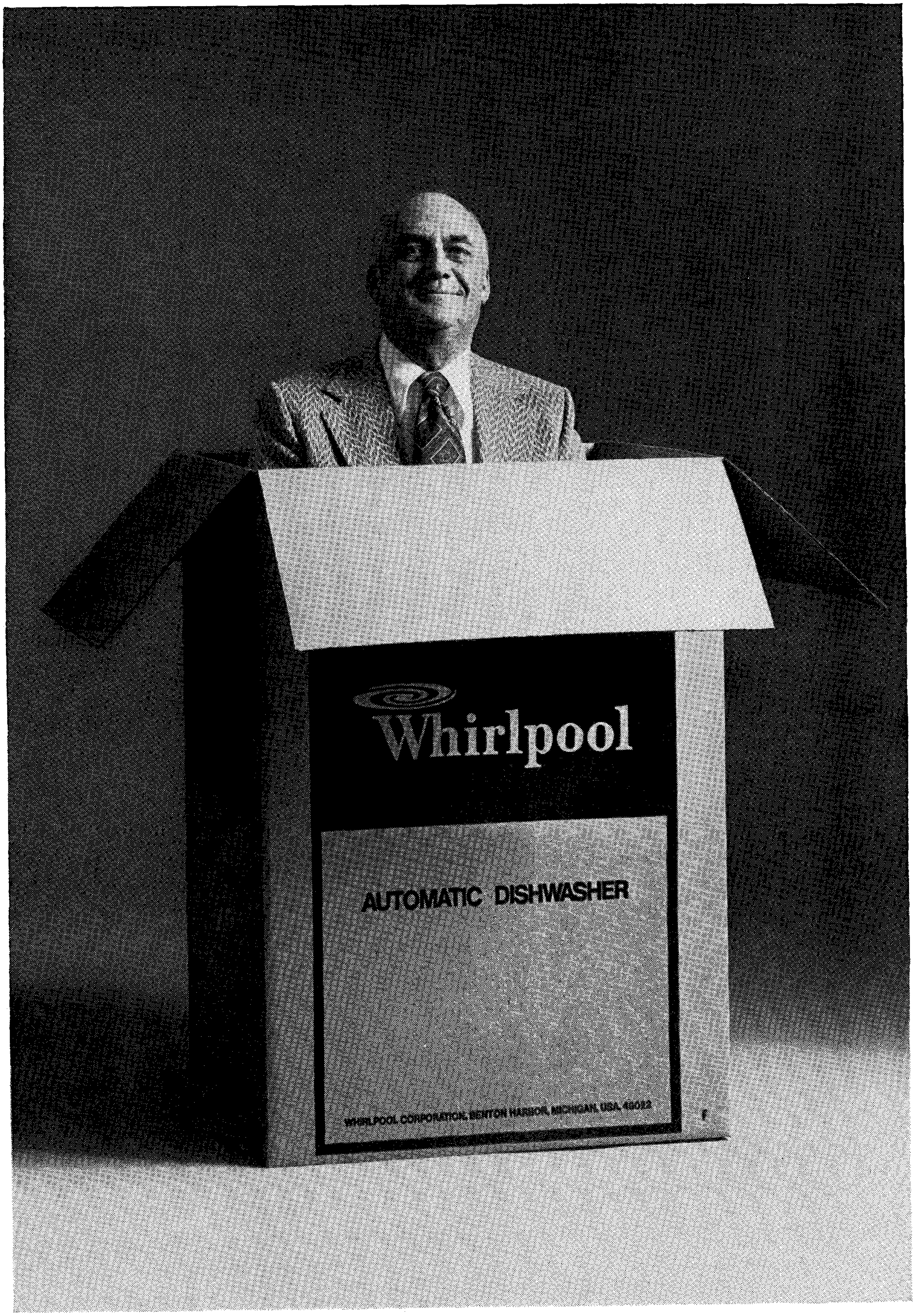


The System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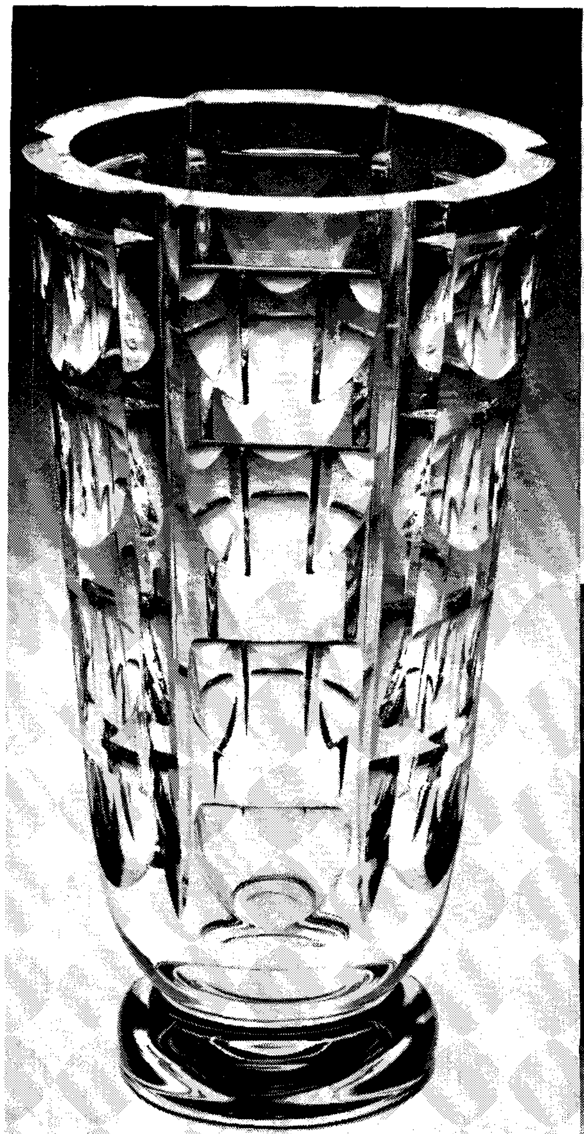
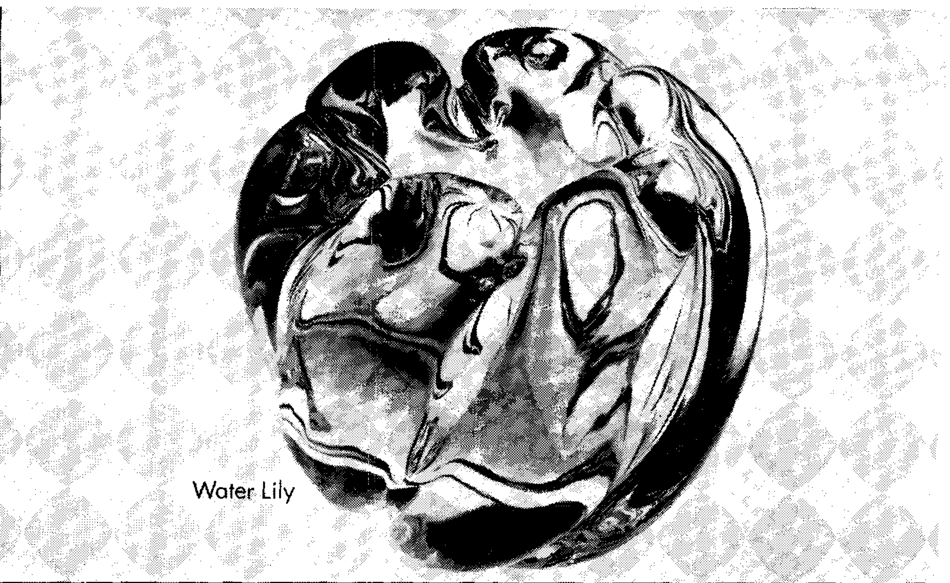
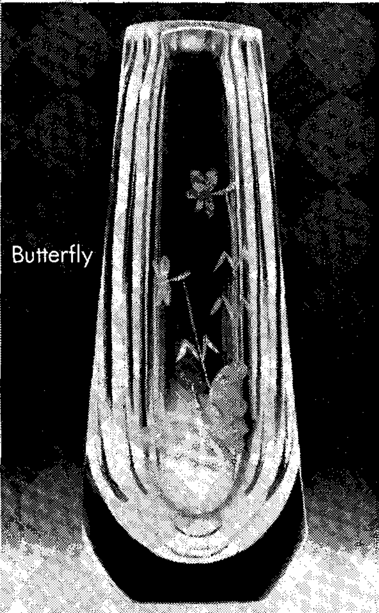


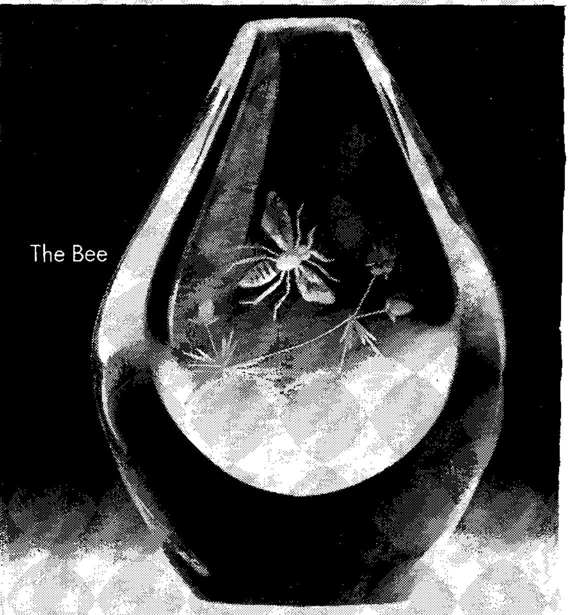
Thousand Windows



Water Lily



Butterfly



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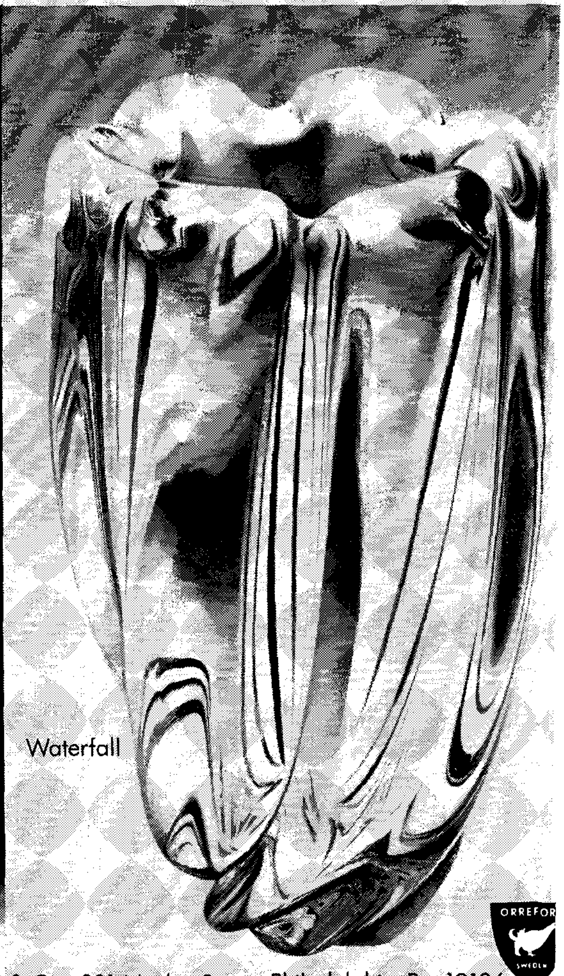
Wish to the Moon



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THE NEW YORKER

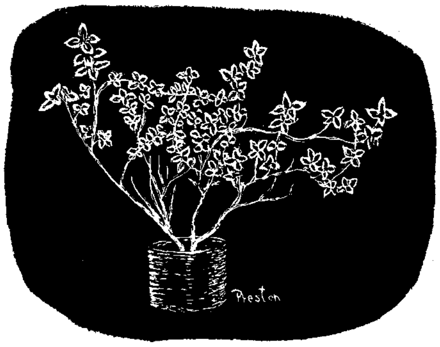
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE have been times recently when we have been led to wonder if the human brain is capable of absorbing and digesting the information now being fed to it by daily events. Here is a partial list of the events that our attention was directed to on Tuesday, September 25th, between the hours of 4 and 8:30 P.M. As we were watching E. Howard Hunt testify before the Senate Watergate committee, the program was interrupted to announce that first the Attorney General and an aide and then the Vice-President had met with President Nixon concerning the Vice-President's legal position. We took a short walk to think about what this might mean. When we returned, the six-o'clock television news was announcing that the Vice-President had just asked the House of Representatives to hear evidence that might serve to clear him or might not. Before we had had a chance to think about what *this* might mean, the program was interrupted to show the drogue chutes opening and the three Skylab astronauts floating in from outer space. Before we had had a chance to absorb this event, there came an announcement that W. A. (Tony) Boyle, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, who had been charged with the murder of the Yablonskis, was near death as a result of an apparent suicide attempt. The astronauts were now on board the carrier and walking shakily, and the Dow-Jones industrial average had gone up more than three points in heavy trading. Then it was Willie Mays Night at Shea Stadium, and there in the bright lights stood Willie, his eyes brimming with tears, surrounded by friends and well-wishers and saying, "A lot of kids in my shoes would be very proud."

Multisensory

A SORT of hyperthyroid commercial for this city, "The New York Experience," opened last week in the bowels of the new McGraw-Hill Building, on Sixth Avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets. The publicity people for "Experience" fired off a couple of double-barrelled verbal shotguns to celebrate its arrival—"multisensory" and "nonlinear." "Multisensory" is the new word for what used to be known, eras ago, as "multimedia." It means that the show isn't just a movie—it's a visual and aural cacophony of films, still pictures, lighting effects, noises, voices, and such devices as a fog machine and a bubblemaker. "Nonlinear," in this case, evidently means that the transitions are associational rather than chronological or some other kind of logical. With a running time of under an hour, "The New York Experience" touches on cabdrivers, garbage, the history of the city's growth, the Revolutionary War (a dummy with a noose around its neck drops from the ceiling to cap the Nathan Hale sequence), restaurants, the Statue of Liberty, immigration, the Village, the East Village, the old Jewish ghetto, Chinatown, Little Italy, Harlem, ethnicity in general, the subway, the Bowery, art, music, success, the bicycle craze, movie palaces, skyscrapers, vaudeville, New Year's Eve in Times Square, Penn Station, muggings, tabloids, Jimmy Walker, ticker tape, LaGuardia, and lots more besides. The Trans-Lux Corporation has built a new theatre to accommodate "Experience," and equipped it with three hundred swivelling seats, a main screen that is seven times as wide as it is high, a half-dozen ancillary screens, forty-one projectors, and a sound system with speakers under some of the seats. The script of "The New York Experience" is full of lame jokes (when Verrazano spots Staten Island, he is represented as saying, "That's-a one spicy meatball!") and World's Fair portentousness ("The ailment of a nation had a name—the Great Depression," an actorish voice intones). It's all as silly as it can be, but it's fun.



After the show, we nipped across Sixth Avenue to Hurley's for a beer with Rusty Russell, the writer, designer, and director of "The New York Experience." Mr. Russell, who is thirty-three, has a wide, humorous face, with a mustache and a halo of brown curls, and he was wearing a black velvet jacket over a crisp blue work shirt and a silk scarf. To our eye, he looked distinctly West Coast, and we said so.

"Yes, I moved out to San Francisco three years ago," he said. "San Francisco has no moxie, but it's going to be a holy city one of these days. New York will look after the material needs of the country, and San Francisco will look after the spiritual needs. Lately, of course, I've been spending a lot of time in both places. I yang awhile in New York, then I yin awhile in San Francisco. In New York, people ask each other three questions: What do you do—meaning, what's your job? How much rent do you pay? And what are you—meaning, what's your ethnic background? In San Francisco, people ask each other one question: Who's your guru?"

Mr. Russell told us that he started taking pictures as a lad in Greensboro, North Carolina. When he was nineteen, he sold two pages of pictures of one of the early sit-in demonstrations to *Life*, and he moved to New York. He knocked around as a photo technician, an adman, and a free-lance photographer. "I could get plenty of assignments, and I'm sure the level of my work was perfectly adequate," he said. "But I was always so disappointed in the level of it that I wouldn't deliver the contact sheets. Eventually, I got a job with Raymond Loewy—nice old chap, and something of an egomaniac. Among other things, I was his court photographer. One of his accounts was Nabisco, and I spent two years photographing cookies. Every other cookie box you see in the supermarket is a Rusty Russell original."

Mr. Russell began putting together "industrial messages" with film and slides in 1966, and he has done two other "Experience" projects—one for San Francisco and one for Hawaii. "The problem with this sort of thing is that it involves a lot of expensive equipment and long-term leases," he said. "You have to rotate your audiences rather than your attractions, and that's why it's been limited to World's Fairs and the touristic market. I don't want to do too many more of these urban minestrones, but I do want to stay with this medium. People say, 'Why don't you make a real movie?' But I *like* all those gimmicks and slide projectors and froufrou. It's one of those tacky but true McLuhanesque things—the medium really *is* the message."

Having covered what Mr. Russell does, we asked him how much rent he pays.

"I have a seven-room Victorian flat, with a formal dining room and views of both bridges," he said. "Two hundred a month."

We registered astonishment. "And what are you?" we asked.

"I'm not really sure. My real name is Rufus Rufty Russell III. My father claims the Russells were English, but I doubt it. The Ruftys were probably itinerant Jewish peddlers. When I was growing up, everybody was a Ricky or a Bobby, so I became Rusty Russell. I wanted a cutesy name, and now I'm stuck with it. How was I to know that Rufus Rufty Russell III would someday be a funky name? Life is very cruel sometimes."

"One thing more," we said. "Who's your guru?"

"Krishnamurti," Rusty Russell said. "I'll send you a book."

Out of History

Lola Finkelstein, a friend of ours who keeps a microfilm machine in her bedroom and gets invited to all kinds of exciting shindigs, invited us to come along on one of them last week. It was the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Island Day ceremonies, which consisted of:

(1) A boat ride, with Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay and the committee of distinguished sponsors of Franklin Delano Roosevelt Island Day, from Gracie Mansion around Franklin Delano Roosevelt Island (which until then had been known as Welfare Island), in the East River.

(2) A thorough look at and official description of the development of the island—a hundred and forty-seven acres being turned into a new town by the New York State Urban Development Corporation, with five thousand units of family-oriented housing (low- as well as middle-rising) for New Yorkers of all income levels, and affording all its tenants views of trees and the river; with pollution-free, battery-operated minibuses; with automobiles restricted to a special garage (called Motorgate) at the entrance to the island; with an underground garbage-collection system; with numerous small day-care and school centers; with plenty of park, promenade, and bicycle facilities; and with shopping, health, hospital, senior-citizen, and religious facilities.

(3) Formal dedication ceremonies on the island and the unveiling of the official model of the Four Freedoms Monument to F. D. R., with invocations, proclamations, musical selections, medal presentations, speeches, and a benediction, all at the site of the future monument.

(4) Boat ride back to Gracie Mansion for a buffet luncheon.

Lola, who has strawberry-blond hair, showed up for the activities looking neat and attractive and, as always, respectfully prepared for the occasion: a chic navy-blue wool Chloé skirt and matching white-trimmed cardigan, and Helene Arpels navy calf pumps.

"This looks just like Leningrad," Lola said as we fell into step with her and a lot of others and walked down from Gracie Mansion to the waterfront, where a donated Circle Line ("America's Favorite Boat Ride") sightseeing boat seemed to be already packed with other guests.

"What do you mean, Leningrad, Lola?" we asked.

"The same bleakness of the water, the same light," Lola said. "That chilly kind of northern cold. It's like walking down from the Winter Palace to the Neva River. Cold. Gray. Choppy. Except that all these nice, faithful Democrats milling around are friendly and warm."

Before going aboard, we stood awhile at the gangway.

"Some of the honored guests are probably still in Gracie Mansion having coffee," Lola said. "Mayor Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay are always so gracious. They think of everything. They really take *care* of their guests. How I'm going to miss them!"

"Same here," we said.

"The Roosevelts are like that, too," Lola said. "I've never seen so many of them. There's Buzzy. I don't care if he *is* bald now and over forty. To me, he looks exactly the same as he did when he was carrying on at President Roosevelt's knee. He was my John-John Kennedy. President Roosevelt was *my* President. Until I was sixteen, I knew no other. I remember being at Cornell in April, 1945, when his death was announced on the radio, and the students pouring out of the dorms to be together to talk about this terrible shock. There's Jean R. Kintner. She was active in the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation. And Theodore White. Bella Abzug. Dore Schary. Felicia Sarnoff Roosevelt. She's now married to F.D.R., Jr. And Lewis Douglas. He was F.D.R.'s Budget Director. There's John Roosevelt, with Mayor Lindsay. And F.D.R., Jr. And Anna. And James. And their wives, and children, and grandchildren. The Roosevelts are coming fast and thick now."

One nerve-shattering blast of the boat's high-pitched horn, and we went aboard. The boat shoved off.

"I like doing things together," Lola said. "It's like a Fourth of July picnic. Or the boat ride up to Indian Point. Everybody looks so happy. I've never seen Mayor Lindsay look so happy."

Still photographers and television-news people called to Mayor Lindsay to round up Roosevelts and bring them to the stern of the boat. The Mayor's hair, now long and graying, was blowing wildly in the wind, and his tie, with a pattern made up of the Seal of the City of New York, was flapping around, too.

"Welcome. Welcome," Mayor Lindsay said, shaking hands with Lola, with us, with everybody, and simultaneously getting Anna, James, John, and F. D. R., Jr., together for the pictures. "Come on. I need you Roosevelts around me."

"We appreciate having a family picture," Anna Roosevelt Halsted said. "It takes a big occasion to get so many of us together."

"Hope everybody on this boat doesn't get on the same side at the same time!" F. D. R., Jr., said, looking very jolly.

"He said he hopes everybody on this boat doesn't get on the same side at the same time!" six other Democrats near the stern called around.

We were circling Franklin Delano

Roosevelt Island now and getting—along with chills and cold spray and soot and toots from garbage scows and fireboats—a nice look at the buildings already under construction on the island as well as the old hospital buildings, which will be kept there, and at the Manhattan shorefront skyline, including the United Nations and the many-terraced apartment houses, with everything looking—given just a few watery yards of detachment—great.

A voice, amplified, from somewhere in the recesses of the boat was saying, "I can assure you that the view from these Franklin Delano Roosevelt Island apartment houses will be the best the city can offer."

"There's Governor Harriman," Lola said to us. "He's the chairman of the Honorary Committee for F.D.R. Island Day. By coincidence, I was reading on my microfilm machine just yesterday about his very, very first appointment. In the *Times*. In 1915. It said that somebody named Partridge, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, and W. A. Harriman, of Arden, were nominated by Governor Charles S. Whitman to be Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, and that the nomination of Partridge was confirmed at once but the nomination of Harriman went to the Finance Committee for approval. He was only twenty-three, but he got the job."

"The subway station is scheduled to open in 1980," the amplified voice was announcing. "It will go to Second Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street."

The mob debarked and headed for some air-conditioned city buses that were waiting. We sat in a bus with Mrs. Halsted, her husband, and about half a dozen Roosevelt grandchildren, among others.

"I see they've turned off the Delacorte Fountain," Mrs. Halsted said, to the bus in general.

A neat, subdued-looking man across from her said, "No, the fountain plays every day." He turned out to be George Delacorte.

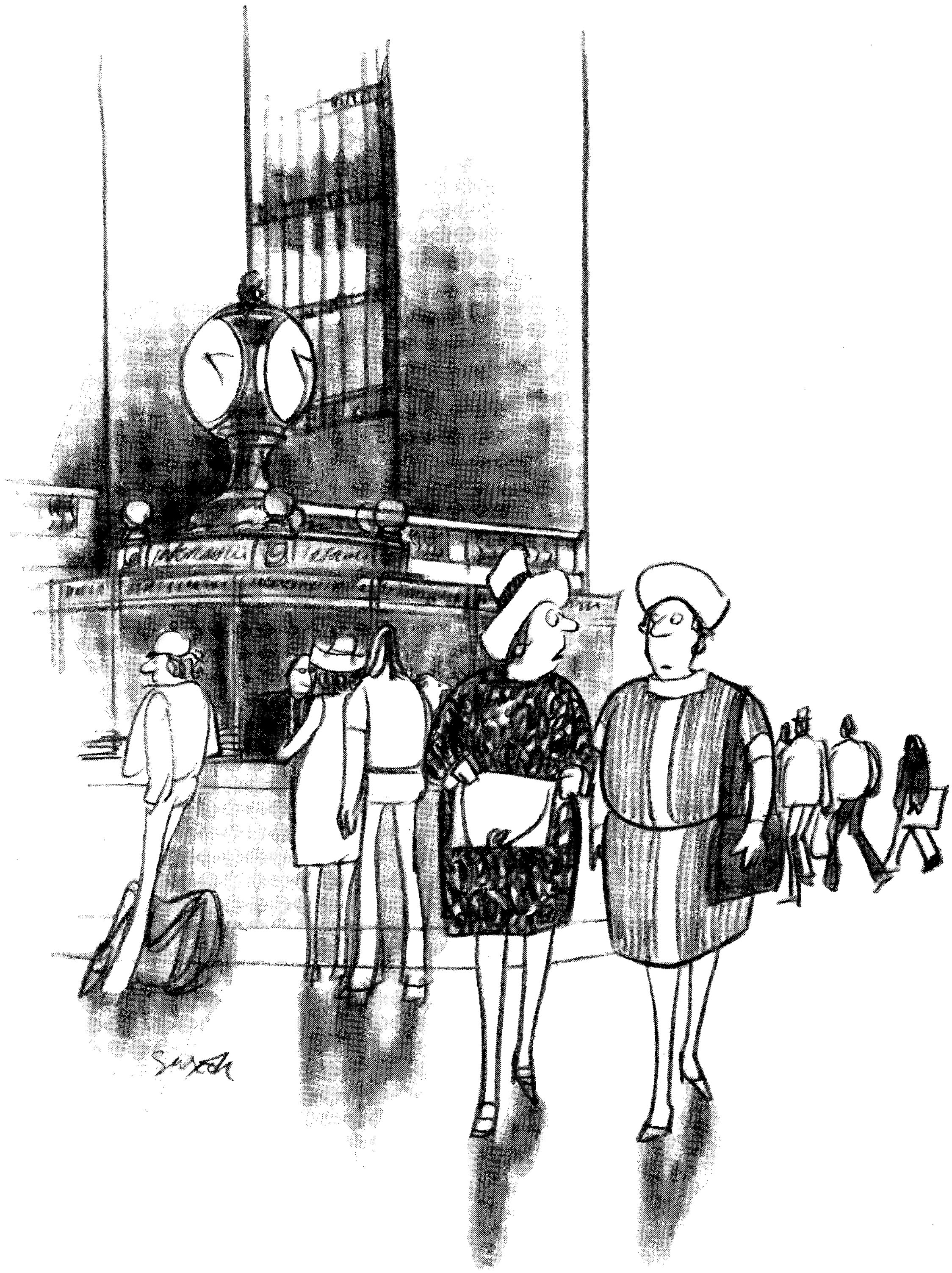
"Everybody here is sort of out of history," Lola said to us as we went from the buses to seats in a small grandstand facing a wooden platform. "Also, it's like a well-organized wedding. There's August Heckscher. He was a wonderul Parks Commissioner. I miss him."

"Same," we said.

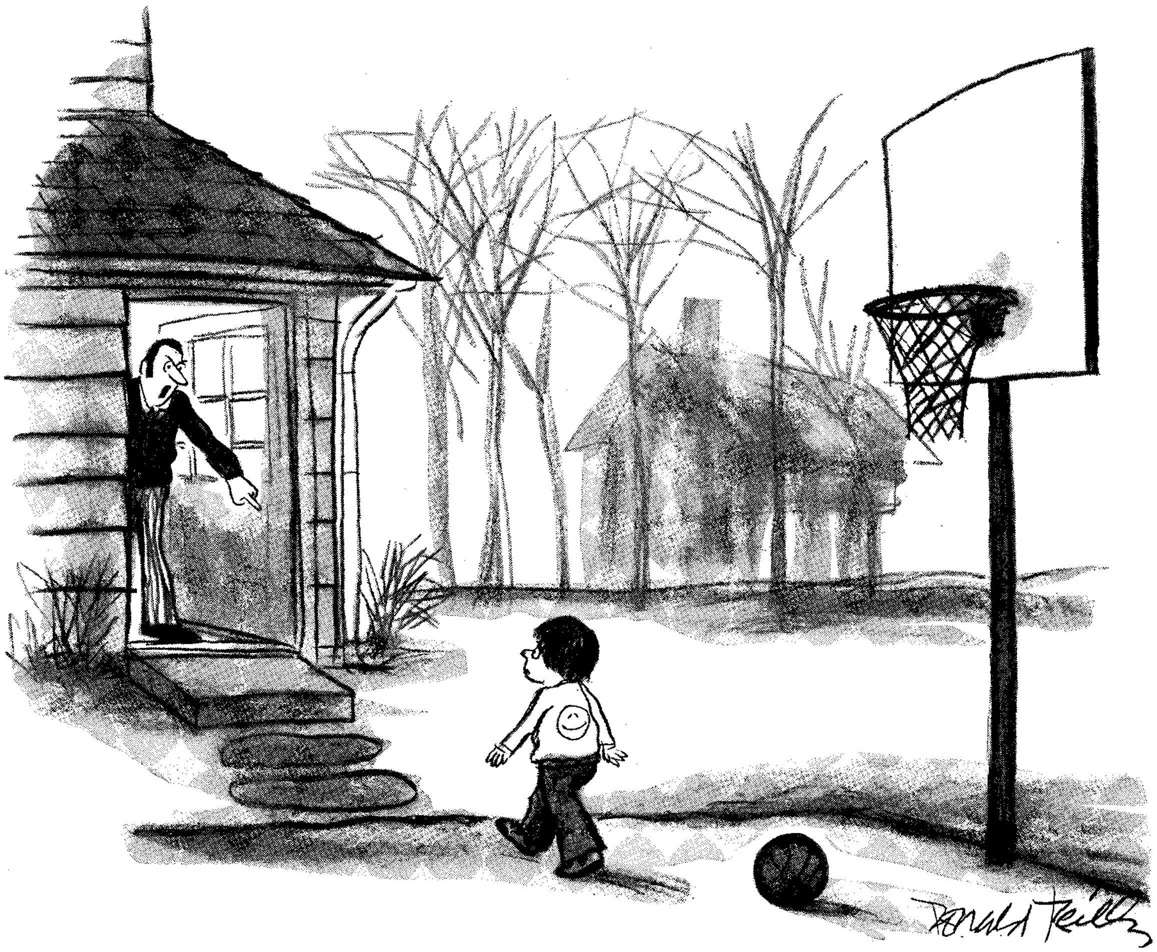
"Richard Clurman is here, too," said Lola. "He's a fine Parks Commissioner, too. More the pragmatist type of Parks Commissioner. There's Lew Rudin. He's the chairman of the Association for a Better New York. He used to be just an ordinary real-estate man. Then he married a girl named Basha. He got a new hairdo and a new interest in New York, and now he's a power-maker. There's Mayor Wagner going up on the platform. I'm always glad to see him turn up here and there."

"Same," we said.

The 26th Army Band—one of two bands stationed between the platform and the grandstand—was playing "The Caisson Song." A Roosevelt grandchild, a pretty young girl with long blond hair, got autographs from Bella Abzug and Lewis Douglas. Jay Kriegel, the May-



"I couldn't find a thing on sale except convertible sofas."



"Keep shooting! Wilt the Stilt has signed for a million eight!"

or's special counsel, went up on the platform with the Mayor and started pointing this way and that. Down below, Tom Morgan, the Mayor's press secretary, gave a big hello to August Heckscher. The second band, from the Coast Guard Academy, played "Hey, Look Me Over." Walter J. P. Curley, Commissioner of Public Events, mounted the platform and announced that a green Dodge was blocking traffic, and would the owner please remove it. As we sat in the grandstand, a couple of monarch butterflies fluttered sort of wearily overhead, and a little ash settled on the heads of the autograph-seeking Roosevelt and others. The United Nations buildings, across the river, looked spectacular. The terraced apartment houses looked terrific. A police helicopter clacked, flying low over the few hundred people settling in for the ceremony.

"Behold, how good and how lovely it is for brethren to dwell together in harmony," a rabbi named Bruce Cole, of the Roosevelt Island Ecumenical Committee, was saying.

Lola showed us a copy of Mayor Lindsay's proclamation rededicating Welfare Island in the name of F. D. R.: "This act signifies recognition for a man whose capacity for moral leadership gave much to our city, our state, and our nation; it also heralds the transformation of an island that has too long been forsaken. It is altogether appropriate that Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose vision and vivacity reinvigorated and inspired this nation, should have named for him an island which is at last being reclaimed by and for the people of the City of New York. . . ."

When it was Mayor Lindsay's turn to speak, he told of having called up F. D. R., Jr., and asked, "Frank, can you round up the family?" And Frank said, "It's a deal." Mayor Lindsay pointed out that the first Roosevelt came to our shores in 1649, and that the Roosevelts have been one of the first families of the first city of the world ever since. Mayor Lindsay also said, "Today, we need more than ever to reclaim the New Deal from the pages of the history books." Somewhere along the line, he got in the fact that New Yorkers are now celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the merger of Brooklyn and New York. "Can you imagine, before that we had *two* City Halls and *two* Mayors?" he said. "People could barely stand *one* Mayor."

"Oh dear," said Lola, "I'm going to miss Mayor Lindsay so much."

"Same," we said.

It took a while longer for the Mayor to thank all the people who had worked on the development of plans for Roosevelt Island and for the Roosevelt Memorial Monument. By the time the Coast Guard band played the "Navy Hymn" (one of F.D.R.'s favorites) and "Semper Paratus," things were going at a fast clip. The main address, given by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was delivered at the rate of two hundred and eighty words per minute. He said that it was felicitous to rename Welfare Island after F.D.R., because the two names were interchangeable. Monsignor James Rigney gave the benediction, and the return trip to Gracie Mansion went like lightning. On the way, August Heckscher told us that he had written a book about his experiences as Parks Commissioner and called it "Alive in the City." The luncheon was delicious, and Lola told us that she loved the Lindsays, Gracie Mansion, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt Island.

Senza Rancor

WE'RE pleased to report that the New York City Opera—the town's most durable and democratic cultural institution—is back in business, after a harrowing orchestra strike that deprived the company of one-third of its scheduled season. The twenty-four-day hiatus was particularly damaging because the City Opera has always been pretty much of a shoestring operation. Ticket prices are low ($8.95 top, versus $17.50 for the Metropolitan), productions are stylish but inexpensive, and, except for the orchestra, most of the artists work for considerably less money than they would receive elsewhere. The company's trademark is chumminess (nearly everybody, from singer to stagehand, is on a first-name basis with the director, Julius Rudel), and its strong points are ensemble work and an adventurous repertoire. Over the years, this policy has trained hundreds of young singers, produced a respectable number of international stars (Sills, MacNeil, Domingo, Milnes, et al.), and attracted youthful audiences that are surprisingly receptive to contemporary music. Thus, the settlement—which took place just a few hours before a mandatory cutoff point that would have meant the cancellation of the entire '73-'74 season—rescued a very important part of our cultural life from potential oblivion. With some fast shuffling of casts and rehearsal schedules, the management was able to save three new productions—Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," and Delius's "A Village Romeo and Juliet." The catch is that all three of these operas will have to have their premières during a four-day period at the end of this week—a logistical feat roughly comparable to outfitting an expedition for the ascent of Mount Everest.

We paid a visit to the State Theatre on the day that the settlement was announced, and found all three new productions, plus a revival of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," rehearsing simultaneously in various parts of the building. Our first stop was the main stage, where Sarah Caldwell, the director of "Ariadne," was struggling with a balky cloud machine that was supposed to make an airborne entrance during the second act of the opera. Swaying forty feet above the baroque turquoise-and-silver set was a flat plywood sunburst with a terrified soprano pinned to the front of it.

"I think we should let Echo down and out of her torture!" Miss Caldwell called in commanding tones from the orchestra.

"We can't get her down until she stops swinging," replied a voice from backstage.

"Maybe we could pull her up from behind those bushes instead of giving her this nightmarish ride," said Miss Caldwell. "After all, there *are* clouds that go up."

A few minutes later, the cloud machine descended to the stage with a thump, and a speechless Echo was unpinned and conducted into the wings.

"Now," said Miss Caldwell, picking up her microphone, "I'd like to see the ship and then the chariot move. Ariadne, would you go into your cave to see if it's comfortable? Dryade, will you get up on top of the cave in singing position?"

We left by a side door and followed a series of underground passages to the management offices, which were operating in an atmosphere of genial confusion. Posted on a bulletin board outside the director's door was a typed message addressed to the entire company. It read:

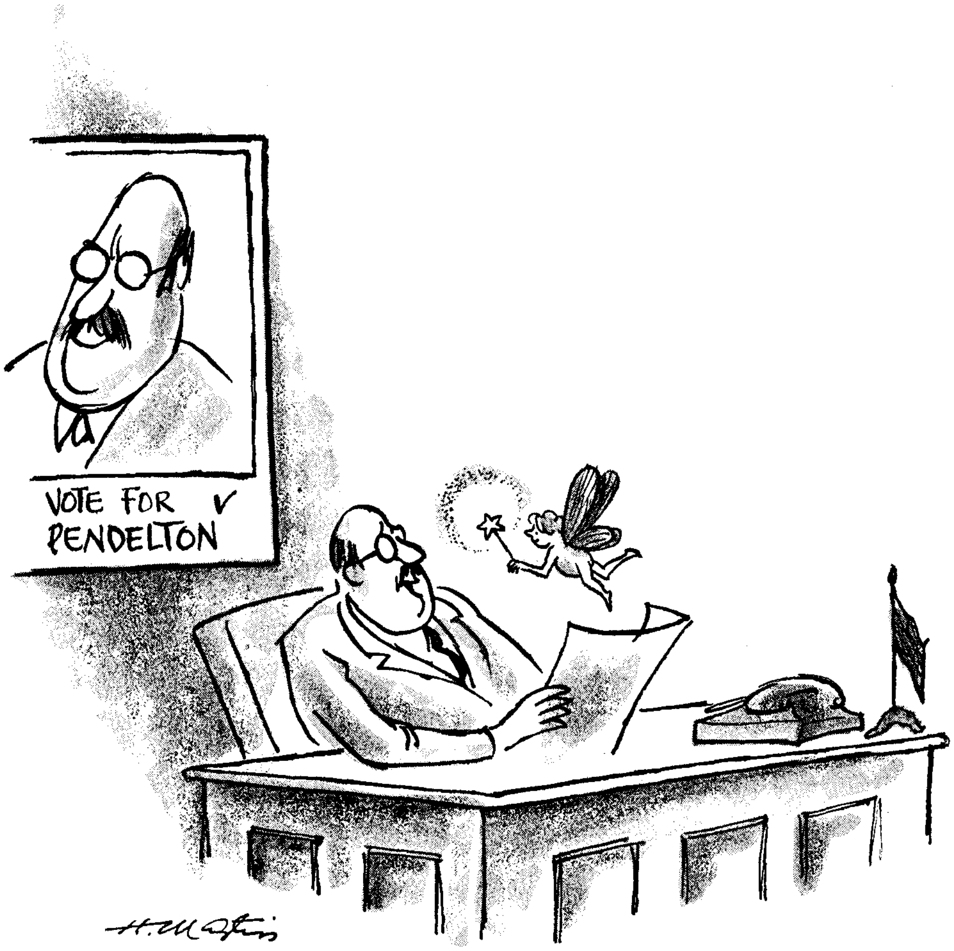
> The past three weeks have been an incredibly difficult time for all of us. But now we must try to erase the unhappy memory of a darkened stage and silent auditorium and devote ourselves to the task of winning back our audiences.
>
> I call on you to revive that spirit which made this company great! Together we've been through the best of times, the worst of times . . . enough to bring out the best in all of us. Cordially, "Senza Rancor," Julius Rudel.

Inside the office we found Mr. Rudel, who looked exhausted but buoyant, munching on a white radish ("My four-thirty lunch break from 'Ariadne,' which I'm conducting") and conferring with several assistants. When the crowd had thinned out a bit, Mr. Rudel told us he was both delighted and relieved that the strike was settled. "I had to stay completely out of the labor negotiations, because I'm in the odd position of being both director of the company and a member of the musicians' union," he went on. "We have a backbreaking week of work ahead of us now, but our artists have always been very good at coping with crisis situations. What I'm really worried about is not the quality of the productions—they're all coming along nicely—but public response to our diminished season. Opera is one of civilization's luxuries, and if you get used to doing without a luxury for a while, it can become a way of life. The spectre of what happened after the Metropolitan Opera strike—when attendance dropped drastically, because people had got out of the habit of going to opera—haunts me. I hope all our friends will come back to see how well we perform under pressure."

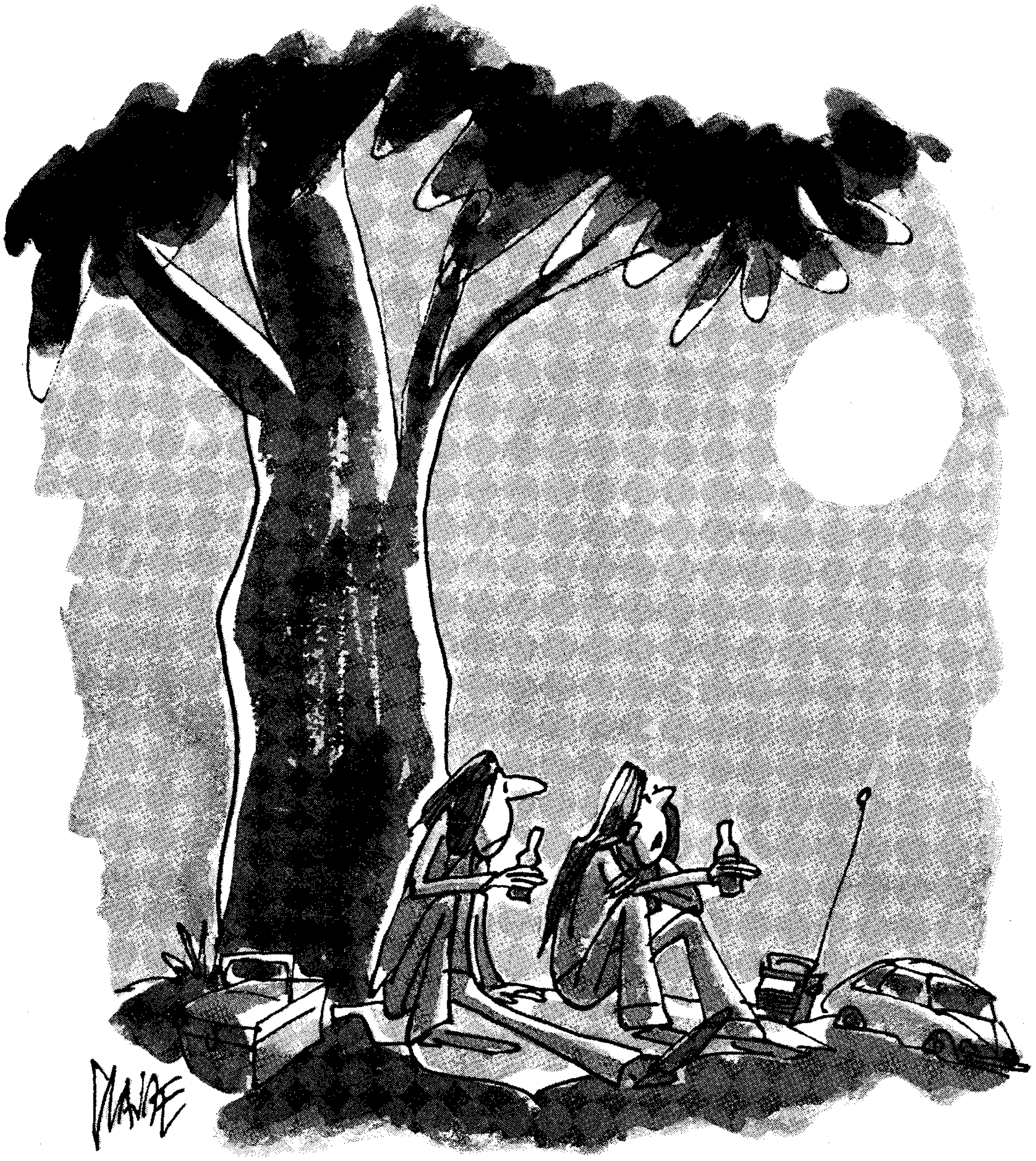
"What is the status of the new productions?" we asked.

" 'A Village Romeo' was ready for dress rehearsal at the time of the strike, so it needs only a little warmup," replied Mr. Rudel. " 'Ariadne,' on the other hand, is a terribly complicated opera, and requires split-second timing from a very large cast, so we worked out a good deal of the stage action during the strike. 'Anna Bolena,' the first of our three premières, is rehearsing in a room on the fifth floor, because the sets aren't even in the house yet."

We took an elevator to the fifth floor and encountered Beverly Sills, the company's red-headed coloratura superstar. Miss Sills, who was looking cheerful and elegant in a charcoal-gray



"Well, my first wish is for charisma, my second one is for clout, and my third wish is for deep humility."



"It will never work, Steven. You're a cola and I'm an uncola."

• •

pants suit, told us that she was on her way back to an "Anna Bolena" rehearsal.

"How do you feel about the settlement?" we inquired.

"It has convinced me more than ever that we must have federal subsidies for the arts," Miss Sills said emphatically. "Or we're going to die. I don't recall ever hearing management say that the orchestra demands were unreasonable. I did hear them say constantly that we don't have the money. Every other country in the world supports the arts. Rolf Lieberman got almost four million dollars last year for the Paris Opéra, while we, in the richest country in the world, have to haggle with our government to get an all-inclusive arts grant of sixty million for the *entire* country. If we could have the money that was spent on one week of the Vietnam war, the City Opera would have no problems, the Metropolitan would have no problems, the Philharmonic would have no problems."

"How's 'Anna Bolena' coming along?" we asked.

"We'll make it," Miss Sills replied, giving us a radiant smile. "It's seventeen days of rehearsal compressed into nine, so, obviously, we'll all be tired and under a certain amount of emotional strain. But, because of the kind of company we are, we'll still give them an exciting night in the theatre. Come in and watch us work on the prison scene. Henry has just put Anna in the Tower."

In the rehearsal room, Miss Sills conferred briefly with her director, Tito Capobianco, and stood with folded arms as he blocked out the stage action within the chalked-off boundaries of a small room in the Tower of London. Then the pianist played a plaintive Donizetti melody, and Mr. Capobianco, an intense, dramatic Argentine with black hair and a drooping black mustache, climbed three imaginary steps and sat down on a folding metal chair. "Up to this moment, you are tense and very strong," he said. "Now, for the first time, you feel really alone. They have taken everything away from you." He slumped forward in the chair and released his breath in a heavy sigh. "This is the first crack in Anna's control. Afterward, you break up." Mr. Capobianco rose from the chair and hurtled around the room, beating futilely against invisible walls. Then he collapsed onto the floor, and raised his head slowly to face the audience. "Here is the prayer," he said. "Then you are hysterical again." Mr. Capobianco collapsed a second time, pounded the floor with his fists, and rolled over on his back with a convulsive movement.

Miss Sills looked stunned. "My goodness, Tito," she said. "I'll never be able to do all that and *sing*. Remember, I have to save something for the mad scene at the end."

"This can be the most dramatic moment in the opera," Mr. Capobianco said, with mounting enthusiasm. "In the first three bars—when you sigh—you can really catch the emotion of the audience. What is important is the timing. Where do you want to fall?"

Miss Sills pointed to a spot on the floor, and Mr. Capobianco covered it with a large sheet of blue paper. "Go!" he said.

Miss Sills produced some very convincing hysterics, and then, stretched out on the floor, began to sing "Dio, che mi vedi in core," in her familiar silvery soprano.

Mr. Capobianco bounded to her side and pulled her right arm up so that the index finger pointed at the ceiling. "This is not a prayer," he said. "It's a demand. Like 'Vissi d'arte.' You say, 'Why, God, after all I have done for You, do You do this to me?' It's like a *union negotiation!*"

Miss Sills, after choking slightly with laughter, finished the prayer, then rolled over on her back and pounded the floor.

THE SPORTS CHEMIST

I WAS brought up in a house so silent, where communion ran so thin, that serious thought or crime could be calculated to erupt. No crime has yet occurred. My father is an untalkative surgeon with interests in linguistic philosophy. Vocally, his only moments of the rule of instinct are the ones when he yells at anybody for leaving a glass of sherry beside a chair on the carpet. My mother has spent forty years studying the four years between 1488 and 1492 in England and Europe, laterally. I became a research chemist: a poor one, I think.

"You're weedy, Ned," my mother said to me when I was eight.

"Mr. Kynaston," my mother said to my tutor the same day, "Ned's weedy."

"I know," I said.

"I know," said Mr. Kynaston.

"Malt?" said my mother.

"No," said Mr. Kynaston, who was my friend. He usually bowed to my mother, fearing for his job, but not in this encounter. Heroism lies in not being as weak as at other times, perhaps.

"YOU'RE like a wraith," my beautiful girl said to me forty years later. Her name was Poll. Her eyes as she said it were soft for the first time, though I had loved her for ages. "You don't get enough exercise."

"I don't get any exercise at all, do I? Apart from walking upstairs to the lab," I said, "and pushing your car when it won't start."

"You're too thin. You'd develop weight if you developed muscle, wouldn't you? You've always told me you do."

"Four pounds in February every year when we used to go skiing. And I got huge in the Army in Belgium."

"Huge? You don't look huge in the photographs."

"Huge for me, I mean." I thought of the days of health when I used to stay up all night and dance at Cambridge May Balls. "I once milked a cow at breakfast time when I had a boiled shirt and tails on. My eyes didn't even look bleary when I shaved after kedgeree for breakfast," I said. Such a time is over, thank heaven.

"You're talking as if it's all finshed," said Poll. She looked gentle, and he put her hands round her face, I hink not wishing to be importunate at hat moment by doing it to mine.

"Well, you could certainly say I'm inished as a squash ace," I said, feeling ure she would know I had never been much of an ace.

"I didn't even know you played squash," she said.

She started to play squash with me, hoping I would develop muscle. Her hopes were all young and touching. It was six months before I noticed that she had been playing with her left hand so that I should have a chance of winning.

SHE agreed to live with me. I was, am, in devotion almost abject. I try to secrete the devotion beneath work, because it is obviously an embarrassment to her. She is one of the new. She inclines very little to the lyric. Away from it, rather. Perhaps this is because of her emphatic good health. Her well-being is stupendous and she appears almost to want to dispense it. "Have some of this," she seems to say, as though her stamina were a cake, while she goes around the flat doing backbends or throwing tennis balls so precisely up to the ceiling that the shadow of the fluff simply touches the paint without grazing it. I watch, feeling much in love with her. I don't believe she would approve of such romanticism. She is too brisk for that, at least in the daytime. At night, on the other hand, she will often wake abruptly after a recurring bad dream. I once said, "What were you frightened of?" "Of suffocating," she said.

I TOOK Poll to see my mother on Mamma's eightieth birthday. She was a beauty who lay now in bed wearing her pearls. At seventy-eight she had been put there because she had high blood pressure. At seventy-nine she had grown testy one night about being held captive in a single room of her great house. She had taken her sable bed rug and her black deed box into a nearby spare room, and on the way she had fallen and broken her hip. A pin had been put into the joint. A fortnight after coming back from hospital she had got out of bed in the middle of the night and climbed up to the top shelf of her wardrobe to get out a beautiful old purple Ascot hat freighted with flowers and African ostrich feathers dyed lilac. She dressed herself in it and in her dead husband's favorite chiffon dress. Again she fell, and had been scolded for it all next week by her maid as if she were a child, which is the way we treat the inert, however lofty and beloved. I held her in regard and thought there was gallantry about everything to do with her. She began to be what the rest of the family called impossible. The member who railed against her most was an uncle of mine whom she had supported since he was at Eton and had injured his eye in the summer holidays while he was cleaning a gun. I have never been sure—psychiatry doing what it does, seeping into everything—that he didn't half mean to disable himself, since he was clever but lazy. He went on to take a first at Oxford in Greats, in spite of the eye, and then did nothing but ride to hounds and live off my mother. He married a girl who bred Dartmoor ponies at a loss.

Deirdre, Mamma's peerlessly foolish sister of sixty-odd, who went to a fad healer about the moral justification of prosperity and about the state of her sister's hip, would appear for lettuce sandwiches at my mother's house each week and bring a brace of pheasant or a bunch of grapes from the vineyard in her greenhouse.

Poll and I happened to be in Mamma's room one day when Aunt Deirdre was announced. She came in with the atmosphere of urgency that is so out of key to someone who has all day to spare in bed. "I can only stay a minute," Deirdre said. "I've brought you some cream from the home farm. Who's this?" She nodded toward Poll.

"A friend of Ned's," said my mother, who had always had a succinctness of spirit that forbade catechizing. I remember my father and various tutors running their heads into that particular wall. "Poll, dear, this is my younger sister, Mrs. Farquhar. Deirdre, this is Miss Clayton."

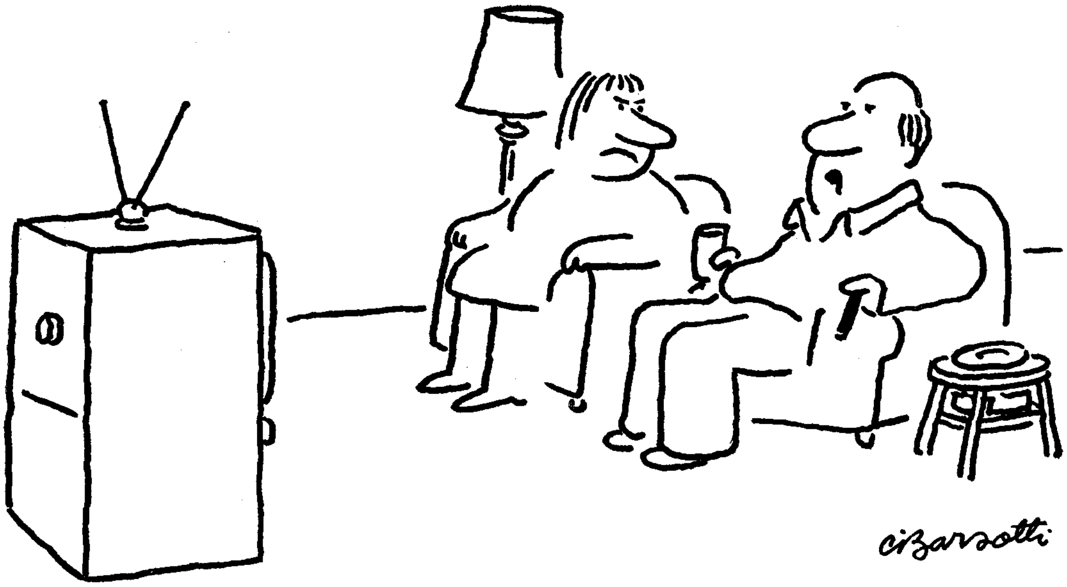
"Where are the lettuce sandwiches?" Deirdre asked, looking as if she were already preparing to go.

"Decent lettuces are out of season. You can only get ones that taste like silver polish," said Mamma. "We could ask cook for honey, or watercress, or strawberry jam."

"You should have let me know," said Deirdre. "I could have brought some iron rations up from the greenhouse."

"What does she mean?" Poll whispered to me.

"Lettuces aren't iron rations, dear," my mother said to Deirdre patiently. "You're not up Everest. I've often lived for weeks on bread and marmalade. Lettuces could never be the last ditch." She looked with esteem at a thriller she was reading that lay on her bedside table under her silver lorgnette. Under it there was the score of an early Beethoven quartet. She had always read scores as easily as



"You're right. I hate situation comedies. I never watch situation comedies, and I'm not watching this situation comedy. I'm watching Diana Rigg."

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other people read books. She seemed to prefer it to listening to the gramophone. I have seen an electroencephalograph specialist reading reels of brain-wave recordings in the same way.

Deirdre suddenly started to cry.

"What is it?" my mother asked.

"Percy forgot my birthday."

"Percy's her husband," I said to Poll.

"When I pointed it out," Deirdre said, sniffling, "he only said rather irritably that he'd given me a nice little kiss the night before."

"Deirdre, I forgot as well, but we're both too old to be troubled by such things, don't you agree?" my mother said firmly. "You must be over sixty, and I'm dilapidated."

"But limber," Deirdre said, with surprising grace. "You can do ballet."

"Only on one leg now," said my mother. "I do practice every day with one."

"You're much more athletic than Ned," Poll said, interested.

"Ned works with his brain," said my mother, though she was actually more brainy than anyone else in the room. "My intellect is not up to much, except when it comes to the question of Cro-Magnon man, which is my hobby."

"But it's a strain on the plantaris muscle, doing ballet positions on one leg," Poll said. She did them, using the back of Mamma's chaise longue as a barre, and then went into a daydreaming replica of the motions of mono-skiing. I thought how marvellous she looked, and then I pulled her down by the skirt because she didn't seem to be thinking.

"Mother's still more limber than any of us with her fingers," I said. Mamma kept a dumb-piano keyboard at the bottom of the bed and played double-third scales for an hour every morning.

"Ned's going to be as strong as an oak," Poll said.

Deirdre got up, implying hurry.

"He's going to go to gym," Poll went on. She looked at my legs, which always unfortunately remind me of Malvolio's, and thought. "Well, if not an oak a willow."

"I must leave," said Deirdre. "The motorcar's waiting. I can't get used to having traffic wardens in our square." She looked out at the family square and the residents' garden in the middle, not seeming to notice that the Norland nurses of her youth in their long brown habits had given way to *au-pair* girls with boyfriends who often rocked the prams for them and played with the children. "One of the girl traffic wardens was looking sinister outside your *own house*."

"The one with the pretty hair?" my mother asked.

"How do you know about her?" I asked my mother. "Ballet practice with one leg is all right, I suppose, but you do that lying down, don't you?"

"Against the end of the bed, or using it as a barre."

"But the doctors surely told you not to walk? How could you get to the window?"

"I hop," said my mother. "One leg is doing wonders."

"Perhaps you could try getting some exercises for the other," Poll said, gently enough. She has no anticipation of incapacity and would never mean to be cruel.

"Where's my fur?" Deirdre asked. "Oh, I know, I left it in the car."

"I'd better race down for it before it gets swiped," Poll said, already at the door. "What sort of car? What sort of fur?"

"The chauffeur will look after it," Deirdre said absently.

After tea, Poll said about Deirdre, "She looked as if she couldn't lift a finger." We were on a bus. Then she said, "Or have it lifted for her." I laughed, and Poll said, "Was that funny?"

"I liked your mother," she said. "The traffic warden she meant *is* pretty. And I liked the thriller by her bed, and her attitude to the lettuces."

My mother always had a strong feeling for the commonplace. So has Poll.

WE saw Mamma again several times in the next few weeks. They got on well. Mamma kept pulling Poll onto the bed while she was speaking, as if she were a paperweight to hold down her thoughts. At other times, the room would be full of ambrosial old men and women. "Talking to them is like trying to get a zeppelin off the ground," Poll said one day, after doing her best. "It's like trying to launch one of the airships in the big World War."

"Zeppelins were in the war before that," I said.

We went back to our flat, where I have a rubber plant. I watered it. I could feel myself seeming, as had been remarked long ago, weedy. "The rubber plant's grown," I said.

"How can you tell?" Poll said, doing a backflip and looking succulent in jeans.

"Because it used to come up to my top mackintosh button and now it reaches over my head."

"I really want parkland, not rubber plants," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"Neither of us can afford it, but you know what I mean. License." She walked around the room and moved a table. "I was also thinking about your hamstrings. I wish you'd put on a little weight."

"People have been saying that to me all my life. When I was small they used to try to make me eat porridge. I hated it, but the nurse said people wanted it who were starving in South America, so she sat me in front of it while it got cold and made me eat it up. I didn't believe her, not even then. Mexicans wouldn't look at cold porridge. I realized that when I travelled. It takes you a long time to understand the whoppers that people tell you. It's taken me all my life so far."

"You're only forty-eight," Poll said.

"That's old to start recognizing whoppers."

"It seems to me you recognized them in the nursery. What did you do with the porridge?"

"I waited till Nurse was away from the room and then I poured it out of the window."

"Every morning? Didn't it melt in the sun?"

"It was a winter when I was doing it. The porridge turned into a stalactite. I hadn't thought of summer coming, and cornflakes, which are even worse."

"Hay food. Quite nice."

"For horses."

"What happened?"

"We were having tea on the lawn in June with a houseparty, and my mother was wearing one of her floppy hats, and she saw the pillar of porridge, and noticed me seeing it, and didn't say a word. Never."

"But I still think you should try cornflakes again. You have the most peculiar breakfasts. Cold water and black coffee."

"It's the best coffee."

"And sometimes cherry jam with a teaspoon."

"Beautiful dark coffee beans."

"I don't know why you bother with grinding coffee. There's just as much nourishment in instant," Poll said.

An example of one of the difficulties in communication is seeing that there are differences between food and the nourishing and the appetizing, depending on age, place of birth, income, and so on. Probably income, mostly. There was a time in my life when I was very badly off for a classically educated English white, and when I lived on things that the hospital cafeteria served out of the dustbin canisters of, say, chili con carne that you meet in institutions. Those were the days when I was working most of the night, on call as a resident of a hospital at any hour of the twenty-four. Maybe it was then that Poll decided to build me up. She made plans to take me skiing in Scotland. I have a very small convertible that we were to ship by train from London to Edinburgh. She asked me one night for a tape measure. My anklebones were already aching from trying on ski boots that day, and I wanted to lie down with her. I didn't feel up to the ski venture at all. I hadn't skied for years. But she said she knew I would love it again. My calves were hurting from the dry-ski classes that she encouraged me to go to every evening from the laboratory.

"What do you want a tape measure for, darling?" I said.

"And the car keys. How tall are you?"

"Six foot three in my passport. I lied. I'm six foot four."

She measured me with her eye.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Measuring your skis in my head."

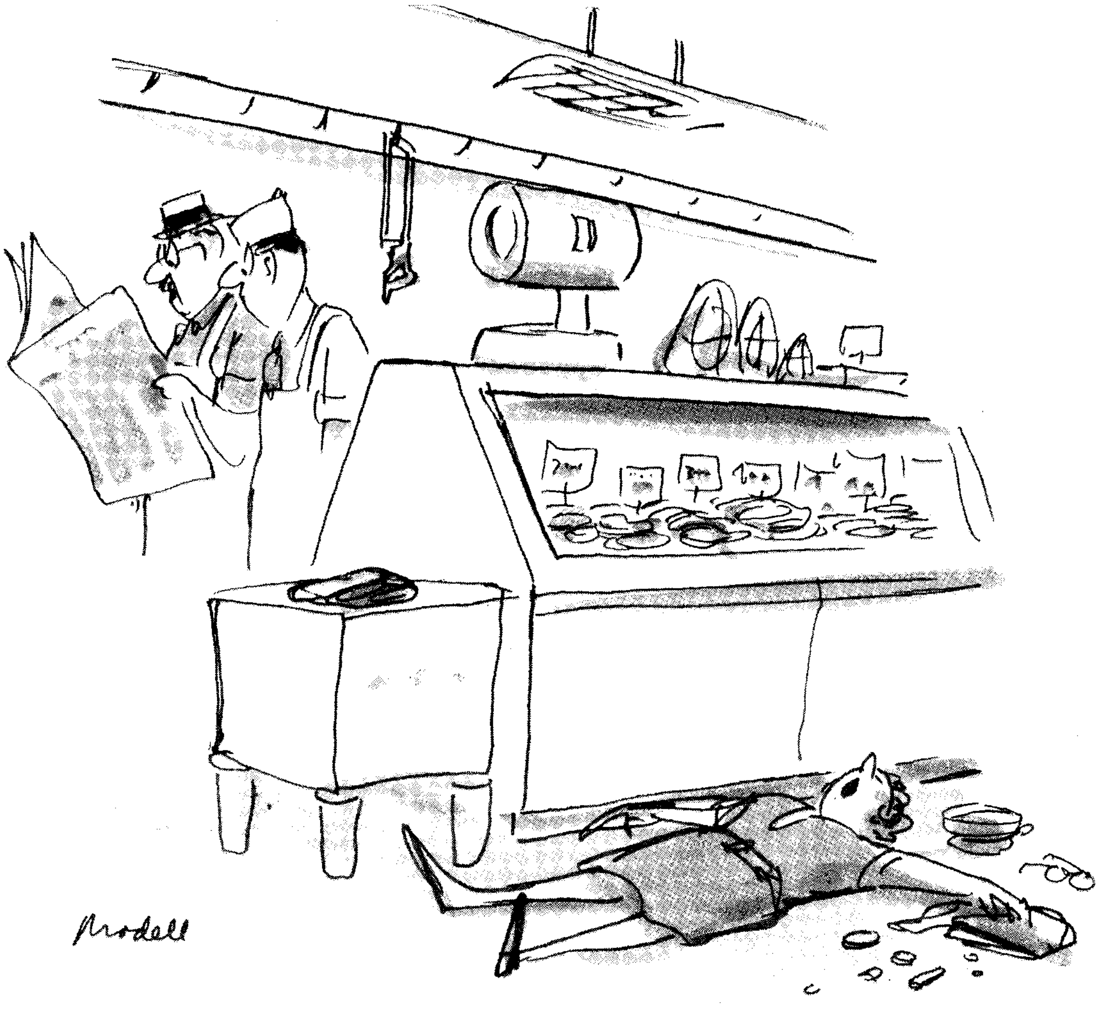
"I thought we were going to hire them up there."

"Yes, but their length will be in relation to your height. Have you got a broom that comes about up to your armpits? We need to fit something else into the car."

We hunted in the broom cupboard. She expertly tied two brooms together. "I want to see if they'll fit in the car between the seats," she said. She lowered her voice. "I don't mean to frighten you. But with my skis there, driving may be difficult with these. These are the same height as your crutches will be. I always take a pair of crutches for people in case of emergency. Your crutches are shorter than your skis will be when we're going to the lifts, because crutches only reach to the armpits, of course, as I said, but they're bulkier than skis. I don't know if they'll go in the car easily with my skis."

Next day she bought me some crutches. She went to a medical outfitter for them.

"They fit perfectly," she said, watching me clamber about on them. "Let me show you how. The thing is to halve your weight between your armpits and your hands, and let the right leg swing to help you. Supposing the right leg is the damaged one." She cantered like a yearling robot around the room, looking ravishing. "Of course, they're too tall for me," she said. "I'm not doing it properly. One



"It says here the full impact won't be felt till next month."

gets the hang of it very fast. The question is whether the crutches at five foot eight and the skis at over seven feet are all going to go into the car in Scotland."

"Plus *your* skis."

"On the train going up they'll let me carry them with the ski poles into the guard's van, if not in the sleeper."

"You can't carry skis and poles when I'm not carrying anything. Not to speak of ski boots. I'll carry them, at least."

"I'm used to it. You be in charge of the maps. I've never understood maps."

On the Motorail going up to Scotland, the car fitted out with my crutches loaded onto the train, her skis were left locked in our train bedroom. They had steel edges. Very fast. "I hope I can hire steel-edged skis up there," I said. I had to keep up with her. (After a lapse the night before, I had mustered the decency to thank her for getting the crutches.)

"Don't you think it would be a bit ambitious on your first try for so long?" she said.

I behaved sulkily and like a child. "I'm used to steel edges."

She laughed, wrinkling her eyes like a sailor in the wind, and said, "Up to you, darling. Aren't you clever, having a snazzy sports car that's big enough to take crutches?" In the rocking train sleeper next day we eyed her beautiful German skis standing in the corner and I had a poor moment of wondering who would be needing the crutches.

In the end we settled on driving back from Scotland, with the unused crutches between us. She went to sleep, her head on my shoulder, pink with exercise and health. After six hours' driving when my kneecaps had been trembling with fatigue for the last four, I drew over to the curb and woke her up.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, "but I think I've done something to the top of my thigh."

"Darling, that'll be your hamstring. It must hurt like hell. You should have said."

"It's not a hamstring. I'm just stiff. I'm not as fit as you, I'm afraid."

"There's nothing you can tell me about being on the slopes and busting hamstrings. Show me what it's like to walk."

I tried walking on the road, with headlights flashing at me from the other lane. She ran after me and felt my thigh. "That's a hamstring, all right. Poor love. It's something that we've got the crutches. Have a brandy." She provided a flask of brandy out of the pocket of her ski jacket and found a thermos of hot coffee in the car. "There's no room to lie down in the back seat, but I'll put the rest of the coffee into the hot-water bottle. Heat helps hamstrings."

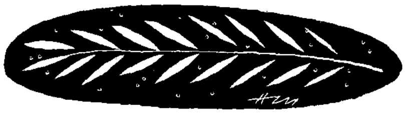
"You've got a hot-*water* bottle?"

"I thought something like this might happen." She settled me into the passenger seat with the hot-water bottle full of coffee under my thigh and a rug around my shoulders. I felt a hundred and eight. She kissed me before starting the car. "Bloody painful, hamstrings," she said. "You were fatigued with skiing, and the driving finished it. It wouldn't have happened with an automatic shift. My fault. I'm so sorry. When you wake up, have some more brandy."

"I hate being this burden."

"I had hours of sleep. It might easily have happened to me."

No, not to her. I put my head on her shoulder. The brandy worked, and I went to sleep. I dreamt of chemistry and porridge and trees on the lawn



ADDRESS TO THE BEASTS

For us who, from the moment
we are first worlded,
lapse into disarray,

who seldom know exactly
what we are up to,
and, as a rule, don't want to,

what a joy to know,
even when we can't see or hear you,
that you are around,

though very few of you
find us worth looking at,
unless we come too close.

To you all scents are sacred
except our smell and those
we manufacture.

How promptly and ably
you execute Nature's policies,
and are never

lured into misconduct
except by some unlucky
chance imprinting.

Endowed from birth with good manners,
you wag no snobbish elbows,
don't leer,

don't look down your nostrils,
or poke them into another
creature's business.

Your own habitations
are cosy and private, not
pretentious temples.

Of course, you have to take lives
to keep your own, but never
kill for applause.

Compared with even your greediest,
how Non-U
our hunting gentry seem.

Exempt from taxation,
you have never felt the need
to become literate,

but your oral cultures
have inspired our poets to pen
dulcet verses,

and, though unconscious of God,
your Sung Eucharists are
more hallowed than ours.

Instinct is commonly said
to rule you: I would call it
Common Sense.

If you cannot engender
a genius like Mozart,
neither can you

plague the earth
with brilliant sillies like Hegel
or clever nasties like Hobbes.

Shall we ever become adulted,
as you all soon do?
It seems unlikely.

Indeed, one balmy day,
we might well become,
not fossils, but vapour.

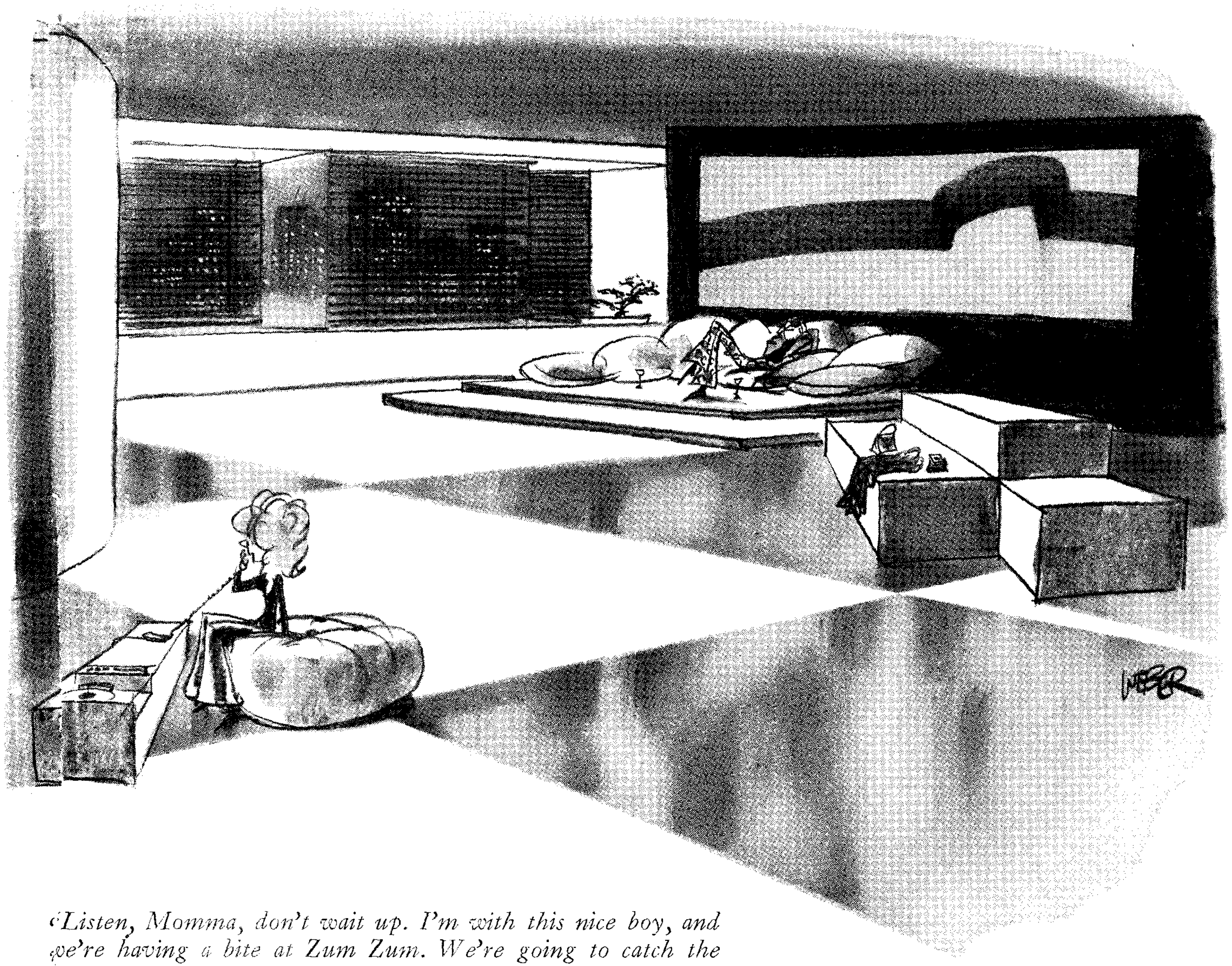
Distinct now,
in the end we shall join you
(how soon all corpses look alike),

but you exhibit no signs
of knowing that you are sentenced.
Now, could that be why

we upstarts are often
jealous of your innocence,
but never envious?

—W. H. Auden

• •



"Listen, Momma, don't wait up. I'm with this nice boy, and we're having a bite at Zum Zum. We're going to catch the show at the Music Hall, and on the way home we'll probably pop into a Baskin-Robbins for a cone."

• •

long ago. When I woke up she was pulling into a railway station.

"I've decided to ship the car the rest of the way with us, darling. I stopped for petrol, and there's an early morning train."

"Why did you decide that?"

"I was getting fagged and there's no point in having two invalids."

On the train, with me trying to manage the crutches and Poll wonderfully coping with everything, we had one of the immense breakfasts that seem to exist only on train journeys: bacon and eggs and sausages and toast and marmalade. Poll had porridge. I had half a grapefruit—the menu said "*demi*-grapefruit"—and felt weedier than ever, in the middle of wondering how to maneuver myself on crutches at work. A parched-looking young man at a corner table was talking hell for leather in a high voice to a robust-looking girlfriend in knee socks. He was twenty-two, perhaps. From his talk, he seemed to be a theology student. He had a dropped jaw and a rather eloquent, struggling expression.

"As I say," he said in his stringy voice, "it's not the order, it's the people in it. Did you see Sister Victoria's room? No? Well then, did you see Sister Rosie's room? You did? I'm glad of that. They're not all like hers, you know. Sister Rosie's was done up for her when she came home from hospital."

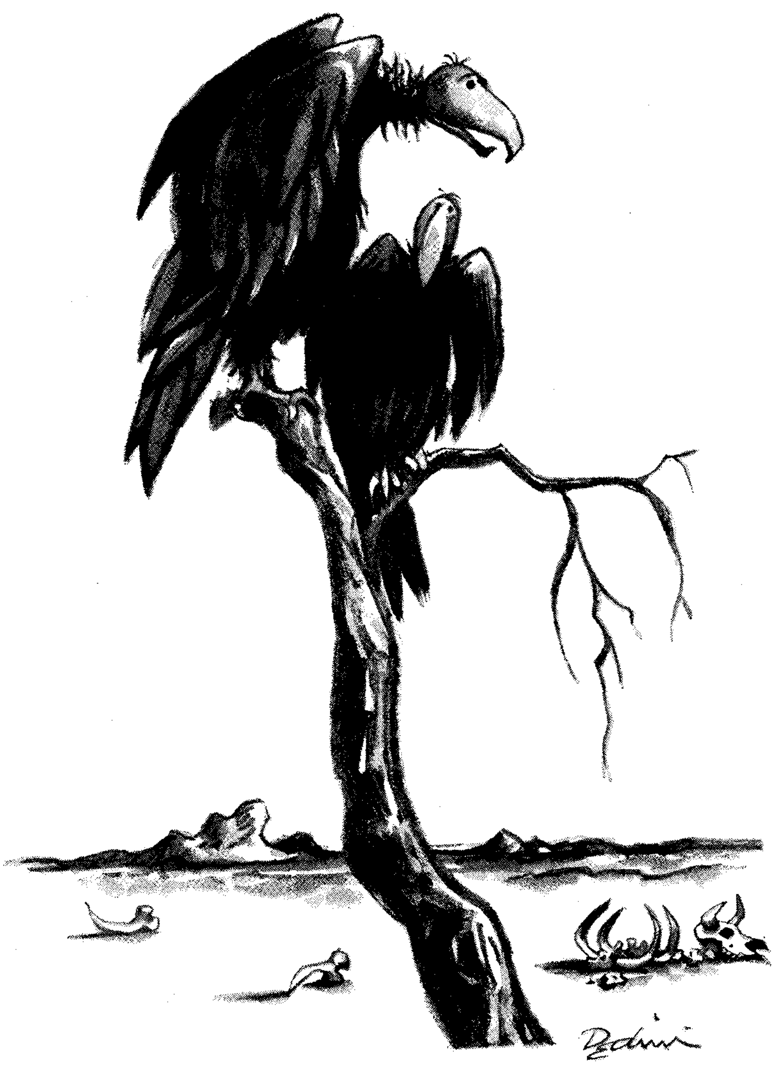
My hamstring hurt rather, but bacon and eggs took my mind off it. I thought of people going into alien hospitals, far from swinging around on crutches somewhere as familiar as my own laboratory.

"I didn't know you could ski so well," Poll said.

"Sister Gladys's room is just a bed and a little desk like a school desk," the theology student said. "She's a good nun. But Sister Rosie's a *fantastic* nun. We go around in a trio. Though since you've been coming up, it'll be different. 'It's going to change the trio,' Sister Rosie said, 'with her coming up.' They'll all be praying for you, especially Sister Rosie. She always says about you, 'I'll be praying for her.' The place has changed over the last few years. It's only lately that we've been allowed recreation in the common room. What's the verb of 'recreation'? 'Recreating in the common room.' I expect Jesus would understand that. And I'm quite sure Sister Rosie would. She has a wonderful sense of fun. You must see more of Sister Rosie next time you come up."

Poll said, "Tell them at the laboratory that you bust a hamstring skiing. It's a very brave thing to have done. Don't think it had anything to do with the driving. That was just an after-effect."

From then on, I had moments of cussedness and did *without* the crutches. There was an interlude on the



"The tragedy is I'm a bluebird locked in the body of a bird of prey."

• •

train between Leeds and London when the morning country looked so beautiful that it seemed nothing could not be surmounted. Poll went to sleep on my shoulder again.

"We are all subject to the ridiculous," she said out of a doze, to my surprise, and certainly not meaning the theology student.

"Some more than others," I said.

"Darling, a hamstring isn't funny," she said, and I started to laugh.

"I don't think I've ever heard of breaking a hamstring because of driving before," I said.

"Most commonly bust in athletes."

"But I'm not an athlete. How is it that you haven't bust one?"

"Maybe it's got to do with having very strong calf fibres. Because of swimming."

She made me an annotated diagram of the muscles that she considered vital. ("Of course, *you* know all this, but anyway," she said. I didn't. She always forgets what sort of chemist I am. Mostly interested in potassium and plankton. I believe she thinks I'm a sports chemist.) She wrote down the name of a physiotherapist for me. She didn't notice that she was lying amiably on me, so that my painful leg had the luck to go to sleep. The pins and needles when it woke up were small snags, but nothing to complain about compared with various damages in the war. I didn't mention the pins and needles, because I cherished them on her account and I have this impulse to hide from her how much she is loved. She has fair hair cut short at the back, like a cap, with a front lock that swings over her right cheek. Sometimes she looks about seven; for instance, when she does underwater somersaults while she is swimming, and comes up shaking the hair out of her eyes.

IN the early summer, Poll started getting me to go to a gym. A big man whom I fell to calling Jim, because that was the standing joke of the place and because he looked discouraged when I called him by his real name, which was Herbert, kept taking my measurements and telling me to build up my thoracic muscles.

"I don't want to be a tenor, Jim," I said. "I'm a research chemist. My thoracic muscles don't mean much to me."

"Swimming will build them up, but you'll need them ready for the first surfing."

"Surfing? I don't like salt water in my eyes. Not really."

"Miss Clayton said you'd be going surfing," said a friendly muscle-builder.

"*She* thought you'd like it, so *I* did," said Herbert.

People are to be hanged for thinking things together, I thought.

"We'll soon get you into shape," said Herbert, not listening to my mind, nor even to what I had actually said. Perhaps it is not surprising that so few people pay heed, considering how little of interest is uttered, though a tone of voice can often engage the mind profoundly when the words are not deep. Herbert, for instance, has a voice that I found consoling when my muscles were red-hot that day, and I think he knew I was burning alive and also mortified thereby, because he turned the fan in my direction. He taught me how to fall. Falling is not easy. I mean, falling itself is easy enough, all too, but falling in the right way is not.

Herbert's gym is downstairs in a little room with an upright piano. The Westminster Library is comfortingly near. There are generally twenty-four-hour calm vigils going on outside St.-Martin-in-the-Fields for some political reason. It was a very hot night. I was tired after being at hospital all day, and I had to go back later. Poll had come to the gym to watch me doing falls and pushups.

"It's important for him to know how to fall properly, because the surf where we're going in Cornwall is treacherous," she said. "One has to swim sideways across the undertow."

There was a man doing pushups on the other side of the room, watching his face in the looking glass each time as he rose, like a dolphin. It didn't appear to cost him anything, the effort. I can't do a pushup at all. Like many of our species, research chemists often tend to seem inadequate animals for the given task, whatever the task may be, a fact that one never finds out until too late. I was thinking about this and taking note of the man's face in the looking glass. Herbert's brother was playing something rhythmical on the upright piano. The pushups kept time. The man had triangular eyebrows. He seemed to be about fifty-five. But staggeringly strong.

"I'm glad you don't look like that," Poll said in a low voice to me. I had just noticed her speaking to Herbert about the falls he had been teaching me on the mat; I had seen her lips moving. We generally catch more ıan other people think. Or less, de- ending on the strain of surrounding vents. In this case, I could see her hispering to Herbert.

"Jim, I think you have to be careful 's not frightened of breaking his eck," she had muttered (I have a ery long neck). "It's like a stalk to m. It's where the sap runs."

Of course, this is perfectly sound, ysiologically speaking. I thought it as nice of her to speak up without owing that I would lip-read. The ano thumped, and I went on looking the man's devil eyebrows coming up ythmically from the mat. Poll gave e a bite of chicken sandwich. To stop e working, I think. Then she lay wn on her side, put a leather strap und her ankle, and pulled her left g up and down against a weight. This is very good practice for doing e crawl over a long time," she said.

"I haven't got much stamina," I id. "I can do a dead-man's float for urs, but I always used to give up lfway in races at school and then t whipped for it. Have you noticed at man's eyebrows?"

"They're like Satan's."

"He looks as if he knows every- ing."

"I think it's more because Satan's d that he knows everything than be- use he's satanic." Poll metimes says startling ings. I had a wish to g her, but suppressed in the circumstances. ow the man with e devil eyebrows was rling himself up ckward and stretch- g out on parallel bars side down, watching mself all the time in e looking glass.

"He's been here for urs," I whispered.

Herbert was watch- g the man's muscles d making approving ises.

"How often do you me here?" I said to tan, trying to be atey, though this is t something I am od at with strangers.

"Every evening," he id. I wondered if routine were the key to something I hadn't hit on. There is hardly anything I do every day except take bus rides and plug on at research and go to sleep.

"What's your job in life?" Satan asked, hanging upside down on the bars and stretching a muscular leg out.

"I'm a chemical boffin in a laboratory," I said.

"What?"

"He's a research chemist," Poll said.

"What muscles do you think I'm weakest in?" Satan asked.

"It depends what you want to do," Poll said. I wondered about that.

"If you were me," he said, looking like Mr. World, which I don't.

"Well, it depends if you're keen on gardening, say. Or ping-pong." I realized this was being rude to him and said, "Or soccer, or polo," to take the edge off.

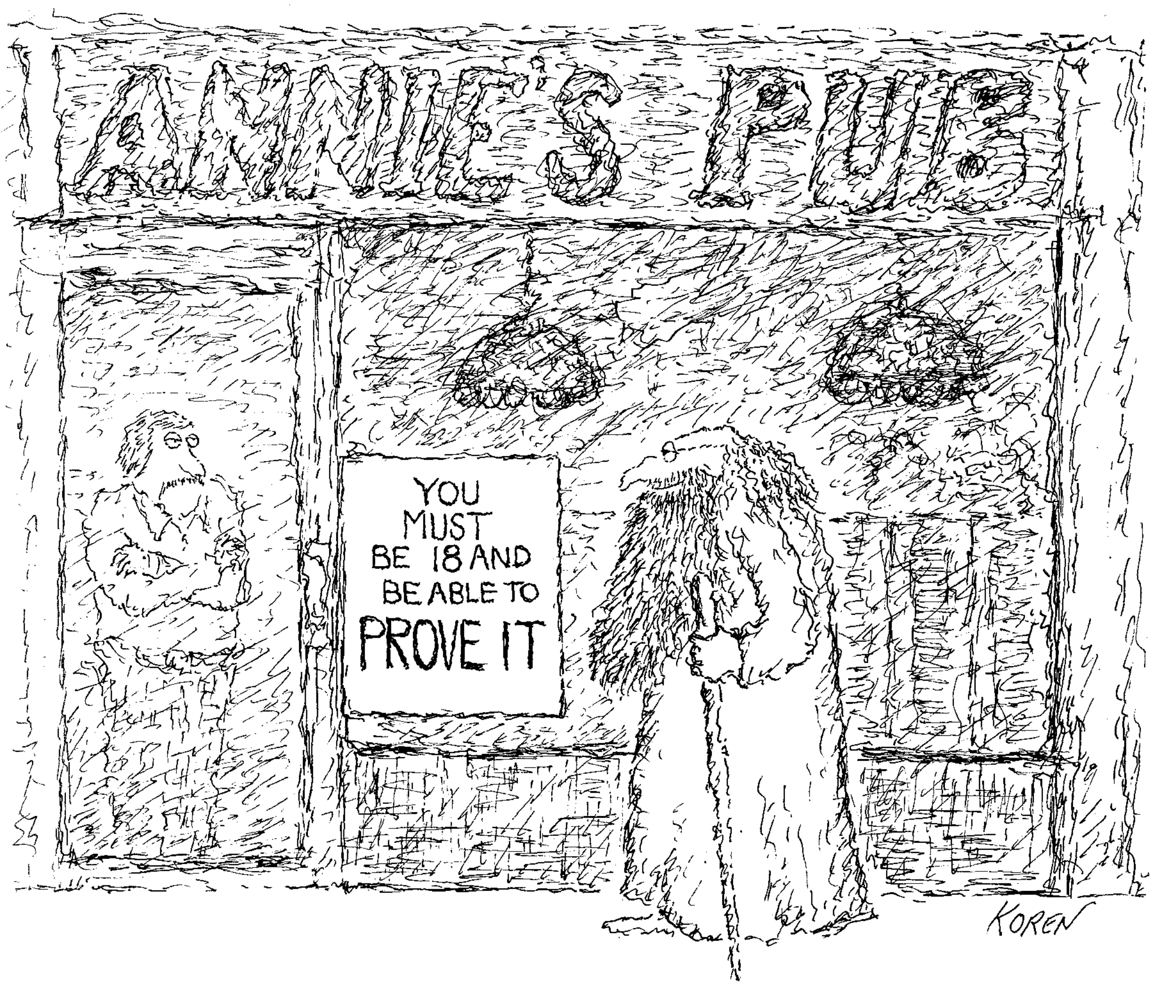
"Fitness," he said.

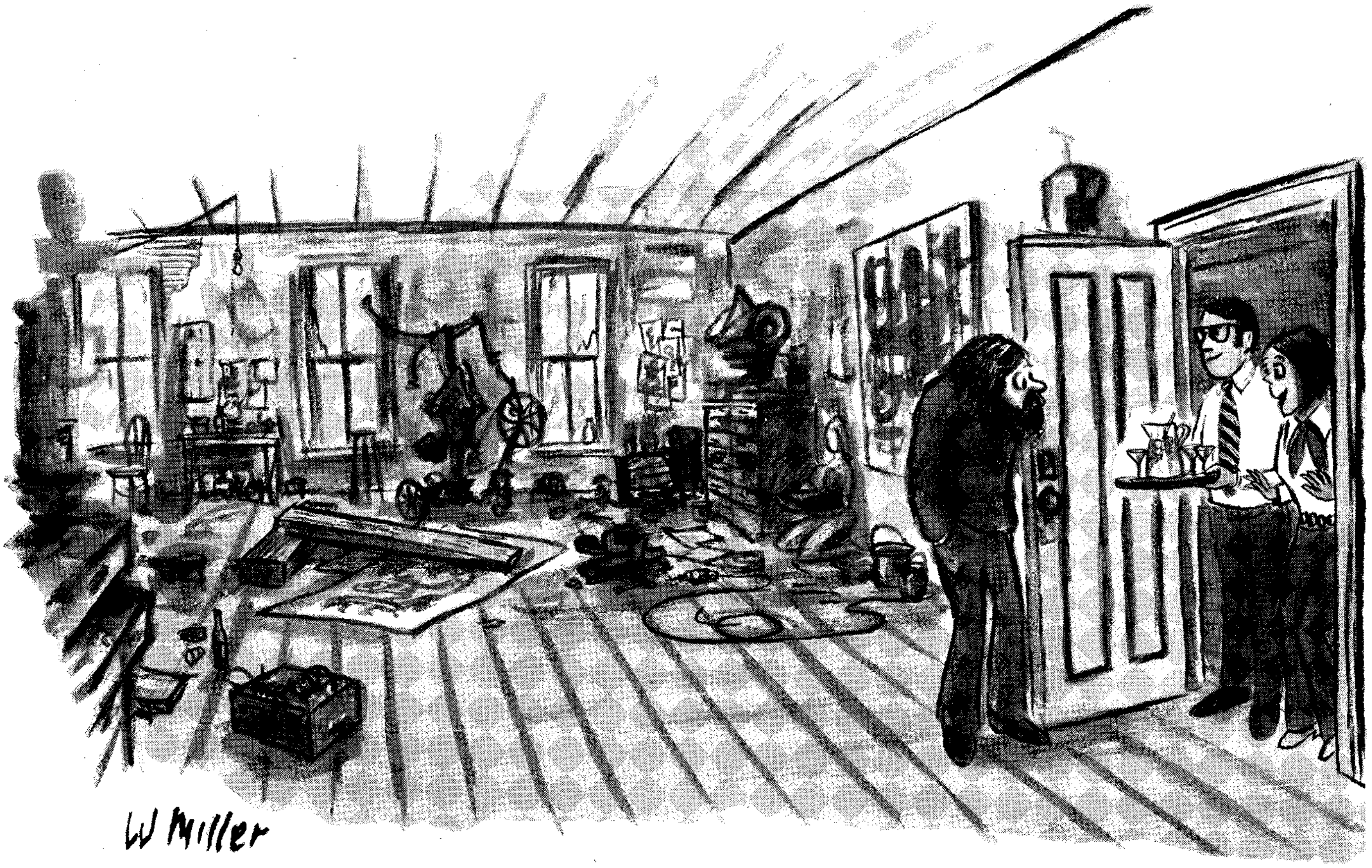
I thought he said "fatness," and said, "You're not fat, just strong. You're not the sort to have a heart attack, I mean."

"He said 'fitness,' " Poll said, after laughing with her face so turned into the mat that her leg wouldn't work against the weight. The little room got hotter and hotter. I practiced a few more falls and did some legwork for Poll's sake to improve the sorry way I do the crawl, and then went back to hospital and picked hairs out of my back wherever possible. The hairs were from the mat. Herbert's mat is like a hair shirt; not that I have ever worn a hair shirt, but one can imagine. I don't know if a hair shirt sheds bristles, in fact, or if it is merely uncomfortable. I have a suspicion that I might cheat if the head monk weren't looking and wear it with the comfortable side next to the skin. It seems a needless extra bane not to, considering the ones that are inflicted on us willy-nilly, but I am not a brave man. Poll knows this and doesn't seem to mind, though she clings to hopes of conversion.

THAT summer, Poll and I went to Cornwall. We had to put off our holiday by one day because Poll had undertaken to buy two looking glasses for an edgy woman analyst in our building who is justly alarmed by going shopping and once said to us in the lift that she couldn't bear the lack of looking glasses outside the lift, because you could never tell who was standing behind you. This struck me as being rather neurotic for a psychoanalyst, and I may have maintained a brusque silence. At least, I tried to. Poll was more forthcoming and offered to go to Harrods.

"We're going to Cornwall," I said, trying not to weaken and imagining a


ANNIE'S PUB
YOU MUST BE 18 AND BE ABLE TO PROVE IT
KOREN



"Hi there! Hate to be snoops, but we just moved into the loft downstairs and we've been dying to see what a working artist's pad looks like."

• •

day alone with my flippers in London while she was shopping.

"It'll only take me an hour," Poll said, who is at her best in any emergency she can cater for.

We arrived in Cornwall in the end by Aunt Deirdre's car, accompanied by Aunt Deirdre and a picnic hamper. I sat on the gray plush of the car with the picnic basket on my lap and thought of the grapes in her pretty vineyard. Aunt Deirdre had a fur coat on her lap, though it was flaming summer.

"Old bones feel the cold," she said.

"You're not old," said Poll.

"Well, I can still surf. I'm quite a dab with my flippers." She had flippers and a mask under her sable.

We went swimming the first morning. Aunt Deirdre said gaily that she was afraid there was no advantage in being thin at her age, because your skin hung like trousers on a circus elephant.

"You look splendid," Poll said. "So does Ned. He's been wearing his flippers around the flat to get used to them." She plunged into the surf, head under a wave, after gauging the undertow.

Deirdre followed. I went after her and suddenly saw that she was in trouble, choking for breath and breathing in seawater. Her head quite disappeared. Poll had her eyes on me and didn't notice. I called out to her and dived and tried to remember about lifesaving. Poll suddenly took in what was happening. But she lost her nerve, rescuing an elderly common-law aunt not being one of the hazards she had prepared for, and she too went under. So I had two of them to try to pull back to the beach against the undertow. I remembered about swimming at a right angle to the beach. It soon became pleasant.

"Knock me out if you want to," Aunt Deirdre said. "I feel quite intoxicated. I'm afraid I might struggle."

In the end it was Poll who started struggling, and Aunt Deirdre who mustered the resolve to knock her out with a small blow in the right place on the back of her neck.

"I'll support her," she said, swimming on her back, "and you support me."

"Is she all right?" I said. Poll looked more beautiful than I had ever seen her, with her pale hair full of bubbles from the surf. I tried craning up over Aunt Deirdre to check whether Poll had any color in her cheeks, but surf is no place to crane.

"Are *you* all right?" I said to Aunt Deirdre.

"Splendid now, thanks," said Aunt Deirdre. "She's much lighter than sable coat. You think I'm empty-heac ed, don't you? Your mother alway did."

"No, I don't," I said.

I saw that Poll had come to. "Don open your mouth," I said. "Breath through your nose." When we got t the shore, she lay on the beach an Aunt Deirdre gave her artificial resp ration to help her breathing, which w faint and choked.

"There's some tea in the hamper," Aunt Deirdre said. "Hot sweet tea first-rate for shock. She's shivering."

"We'll rub her and then cover wh we can of her with sand," I said.

"Abundant solutions," said Au Deirdre, my twig of an aunt in he pink-petalled bathing cap, taking swallow of tea.

"You're a very strong family," whispered Poll.

—PENELOPE GILLIAT

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The M'Naghten rule, which define insanity as the inability to determine *right from* wrong in commission of a crime, was adopted in the mid-1800s. Ledingham said inanity is a legal term not mentioned in psychiatry.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

There's no need to mention it, the air's heavy with it.

ELISHA HOSPITAL

THEY are building a new wing, but nevertheless it is quiet. On instructions from the contractor the men work slowly, almost silently. With each board or frame it is as if a decision must be made: shall we tighten this, or shall we let it rest? The old men with shirts wrapped around their heads inevitably continue, although one has the impression that perhaps someday they simply will not work and instead lean on their trowels or sit on the sacks of concrete. At the rate they work, it is hard to tell if they are building or tearing down.

It is the same with us, I suppose, when we treat a dying patient. Like the old Iraqi Jews who pour the cement, we, too, must decide whether or not to tighten our patient's dying frame or just to let it dissolve and run away on the light-blue air.

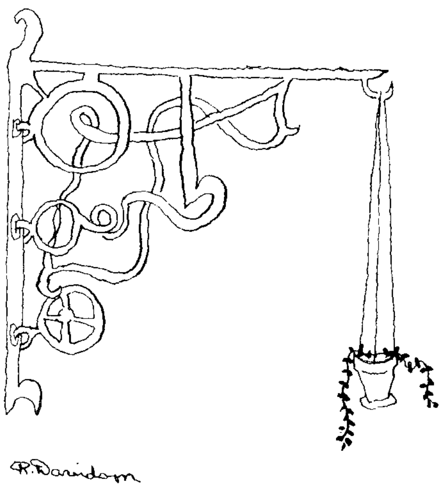
Blue is the predominant color at Elisha. It is seen everywhere out the big windows, from their tops to their bottoms, because we are on the summit of a hill—better to say mountain, although I hesitate to call anything a mountain unless it is capped with snow. Most windows look north; the ease of the light is inescapable; a soft clear altitude of blue air flees from all sides. Ships at sea, like small precision engines enamelled in red and orange and black, move across a glass of blue. Passengers in a German dirigible would have had it no better than patients here. It is true they could move from place to place, but at Elisha we have no vibration—not even from the construction. Except for the souls that die within, it is a perfect environment.

It is in this hospital that I met my wife. On chill November evenings we made tea in the laboratory, which overlooks the Hadar; the bright orange flame of a Bunsen burner and the tea in a glass beaker made the dark cold and hissing respiratory winds outside less terrible. I remember well staring at a large desk calendar underneath a fluorescent light, trying to fix the time and feeling permanently. I did. It was November 15, 1965, and it was ten o'clock. As I have said, the wind was whistling outside and it was dark and we were in love. And the clear light and sounds nearly matched our excitement. We spoke of Switzerland, and California, and Paris, and we have been to those places and we have been back.

We had then grave aspirations, as doctors might. We have achieved some of them, others have been whittled away by the world. We have not been bent by great events so that we are something other than ourselves, with an enemy within. On the contrary, we have been lucky. I have been in war but not in the thick of it. I have been in upheaval but not in the thick of it. I have never been concerned with governments, one way or another, because one way or another they have never been much concerned with me.

THE first of this September marked the opening of school. Even I shared the excitement of the new year. As I walked to the hospital I passed a high school, the courtyard of which was jammed with noisy foolish students from whom—contrary to the popular assumption—one should not learn but rather take revival. A beautiful young girl reminded me of my wife and of the autumn when we met. The trees were rustling and it was cool in the shade, and I left as she was blushing because I had stared intently.

I was in a good mood; it was my day in the month solely for the medical library, and there is no better work than to sit there and read. But on my way upstairs I wanted to stop in at X-ray, so I began walking down the corridor, where windows of bright blue are one wall and silver doors and yellow benches are the other. Outside the operating rooms was a young man of about twenty-five and his girl child. He was tall and slim, with dark hair and very dark skin. Not strangely—it was, after all, at Elisha above the sea and hills—he was wearing a bright and fine blue shirt. His daughter, a child like many I have seen, was tiny and beautiful. She had grown out of infancy, but one had to look twice to make certain. Like her father she had dark hair and dark skin. I judged that they had been at the beach in August, for she was almost a chocolate color, the whites of her eyes and the loose white gown in which she was enwrapped contrasting to make a luminescence.



I remembered this child. I had heard that she was very sick and did not have much chance to live. I had not given it thought. It would be too hard to give thought to such things all the time. She had received anesthesia and was busy losing consciousness, perhaps for the last time, while her father held her in his arms, rocked her, put her little head next to his face, and gathered in her legs. He was worried that perhaps the anesthesia was not working, and as I was passing he looked at me.

"She is falling asleep?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "I can see that it won't be long." I put my hands in my pockets and stood as if to talk, for there was no one else there and I was almost sure of the outcome. He held her very closely—I have never seen a man as tender with a child—until she was fast asleep and a gowned and masked operating-room nurse came through swinging doors to take the child and carry her within.

Nothing could be said, so I said, "You are a new immigrant?," since it was evident from his speech.

"Yes," he said.

"From where?," although that was also evident.

"From Russia—Kiev," he replied, a little more at ease. "I was to be a curator of arts at the museum, and then . . ." He raised his arms and smiled. "And then . . ."

"And what do you do here?"

"I work as an artist commercial, but soon I am going to study at the university, when my wife comes. She is still in Kiev."

I was reluctant to leave him alone. At such times quiet institutions are murderous, but I had to do my reading. "Look," I said, "these things can be difficult. If there is anything I can do to help, anything at all for whatever reason . . . If you need something, or just to talk—you know? I will be in the library, upstairs," and I pointed. I touched him on the shoulder and left quickly.

I spent that day in the library. Later in the evening when it was dark, I walked bleary-eyed past the empty yellow bench where he had been sitting. His lighter and cigarettes were there. I dared not learn the outcome. A warm light met the dark blue of the windows, then almost black, and I left Elisha Hospital, thinking of my wife and sons and how history had left me in peace. A dark September rain began to fall, as one seldom sees it fall in Haifa. —MARK HENRY HELPRIN

PROFILES

A COUNTERVAILING FORCE—I

"YOU see this lady on my right?" Ralph Nader asked me. We were aboard a morning flight from San Francisco to Dallas during one of several trips I took with him to observe his activities. As he asked the question, he nudged my arm and motioned with his head in the direction of a well-dressed woman sitting across the aisle and contentedly smoking a cigarette. Some of the smoke was drifting Nader's way, and he wasn't liking that. "See?" he said. "She's utterly insensitive to my smoking her cigarette derivatively."

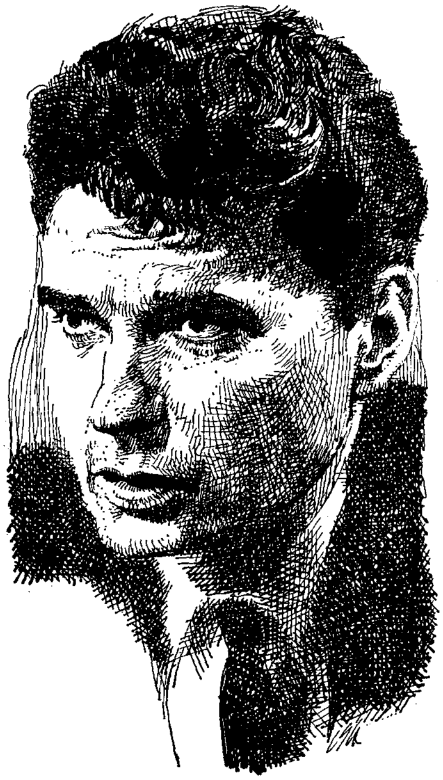
Nader leaned over and said something that I didn't catch to the woman. She looked embarrassed.

Nader then talked to me at some length about cigarette smoking, public health, and the federal position on this subject, which he considered symptomatic of the government's failure to regulate effectively in the public interest. He spoke about the unequivocal declarations of successive United States Surgeons General on the causal connection between cigarette smoking and lung cancer, coronary-arterial disease, and other ailments; about what he described as federal boosting of the cigarette business through government subsidies to tobacco growers and to exporters of American tobacco products; and about what he described as a federal failure to curb tobacco advertising in any of the media except radio and television. He deplored the government's long-standing refusal to take action on his proposal, made in 1969, for an outright ban on smoking on all federally regulated airlines. Nader then dealt with smoking among younger people, about which he was particularly vehement. "I look upon smokers as weak characters," he declared, and he added, "I would have serious questions about their ability to do the kind of work we're doing."

"You mean young people who want to work with you in Washington?" I said. "You'd want to know their smoking habits in considering their qualifications?" He nodded.

I now asked Nader what he'd said to the woman across the aisle. "I suggested an arrangement," he told me. "I suggested that we take turns. She would smoke for fifteen minutes, and then I would have air for fifteen minutes."

I looked across the aisle to see how the cigarette-smoking woman had reacted. Her seat was empty. She had moved to another part of the plane.



Ralph Nader

NADER was on one of many cross-country speaking tours that he keeps making for two purposes: to expound his views on the relationship between citizens and large organizations, and to help finance, from his speaker's fees, the group of young lawyers and researchers he has assembled in Washington to represent what he conceives to be the interests of private citizens in matters of public policy. Earlier that morning, in the ballroom of the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco, he had addressed a convention of the Western States Meat Packers Association, primarily on the necessity for setting higher and more uniform sanitary standards in meat-packing plants and for eliminating chemical and antibiotic residues in meat at the source—that is, in feedlots. (The audience reaction had been polite but, understandably, not overly enthusiastic.) When he had finished his speech, he lost no time in getting away. A tall, thin, wiry figure in a gray suit, he kept moving as a small crowd of admirers—young and middle-aged, male and female—as well as a few reporters collected about him in the lobby of the hotel. In his left hand he was clutching a brown manila folder, stuffed with paperwork, which goes with him everywhere. His right hand was in his jacket pocket. In a crowd, Nader walks slightly sidewise, as though he were edging himself through a narrow passage—right shoulder hunched slightly forward, left arm slightly back, with the manila folder behind him as a sort of trailing edge in his slipstream.

Nader's travels around the country to meet his speaking engagements are so tightly scheduled that he has hardly a minute to spare. In less than a week, he may make between fifteen and twenty speeches in perhaps ten states, before trade or professional associations, civic groups, and college students. Although no two of Nader's speeches are alike, as I discovered in my travels with him, the central theme is constant: the urgent necessity for individual and collective citizen action against corporate and governmental abuse of power and failure to exercise responsibility.

On the platform, Nader, though he gives an initial impression of shyness and diffidence, speaks without hesitation and in well-modulated tones. Sallow-complexioned and intense, he stands so close to the lectern that he is almost leaning on it. From time to time, his hands will play over it as though he were arranging speaking notes, but in fact, unless the circumstances are very unusual, he has no notes. He speaks extemporaneously, and he likes doing so. "I've never had butterflies in the stomach while facing an audience," Nader told me. "I enjoy making a speech. It's something like laying a brick wall."

Ordinarily, Nader's speeches are scheduled to last an hour, but he likes to give good measure, and, having warmed up, he often speaks for an hour and a half, and then often stays on for a question period. His audiences are attentive—they seem very curious about the Nader personal presence—and generally their response is enthusiastic. There are exceptions, such as the reactions of those, like the meat packers, whose professional practices Nader has not hesitated to criticize. In such circumstances, the applause when he finishes is, like that of the meat packers, polite but hardly tumultuous.

Between lectures, Nader's tours are an almost unbroken succession of plane rides, car rides, hurried half-meals at wildly irregular intervals, three- to four-and-a-half-hour nights in hotel or motel rooms, and press conferences on the run. Nader, who is now thirty-nine, endures it all in stoic fashion. “I’m desensitized to discomfort,” he told me. Even when things go wrong and his schedule is thrown awry, he shows no irritation. Usually when he is scheduled to speak on a campus, students meet him at the nearest airport and drive him to his destination. These drives tend to be long and tedious—a round trip of two hundred miles between airport and campus is not unusual—and sometimes, especially at night, the student who is driving will lose his way. When this happens, Nader never seems to get impatient.

AT the Dallas airport, Nader had to wait for a connecting flight to Roswell, New Mexico, where he was to be picked up for his next scheduled speech. We sat on a bench for a few minutes, and then Nader went off to a newsstand. He came back with a copy of the Dallas *News*, which he went through quickly and discarded. He began talking about candy bars. “I was about to get a candy bar at that newsstand,” he told me. “I’ll show it to you if you like. It’s a ten-cent candy bar by any standards. But it had no price on it. I said to the attendant, ‘How much?’ She said it would be fifteen cents, plus a penny tax. I rejected it. It’s *important* to reject such things, just to keep people on their toes—reject things that bear no price label. In a place like this airport, people are lured to the point of sale. They see no price. When they try to buy an item, they find that it’s overpriced. But they say, ‘What the hell,’ and buy it anyway.”

“Do you tell the salesperson—say, the woman at the newsstand—why you decide not to buy?” I asked.

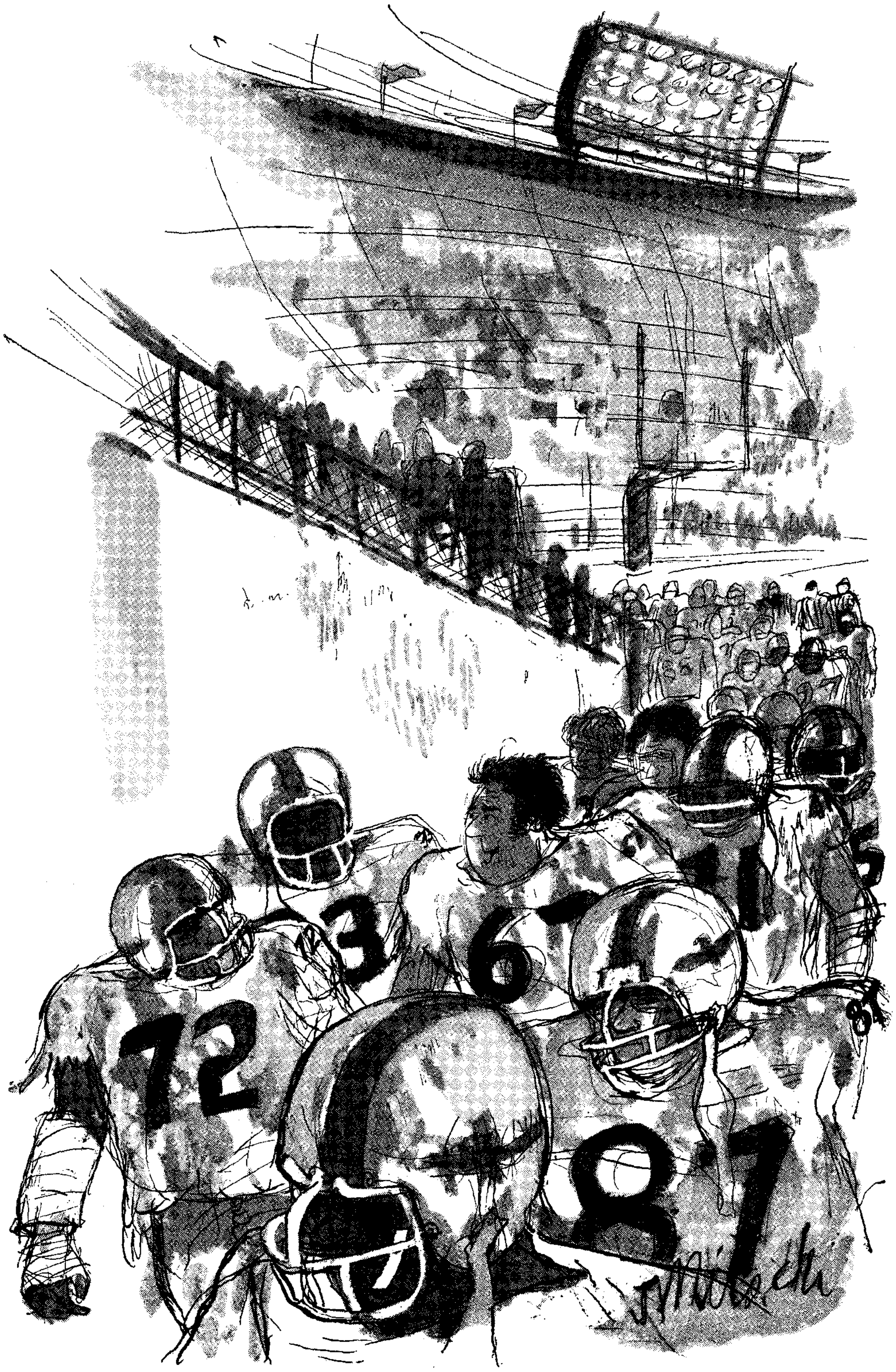
“Yes,” Nader said. “I say, ‘I’m not paying that much for that small candy bar.’ It’s a very minor thing—such a rejection. But it just might do something to slow down the process of price escalation.”

Nader pursued the subject, seeming deeply interested. “You can see what manufacturers can do with, say, a candy bar that a while ago would have sold for five cents. For a time, they would keep the price at five cents, but, in effect, they would increase the price by shrinking the size. It would have become a smaller candy bar. Then, a while after the manufacturers had reduced the size of the bar, they would put out another one, thirty-five to forty per cent bigger than the one selling at five cents, and they would charge ten cents for the new one. And *then*, when people got used to that size, the manufacturers would put out a slightly bigger size, selling for fifteen cents. Next, when people got used to paying fifteen cents, the size would shrink to a cross between the ten-cent and the five-cent size. But the fifteen-cent price would remain. There are thousands of items around whose prices have stayed the same but whose sizes have shrunk.

“Just look how easy it would be for Planters Peanuts to take three peanuts out of a ten-cent package! Who’s going to count them? Some of the facts on this kind of juggling with other products have been put together by the House Committee on Government Operations. The techniques of increasing prices in such a way that the consumer isn’t sensitive to the increase are plentiful. You can increase the price of a car simply by shrinking the terms of the warranty. Yet, according to classic market theory, there is supposed to be such a great sensitivity in the relationship between buyer and seller that when the price goes up the volume goes down. Practically all the students in our generation swallowed that theory—the theory of the invisible hand guiding the market, the self-correcting mechanism. If you believe in that, you don’t have to ask new questions or make new studies of the market; the system is always there, transcending time. A nice, clean, uncluttered view of the market. It simplifies the teaching process for professors and the learning process for students. In teaching economic theory, they don’t talk about removing three peanuts from a package. The trouble with the classic concept of the market is that it’s such a simple framework. There’s no room for consideration of all the monopolistic practices and all the greed and creative imagination that corporations are regu-

larly employing to bilk the buyer in a credit economy."

NADER was able to board the plane for Roswell with several minutes to spare, but usually he arrives at a departure gate a minute or two before flight time. It is his practice to ask for a seat well forward, enabling him to make a quick getaway at the end of the flight, and whenever he can he sits in a row next to an emergency exit. No Nader luggage is ever stowed below-decks. His carry-on luggage, aside from his work-filled manila folder, consists of an inexpensive black imitation-leather bag with several zippered outside compartments for clean shirts and for dirty ones as he uses them up on his travels. This bag is jammed under the seat in front of him; the manila folder stays in his lap. As soon as he has taken his seat and fastened his seat belt securely—he does so in a precise, careful manner, being ever alert for defects in safety equipment—he reaches into his folder and takes out a batch of papers. With lowered head, he works almost unceasingly from takeoff to touchdown.



"Well, that's football. Last Sunday, somebody up there liked *us**. This Sunday, somebody up there liked* *them**."*

At the Roswell airport, we were met by an instructor and two students, with whom we were to travel ninety miles to Portales, where Nader was to make a speech at Eastern New Mexico University. About twenty miles before we reached Portales, the car ran out of gas. There wasn't a service station anywhere along the highway. Nader was already behind schedule; his audience was assembled and waiting for him. While the students hunted around for gas, which they eventually got from a farmer, he leaned back in the car and watched the emergency proceedings with no comment apart from a slight smile. By two o'clock the next morning, having delivered an hour-and-a-half speech on environmental hazards, held a brief press conference with student reporters, and had a cup of tea and answered more questions at the house of a faculty member, Nader was on the road again—halfway between Portales and Lubbock, Texas. He was still in lively spirits, taking part in intermittent discussions with two students accompanying us, and peering out at what could be seen of the passing countryside. Near Muleshoe, he spotted a freight train moving somewhere to the left. "*Wooo wooo!* The Santa Fe!" Nader cried out into the night. A few minutes later, having spotted a row of huge grain elevators by the road, he was grimly discussing the occupational hazards faced by workers in such elevators. Men who check the condition of the stored grain from catwalks at their summits occasionally fall into the grain and are suffocated, Nader told the students; there were six known fatalities in the previous year from such accidents, he said.

Around three o'clock that morning, Nader checked into a Holiday Inn outside Lubbock. By five-forty-five, he was up and about, and off in a taxi to catch an early-morning plane back to Dallas. From the Dallas airport, without a break, he was immediately driven off on an eighty-five-mile road trip to Waco, where, late that morning, in spite of a sore throat that had been developing and that hadn't been helped by Texas dust and heat, he spoke for more than an hour to an overflow audience at Baylor University and held another student press conference. Then he plunged into the back of another car and was driven the eighty-five miles back to the Dallas airport, where, on the run, lugging his suitcase and clutching his manila folder, he made a flight for Cleveland, with seconds

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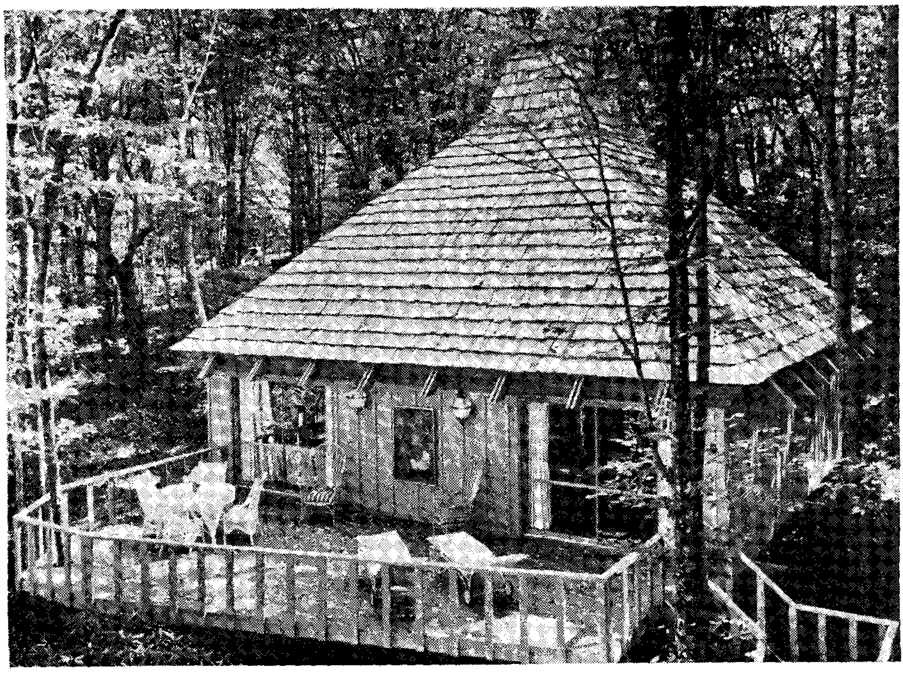
to spare. During the flight, which took two and a half hours, Nader's throat got worse. He asked a stewardess for a glass of orange juice. She had none. Nader asked for a wedge of lemon and a glass of ginger ale. He squeezed the lemon into the ginger ale and sipped this combination thoughtfully.

At the Cleveland airport were a couple of students who had a car waiting to drive Nader to his next speaking stop, at Gannon College, in Erie, Pennsylvania. It was another hundred-mile trip, most of it along Interstate 90. We were now travelling in sleet and rain and in an atmosphere of heavy pollution from smoke that could be seen pouring from factory stacks along the way. Nader sat slumped in the back seat. His throat was in terrible shape, and he had developed a fever. In one hand he clutched a packet of cough drops. The other hand held the brown manila folder. "Ohio is such a cesspool," Nader said to me hoarsely, looking out into the murk. "They say in Ohio that 'profit' is not a dirty word. They fail to add that only the air and the water are dirty. It is probably the most intensely polluted area outside of the industrial parts of New Jersey." At the airport, Nader had bought not only the cough drops but copies of the New York *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Now, in the car, he began reading them, and marking items that interested him—for example, news on pollution caused by detergents—with a black felt-tip pen. These papers Nader kept with him, stuffing them into his suitcase along with his laundry, to be clipped and filed later.

In Erie, Nader checked into another Holiday Inn ("I have a reservation." "The name?" "Nader. The initial is 'R.' ") and, in a few minutes, was driven off again by the students. An overflow audience was waiting for him in the Gannon College gymnasium. He was given an enthusiastic reception as he walked onto the platform. Whatever strain he was under from exhaustion and a sore throat did not show. He spoke as fervently as usual, this time on the prevalence of preventable man-made hazards in the immediate environment, such as unsafe automobiles, contaminated food products, the pollution of water and air; on occupational health hazards, such as black-lung disease and unsafe plant equipment; and on the silent, pervasive assaults against those living in "abysmal and almost uninhabitable" slums by malnutrition, neglect, and the endemic diseases of the urban poor, such as the lead-paint poisoning affecting thousands of ghetto children. He dwelt at length on the



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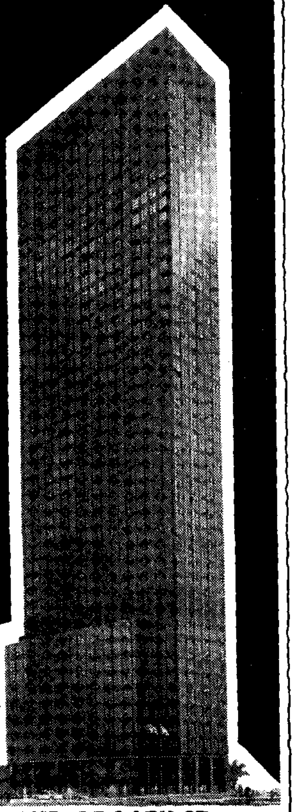

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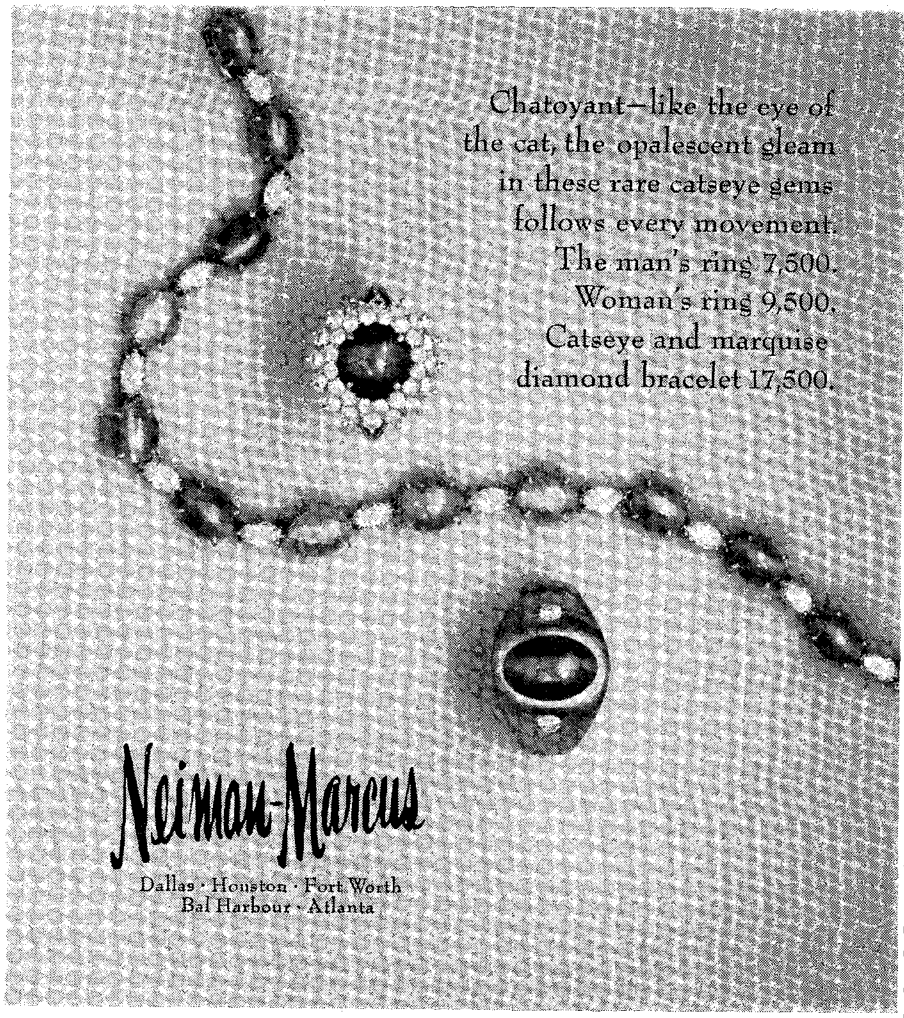
pollution caused by what he maintained were deliberately neglectful practices of large corporations. In particular, he cited Union Carbide as an offender. ("Some of the worst polluting plants in the country . . . pollution equalling one-third of all the particulate matter coming out of New York City in a year comes out of one [Union Carbide] plant in Alloy, West Virginia. People go around gasping for breath. Emphysema levels are up. Worker diseases are high. Union Carbide made a hundred and fifty-seven million dollars in 1970 after taxes. A portion of those profits were obtained at the expense of the lungs and bodies of the men, women, and children who live in and around those plants.") He touched on corporate practices of General Motors that he considered malign; every day, he said, scores of thousands of people were still riding in old Corvairs that were leaking heavy levels of carbon monoxide because of heaters that were faulty and that executives at General Motors had been informed were faulty. "The trouble is not that the people who are responsible for this deliberately want to pour carbon monoxide into people," Nader told the audience. "It is that they have developed products that *do* pour it, and they have not corrected these defective products." The tragedy involved, he went on, was compounded by the fact that the technical answers to most such problems are readily available. "The internal-combustion engine is not the greatest technological challenge of the twentieth century," he said.

Nader then spoke in detail and at length of the dangers of the cumulative assaults upon the "fragile resources" of air, water, and soil—pollution by all kinds of particulate matter, and by gas, pesticide residues, detergents, and nuclear radiation. Finally, he addressed himself directly to the responsibility of the citizens exposed to these depredations. "What kind of standards of performance are we going to establish for the victims, so that they can extricate themselves from this situation?" he asked. "Are we simply going to console the victims while people go on watching professional football or watching Johnny Carson or chatting on the telephone for billions of hours per year, completely relinquishing their responsibilities of citizenship? . . . We can't possibly have a democracy with two hundred million Americans and only a handful of citizens. . . . If you view this situation as a challenge to your minds and to your ability to control your own destiny, we can roll this process back. Sorry I don't have a



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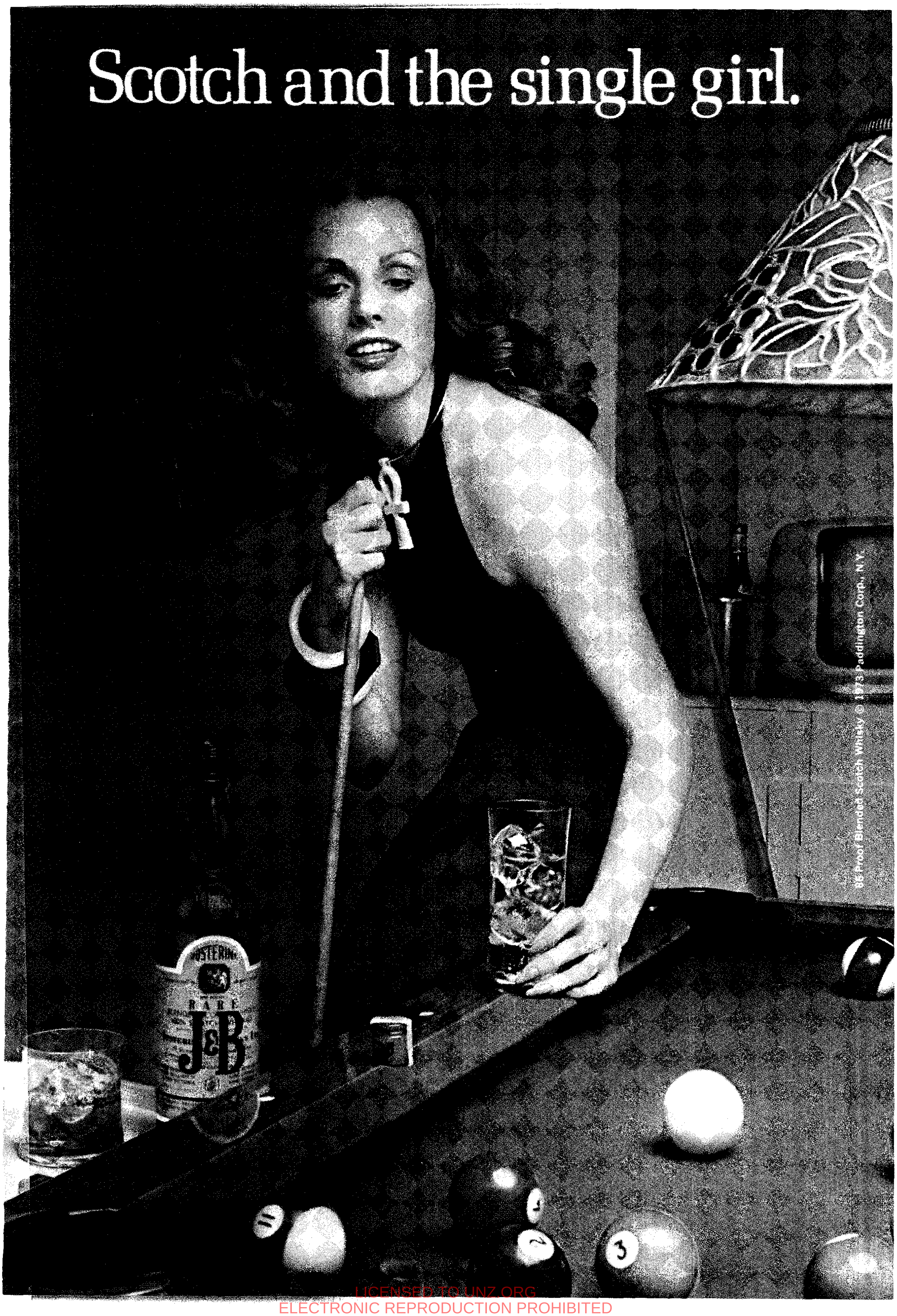
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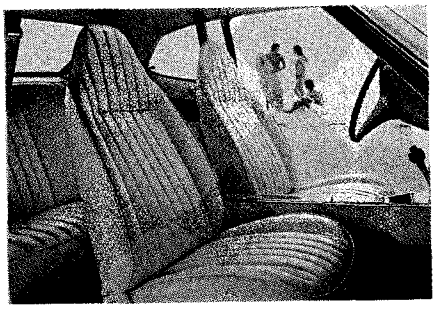

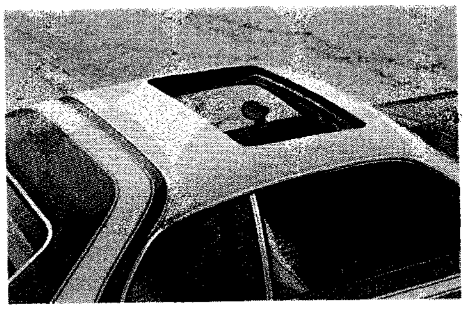

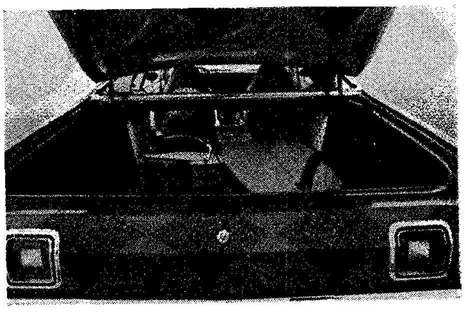

panacea for you. Abuses come on little cat feet, little by little."

After Nader finished his speech, he was escorted across the campus for a half-hour student press conference, and when that was over he went to a restaurant for a snack and a chat with several students and faculty members. The next morning, Nader was again up and about early, and off to the airport in Erie to catch a plane for New York, where he was to participate in a press conference being held by the city's Department of Consumer Affairs. On the plane, Nader was in an energetic mood, eager for the activities of the day ahead. His sore throat and fever seemed to have cleared up. "The recuperative powers of the body are amazing," he remarked to me. "Last night, I was convinced that I was headed for the hospital. Four and a half hours' sleep, and—*boom*—right back again!" He added, "I suspect that not smoking has a lot to do with it. I suspect that the resistance of many people to illness is sapped by smoking cigarettes." A while later, he added, "Once you slow down, it takes you an hour to get ready in the morning. You can't collapse. You must pick up, and not flake out."

Three days later, I flew back to Washington with Nader. En route, he once more emphasized the importance of not slowing down. "You go off on a trip for a week with some twenty-five-year-old lawyer and when you come back he *wants the weekend off*," he said, with obvious disapproval.

As the plane came in to land, Nader said that I could look over some material concerning purported shortcomings of the Federal Aviation Administration, which a physician in Livonia, Michigan, had given him, and in which I had expressed an interest.

"Why don't you hang on to the material for the time being?" I suggested. "I can read it later."

This set something off in Nader. "There seems to be a tremendous upsurge of this kind of elliptical linguistic usage," he told me. " 'Why don't you do such-and-such?' There's a strange change setting in in language. A man wants to have lunch with you. He can't say, 'I want to have lunch with you.' It comes out, 'Why don't we have lunch?' This is the linguistic relationship of stewardess to passenger. A lack of simple declaratives, a lack in interpersonal relationships." At that point, the plane touched down, and the stewardess announced that on behalf of the captain, the crew, and herself it had been a pleasure having us aboard. Twenty minutes later, Nader was back at his Center for Study of Responsive

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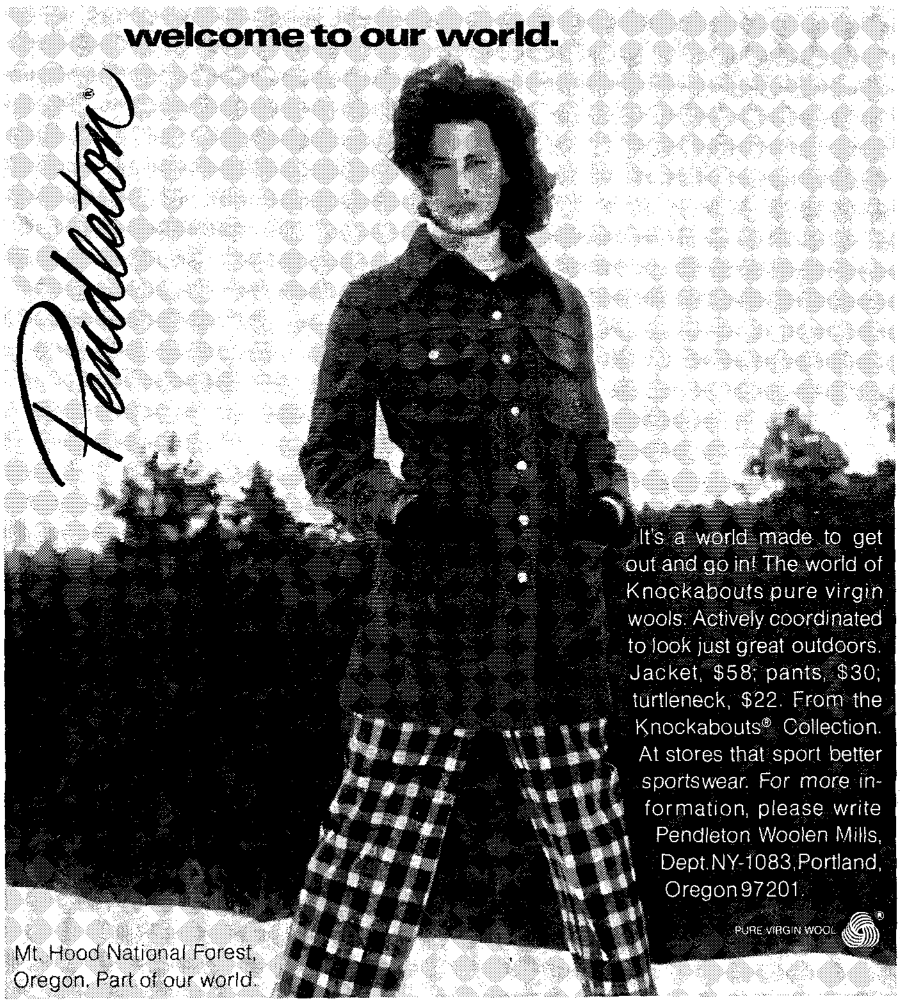

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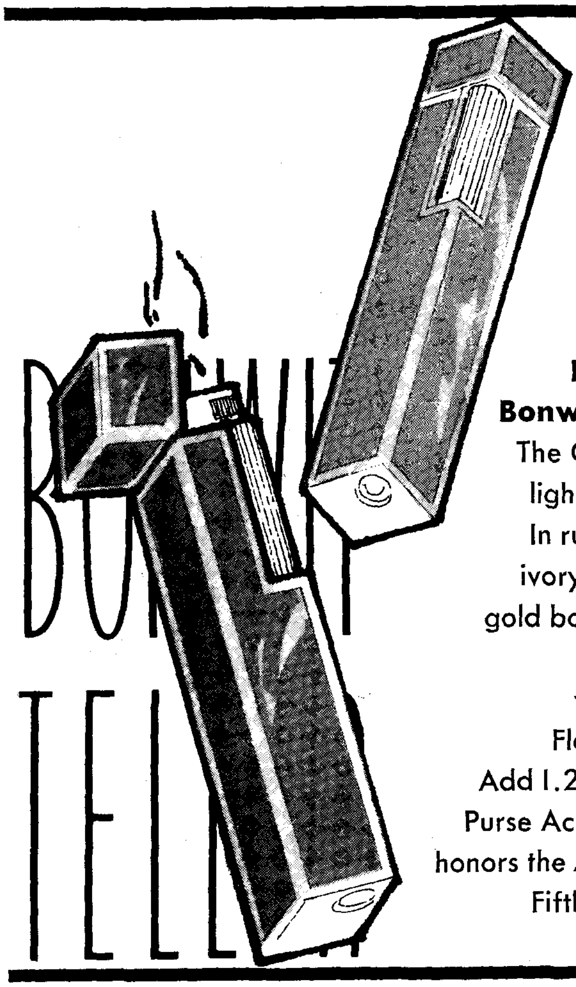

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Law, holding a telephone in one hand, riffling through a thick pile of message slips with the other hand, and quizzing his assistants on the progress of particular projects they were working on at the Center. Two large piles of unopened mail were waiting for him nearby. I decided to take my leave.

IN the eight years since Nader's name sprang into public consciousness—with the publication, in November, 1965, seven years after his graduation from Harvard Law School, of "Unsafe at Any Speed," his book-length critique of the automobile industry's shortcomings in safe car design—Nader has amassed some impressive accomplishments. His endeavors have been undertaken and his influence has been felt over such a broad spectrum that one is impelled to view the force he has been building in American life almost in terms of the creation of a new estate—much as Edmund Burke, a couple of centuries ago, was impelled to remark that, besides the three traditional estates (clergy, nobles, commons) represented in Parliament, a fourth estate was also present in the journalists' gallery. Whatever Nader himself might think of such an estimate, there is no doubt that he has introduced another element of power into national life. Essentially, this power proceeds less from Nader's person than from his perception of the capacity of existing institutions for running downhill and for requiring vigorous remedial action on the part of aggrieved citizens. It also proceeds from the example of Nader's own capacity for taking such action on many fronts.

In pursuit of his goal of achieving accountability and responsiveness in commercial and governmental institutions, Nader has assembled a sizable cadre of workers in what has become a considerable organization. At present, there is a core of about fifty full-time people, most of them young lawyers and researchers, who make up the Center for Study of Responsive Law, founded by Nader in 1969; the Corporate Accountability Research Group, which he formed in 1971; and Public Citizen, Inc., which he also formed in 1971. Through the last, he has caused Citizen Action Groups to be set up in several parts of the country. These, many of them prominently involving the work of student volunteers, apply legal and other means to rectify what they consider outstanding abuses of power.

Nader's exposés of corporate and governmental malfeasance or nonfeasance have occasionally been compared to the accomplishments of those early-

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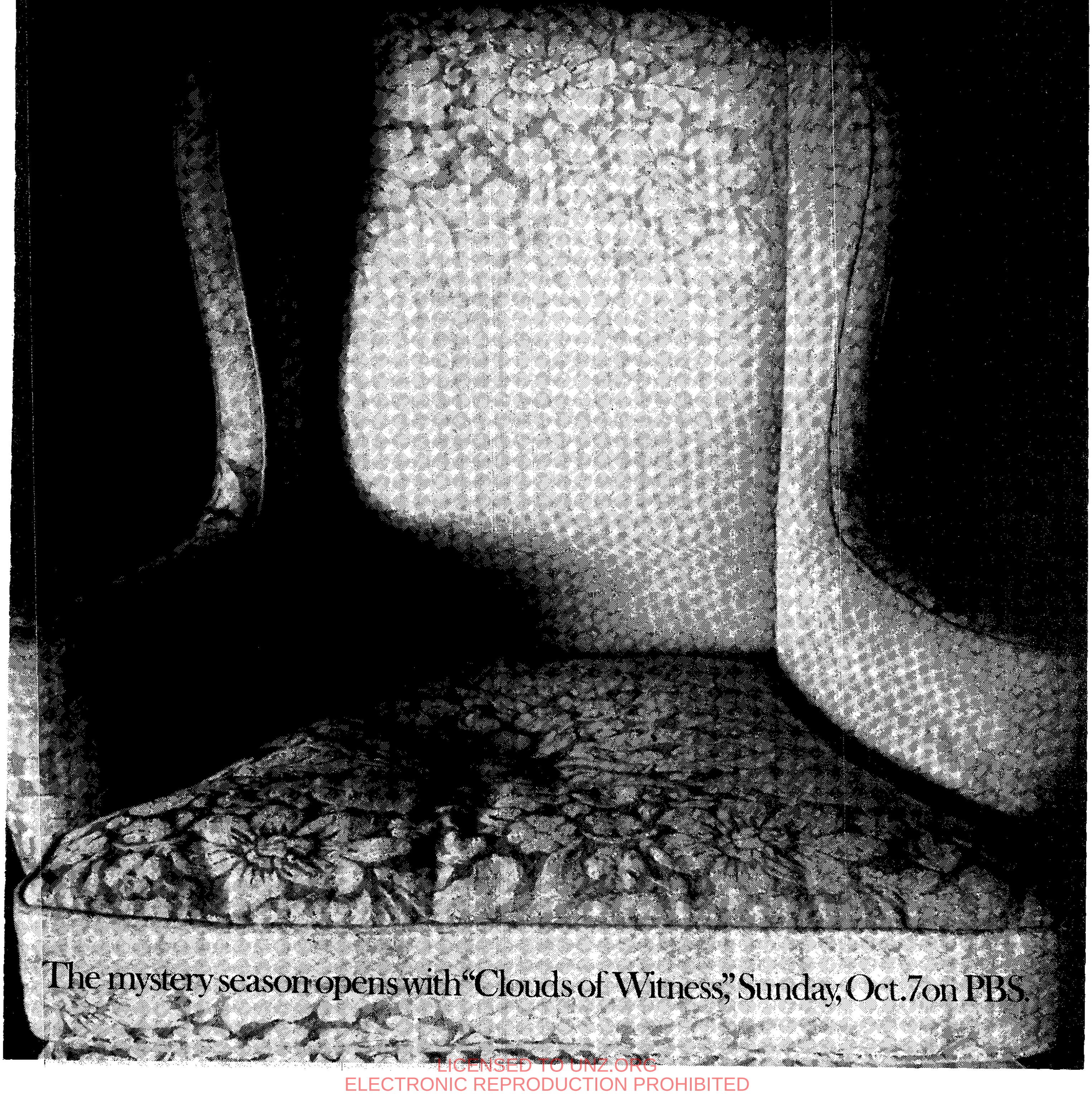

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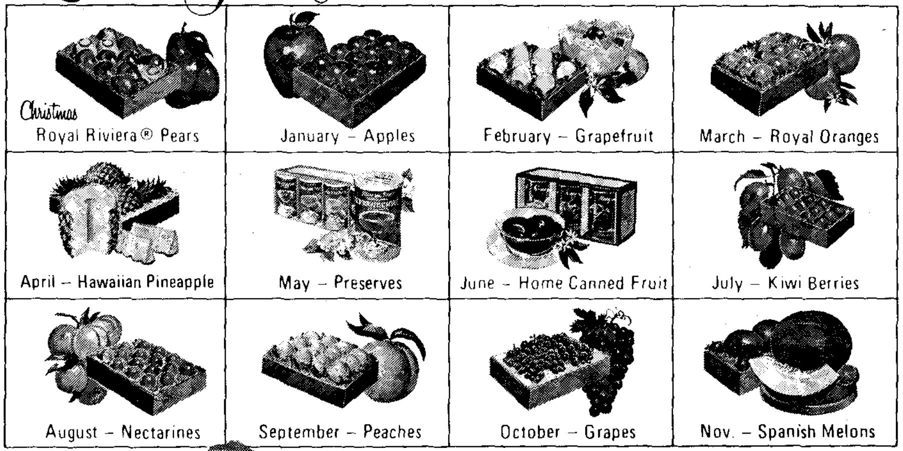

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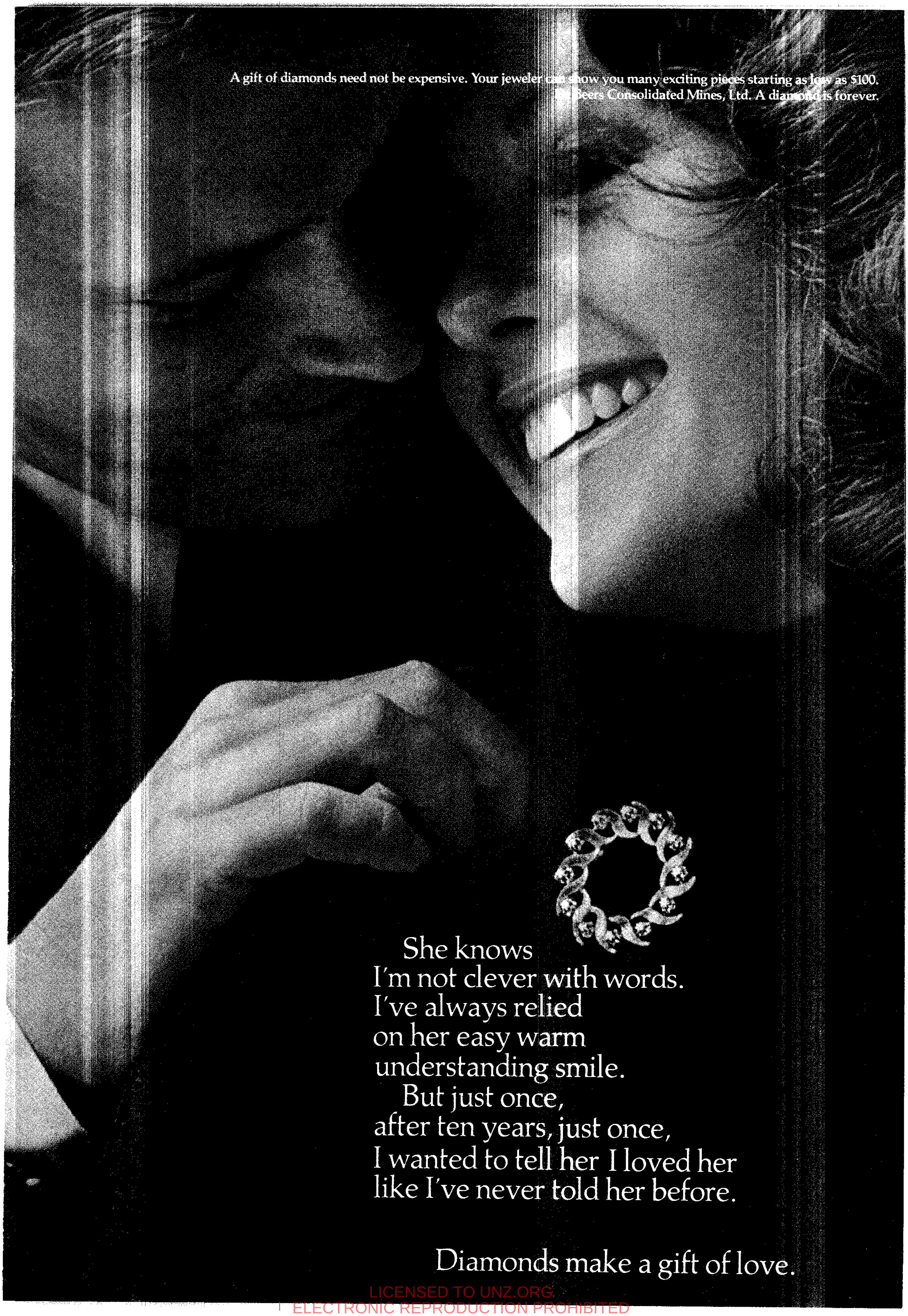
twentieth-century heroes of the American Fourth Estate known as the muckrakers, who included Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens. But whereas the muckrakers were professional journalists, who when they had published their exposés of Standard Oil or interlocking corporate directorates considered those particular jobs done and moved on to the next ones, Nader pursues his objectives on many levels and through many stages of action, including hard pressure for remedial legislation. Nader is not only a researcher and a journalist but also an innovative lawyer; beyond this, he is a highly skilled publicist who knows how to make the most effective use of the electronic and print media on behalf of his cause. Finally, he is a deft behind-the-scenes negotiator and skillful congressional lobbyist.

In the course of his efforts, Nader has assembled enough of an organization for certain critics to accuse him of having become a "conglomerate." What power he and his organization possess is exerted essentially as an intervening and energizing force to make the existing structure of power responsive to what Nader considers the public interest. Nader's intention is to do things by example, in order, as he says, "to systematically elaborate a set of unstructured power resources;" namely, the vast and virtually untapped power of what he calls "citizen action as a countervailing force."

It is Nader's view that in the present industrialized society the citizen has become increasingly disengaged and increasingly discouraged about his ability to have any significant effect on the complex factors of his living and working environment. The prevailing system, however it may permit the citizen to maintain himself materially on a day-to-day basis, exacts from him serious penalties, the true nature and dimensions of which have been withheld from his perception or buried in our existing mythology about "free choice." As Nader sees it, the existing system is marked by a relentless concentration of economic power in the hands of ever-larger corporations, with a corresponding growth in corporate and bureaucratic secrecy. It is marked by a vast weight of influence brought to bear by industry on federal regulatory agencies, on the executive branch, and on the legislative process itself. And it is marked, further, by a diffusion of responsibility on the part of large institutions, both corporate and governmental, which has meant a decrease in public accountability. Nader believes that there is no quick way of compelling such accountability, which can



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only be brought into existence by the broad-scale exercise of active citizenship to make the large institutions more responsive to public needs. In pursuit of the same goal, efforts similar to Nader's have been launched during the past few years by an increasing number of other public-interest groups, the best known of which probably is Common Cause, the Washington-based organization headed by John Gardner, with whom Nader has a friendly relationship.

The most striking illustration of Nader's effectiveness in working for increased corporate responsiveness has been his part in setting adequate federal safety standards for the automobile industry and getting the industry to comply. In 1966, Nader's writings on unsafe car design, together with testimony he delivered before a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff, combined with an uproar caused by the disclosure of efforts of General Motors people to investigate Nader's private life, played an important part in the passage of that year's National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act, empowering the Secretary of Transportation to set federal safety standards for the automobile industry and providing for recall notifications to purchasers of cars with built-in defects. Since the passage of the act, Nader has kept up heavy and unceasing pressure on the Department of Transportation for progressively higher safety standards—safer tires, structural-design changes to protect drivers and passengers in impacts—and for stringent application of the recall criteria. In 1971 and 1972 alone, domestic and foreign car manufacturers were obliged to recall more than twenty-one million vehicles; among these were six and a half million Chevrolet 1965-69 cars and 1965-70 trucks, recalled in 1971 largely on the strength of public declarations by Nader and strong representations by him to the Department of Transportation that the engine mounts of the vehicles were dangerously defective. In January, 1973, after repeated allegations by Nader that the steering mechanisms of the full-size 1971 and 1972 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, and Oldsmobile models were defective, General Motors, which had at first contended that the problem Nader described was so rare as to be insignificant, was obliged to order the recall of three million seven hundred thousand of the cars in question for remedial work. Mostly, the cost of such repairs has been borne by the manufacturers, but there have been exceptions. For example, in the fall of 1971 General Motors, though it agreed to issue a defect notification to the owners

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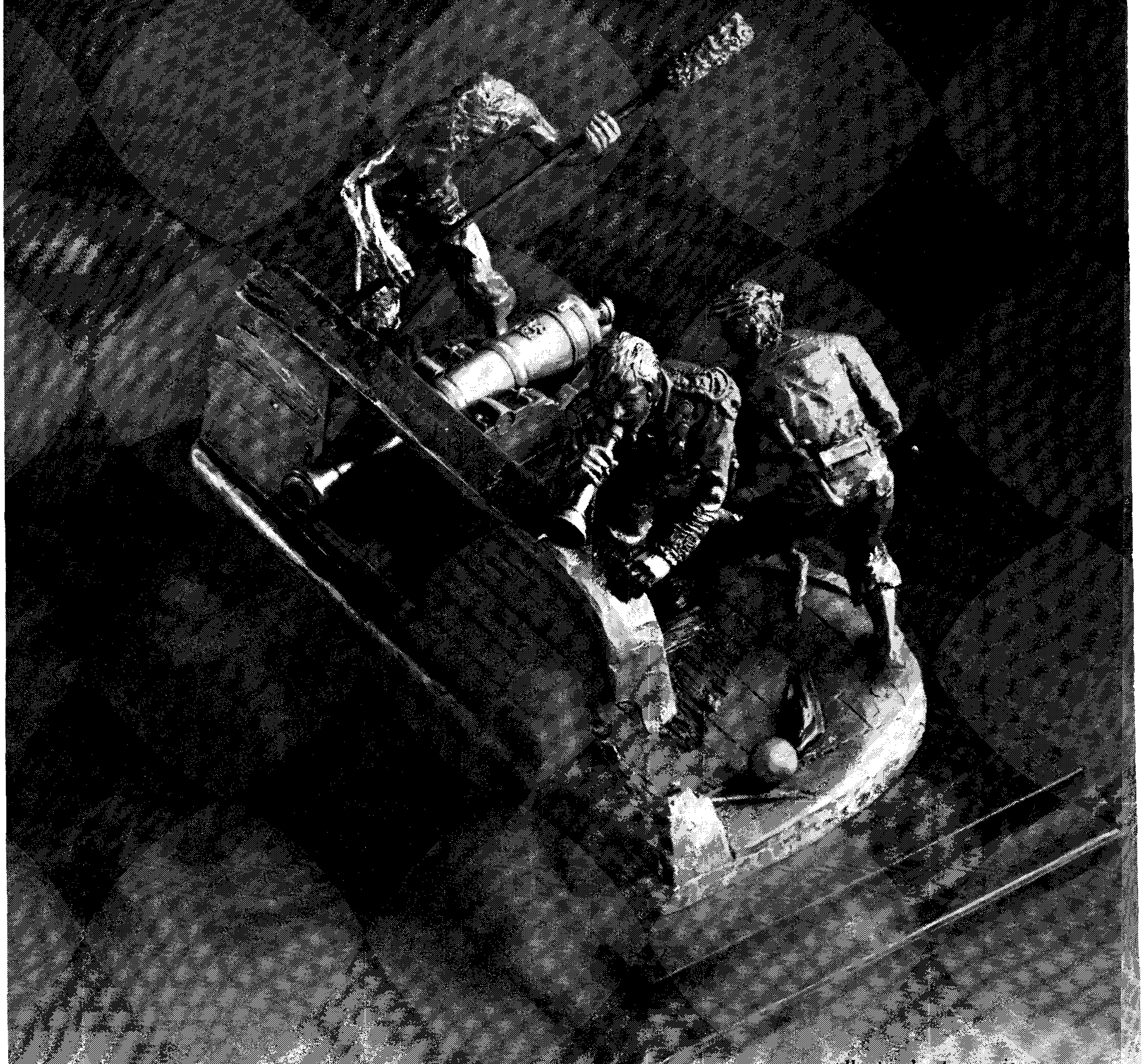

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Mr. Sullivan's other commissions include historical subjects for the Smithsonian, the Fort Ticonderoga Military Museum, and the Museum of Gettysburg.

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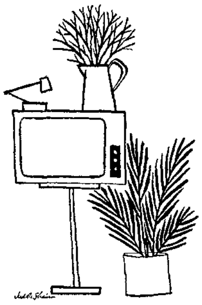
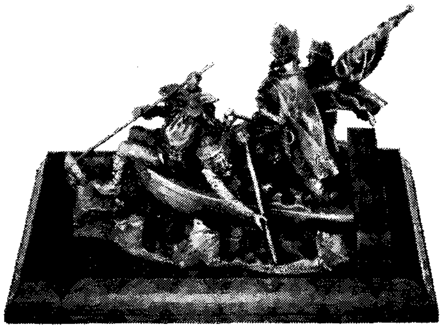
of about eight hundred thousand Corvairs concerning the heating systems that Nader had angrily been charging for years were prone to leak carbon monoxide, refused to bear the costs of repairs on the ground that any carbon-monoxide leakage had to be due to faulty maintenance rather than to faulty design. As a result of such recalcitrance within the auto industry, about which Nader supplied detailed testimony, Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, last January sponsored a bill, known as the Motor Vehicle Defect Remedy Act, which would assure owners of cars subject to safety-related recalls that the manufacturers themselves would pay for corrective work on cars and replacement of defective tires. (The bill has been passed by the Senate but not by the House.) All told, the recall notices sent out to car owners since the passage of the 1966 National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act come to approximately forty million—a number that equals about half the number of vehicles, foreign and domestic, sold in this country during that period. But perhaps the most impressive indication of the increase in automobile safety in the last few years is the traffic death rate. Since 1965, the annual number of deaths on the road has increased from forty-nine thousand to more than fifty-six thousand, but, with increased numbers of cars on the road and increased passenger-miles travelled annually, the death rate per hundred thousand passenger-miles has actually been declining. According to calculations made by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, if the rise in the automobile-accident death rate had remained more or less constant, as it had up to the beginning of 1966, more than seventy-one thousand people would have died in traffic accidents in 1972. This means, in effect, that in the years between the end of 1965 and the end of 1972 more than forty-six thousand drivers, passengers, and pedestrians were saved from death on the road. Though the causes of such a slowing of the death rate are certainly manifold, and include such important factors as improved highways and improved car design, the saving of lives on such a scale surely reflects Nader's contribution as well.



NADER is also given credit on Capitol Hill for doing much during the past six years to strengthen or initiate such legislation as the Natural Gas Pipe Line Safety Act, the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act, the Wholesome Meat Act, the Wholesome Poultry Products Act, the Occupational Safety and Health Act, the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act, the Consumer Protection Agency Act, and the Consumer Product Safety Act. Under his general direction, hundreds of students working on summer projects and dozens of people working full time—a group that includes young lawyers and others with special training—who have been collectively, if inaccurately, described in newspaper stories as Nader's Raiders, have done extensive research on and issued detailed critiques of the operations of federal regulatory agencies. By and large, the so-called "independent" regulatory agencies were originally conceived by Congress as bodies of experts who would serve the public interest by making administrative decisions concerning interstate commerce and performing quasi-judicial functions in their areas so as to spare Congress and the federal courts certain undue and highly specialized burdens. The people who were appointed to run the agencies had a triple function: they were supposed to gather information; to interpret existing laws; and to act as administrative judges concerning industrial and commercial practices that fell within federal jurisdiction. For a long time, the very existence of these agencies encouraged the public to assume, or to acquiesce in the notion, that they must somehow be effective. But fundamental contradictions and confusions between their quasi-judicial and their regulatory and enforcement functions were silently developing; increasingly, the agencies came within the gravitational pull of the industrial interests they were dealing with. What Nader has done is to demonstrate that what has been consistently left out of the regulatory equation is the fundamental purpose of the agencies' existence—the representation of the public interest.

In the summer of 1968, Nader assigned his first study group of student co-workers to observe the activities of the Federal Trade Commission, one of the oldest of the federal regulatory agencies. The F.T.C. was created in 1914 to regulate "unfair methods of competition" under the anti-trust laws, and in the late thirties it was given the further power to uncover, prevent, or stop "deceptive acts and practices" in interstate commerce, including false advertising claims. By the mid-sixties,



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with the passage of such legislation as the 1966 Fair Packaging and Labeling Act, the primary function of the F.T.C., as far as the intent of Congress was concerned, was to protect the consumer from unfair business practices. Vast changes in mass marketing of consumer products had taken place with the growth of television advertising over the previous fifteen years. Between 1952 and 1967, the total advertising revenue of the TV networks rose from a hundred and thirty-eight million dollars to a billion three hundred and fifty-nine million. In the process, the amount of deceptive advertising probably rose proportionately; at any rate, it rose rapidly enough for the merchandising and advertising of headache remedies, miracle-filter cigarettes, and the like, to create a whole new generation of multi-millionaires. When the young people in Nader's study group moved in on the F.T.C. to see how the agency was performing its functions, they were confronted with the dismal picture of a regulatory agency in decay. It was peopled by highly politicized bureaucrats who, Nader's researchers charged, were inordinately susceptible to industry pressures and incredibly ineffectual in either preventing or halting abuses. Since 1963, the investigators learned, the number of actions that the F.T.C. had brought against corporations for deceptive practices had markedly decreased, and the principal weapon the agency had been using against offenders was obtaining assurance of voluntary compliance—in effect, an agreement by corporate violators not to sin anymore in precisely the way they had been sinning, a form of legal reproof that an offender can absorb or evade almost without effort. The study group found the agency concentrating much of its regulatory energy on such efforts as ordering a hat company in Fall River, Massachusetts, "to stop using the word 'Milan' to describe the material of men's straw hats not manufactured in Italy of wheat straw." At the same time, the F.T.C. was failing to take proper action against widespread credit abuses, home-improvement frauds, and deceptive tire advertising, and was dragging its feet on urgent problems of consumer safety. (Although a Flammable Fabrics Act had been passed in 1953, for instance, the F.T.C. did not bring the first action against a company for violating it until 1966.)

One direct effect of the Nader group's research on the F.T.C. was a decision by President Nixon to do something about the agency. In the spring of 1969, the President asked the American Bar Association to under-

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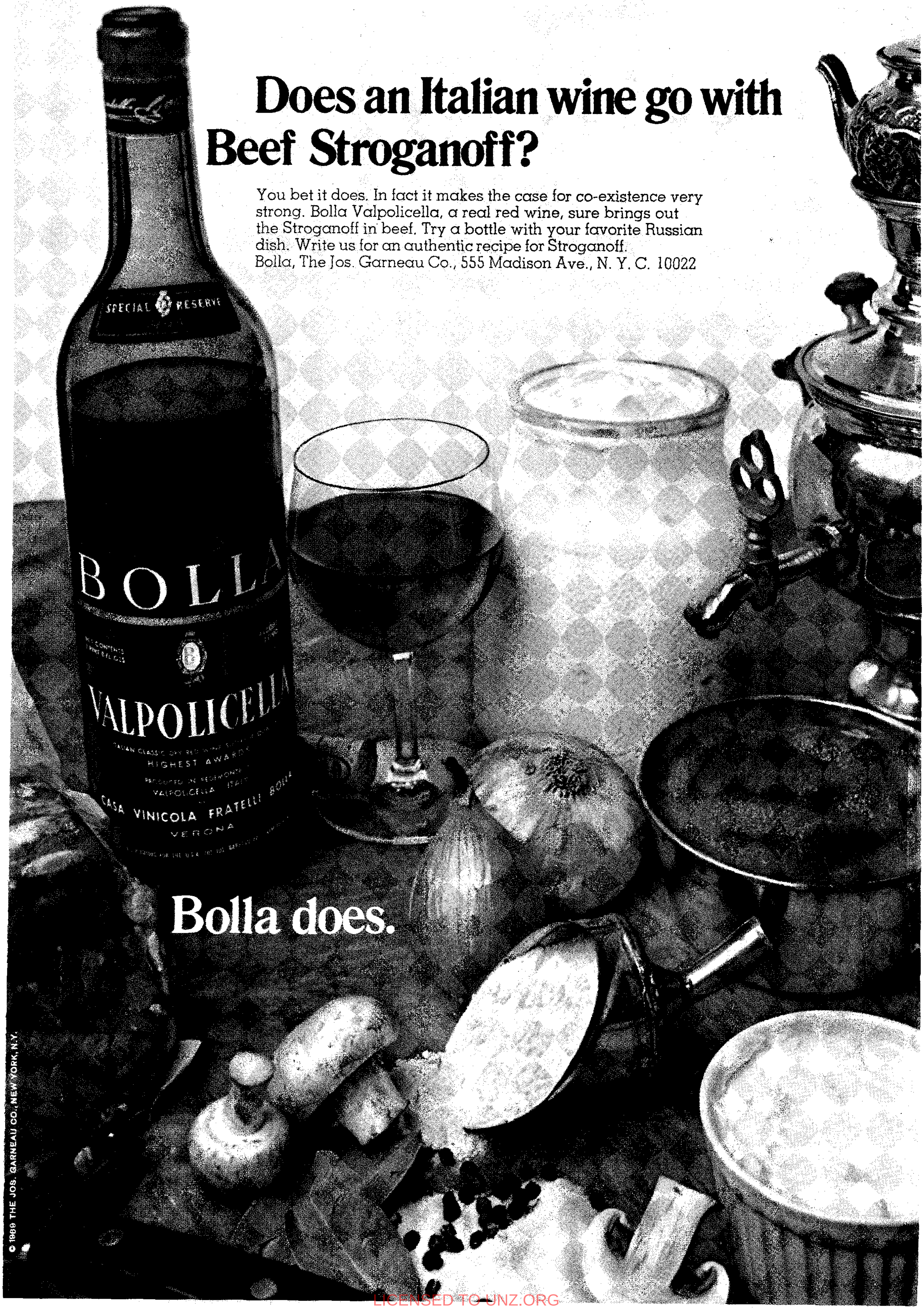

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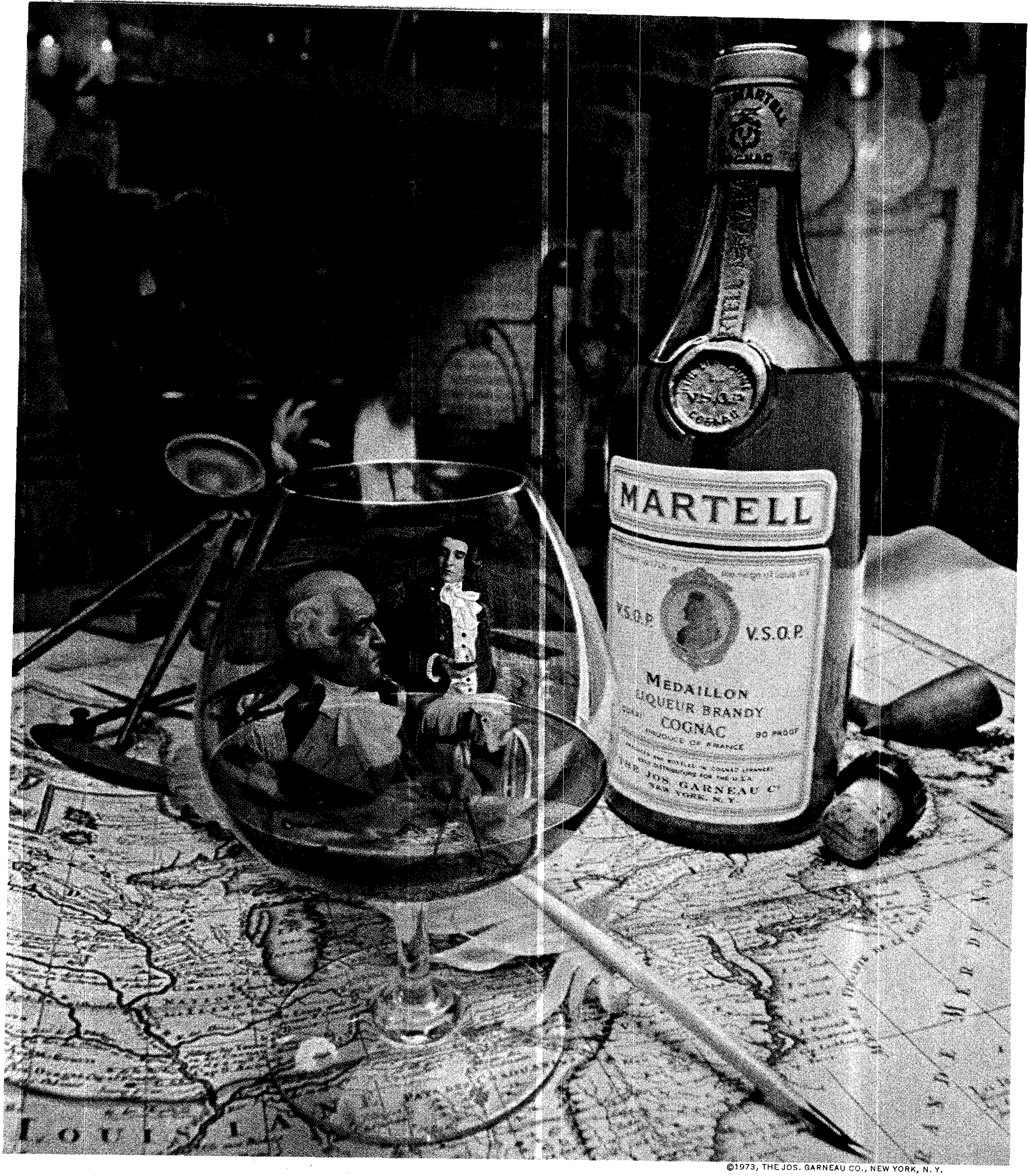
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take a study of ways in which the structure and activities of the agency could be improved. The findings of the Bar Association commission charged with the task generally corroborated those of the Nader study group, and the commission bluntly suggested to the President that unless the F.T.C. could be made to change its ways drastically it should be abolished. In August, 1970, the President appointed as F.T.C. chairman Miles W. Kirkpatrick, an anti-trust lawyer who had been in charge of the Bar Association study. Under his chairmanship, a considerable turnover in staff took place and noticeable improvements were brought about. Enforcement procedures were greatly toughened and were increasingly invoked against major corporate violators, and in the next two and a half years the agency built a reputation as one of the most activist agencies in government—so activist, in fact, as to incur enmity at the White House. Last year, people there openly expressed their displeasure with Kirkpatrick. It seemed certain that the President would remove him from the chairmanship, and, faced with this prospect, Kirkpatrick chose to resign from the Commission in January, 1973. He was replaced as chairman by Lewis A. Engman, a former White House aide.

AFTER the initial study of the F.T.C. had been released, Nader assigned teams of students and young lawyers to study the operations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Department of Agriculture, along with their relations with the industries they supposedly supervised. A common theme dominated the subsequent findings: the agencies, theoretically operating in the public interest, were in effect providing a bureaucratic shield behind which special interests exerted control. Increasingly, the decisions made by the agencies were highly technical ones, and they were being made by small groups of people susceptible to industry and trade-association pressures and to the influence of advisory groups of experts whose membership was weighted in favor of those being regulated. At best, the agencies tended to act as arbiters between contending special-interest groups. Highly influential in the decision-making process were industry lobbyists and high-priced partners in Washington law firms that did most of their business with the government. Some of these people were former high officials who possessed an all too intimate knowledge of the weaknesses of the regulatory agencies. The regulators

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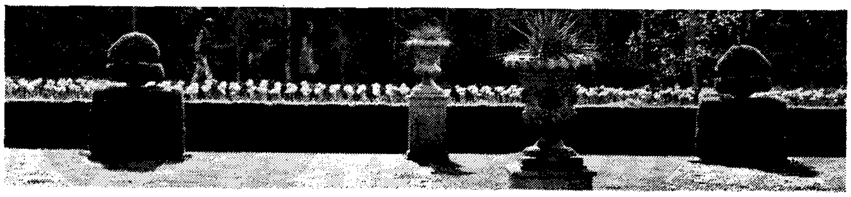

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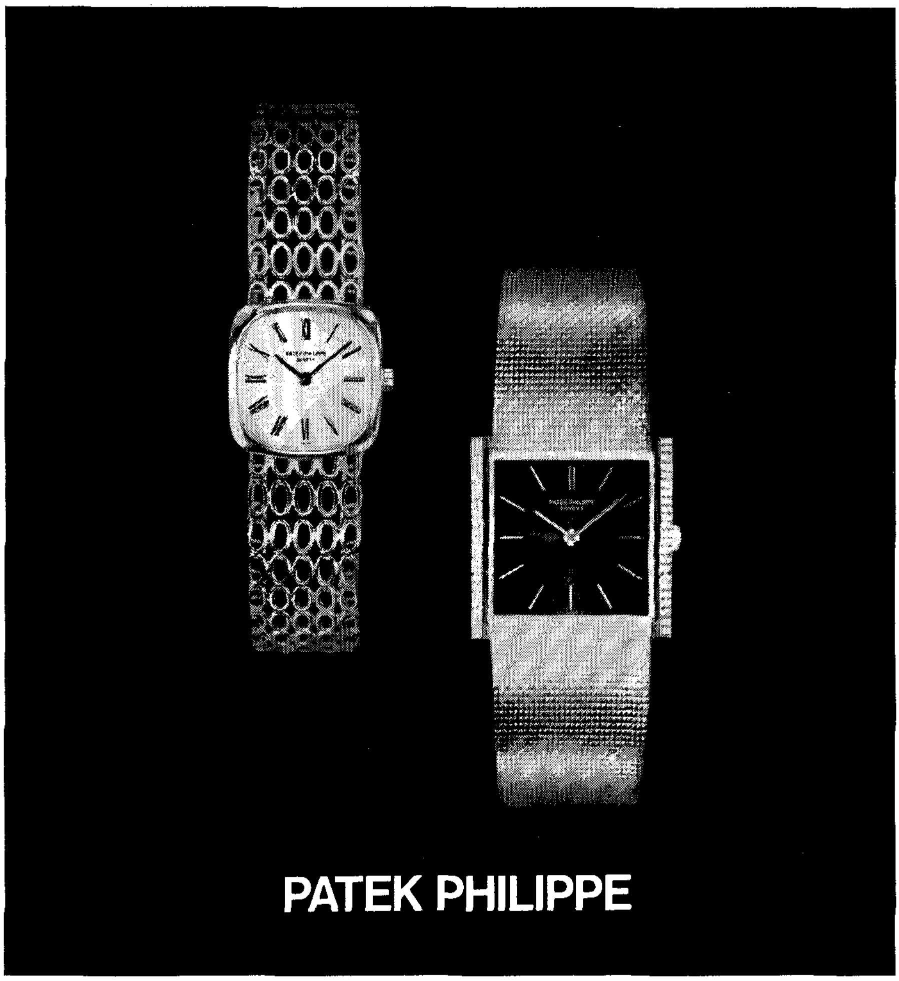
themselves were subject to the temptations of job offers in the private industries being regulated (a type of offer that Nader has harshly characterized as a "deferred bribe") and were hardly likely to offend the interests of those industries. Certain senators and representatives speaking for special-interest constituencies were exerting steady pressures on the agencies, too. Ex-parte understandings and agreements made outside formal agency proceedings were rife. As for the agencies' representation of the public interest, they had in effect erected formidable barriers around information that they had supposedly been established to collect on the public's behalf. Much of the information was now labelled confidential and kept buried in locked files. Very frequently, the complaints of citizens were not acted upon. And the agencies were failing to seek additional statutory powers that would enable them to keep abreast, in their regulatory work, of changing conditions in the world around them.

Nader assigned his young co-workers to other studies of the functioning of government regulatory bodies and their relationship to the industries subject to their regulation. Most notably, the resulting reports contained highly critical evaluations of the performance of the Water Quality Control Administration in the Department of the Interior (it has since become the Office of Air and Water Programs in the Environmental Protection Agency); the National Air Pollution Control Administration; and the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice. Again the same theme emerged: that of federal regulators acting as a shield behind which large corporations were allowed to do business as usual, and of poor standard-setting, abetted by failure to enforce existing laws or to help make new laws. What this situation amounts to, as Nader sees it, is that the government agencies are part of a regulatory-industrial complex whose ever-growing power must be countered by citizen action, and that the exercise of citizen power against the regulatory agencies through public exposure and the use of existing law is not sufficient; the corporations, too, have to be brought to account.

One measure of the concentration of economic power is the fact that currently the two hundred largest corporations in the country control approximately two-thirds of all the country's manufacturing assets. In 1950, when the two hundred largest corporations in the country controlled less than half of those assets, Congress passed the Celler-Kefauver Act, which was aimed at



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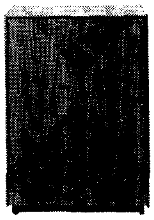

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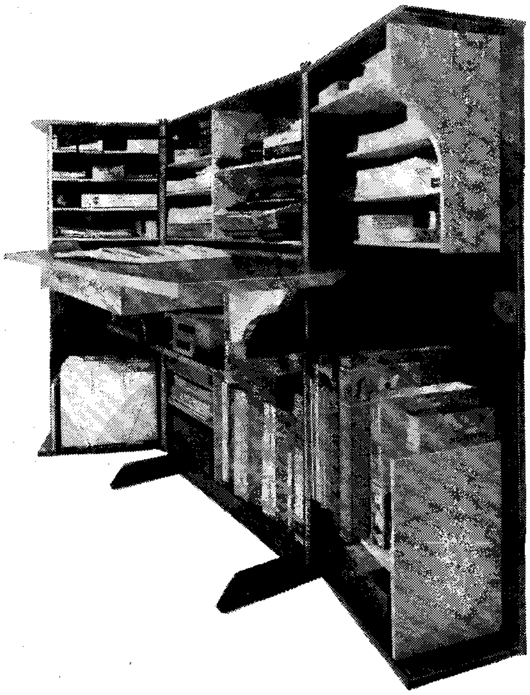

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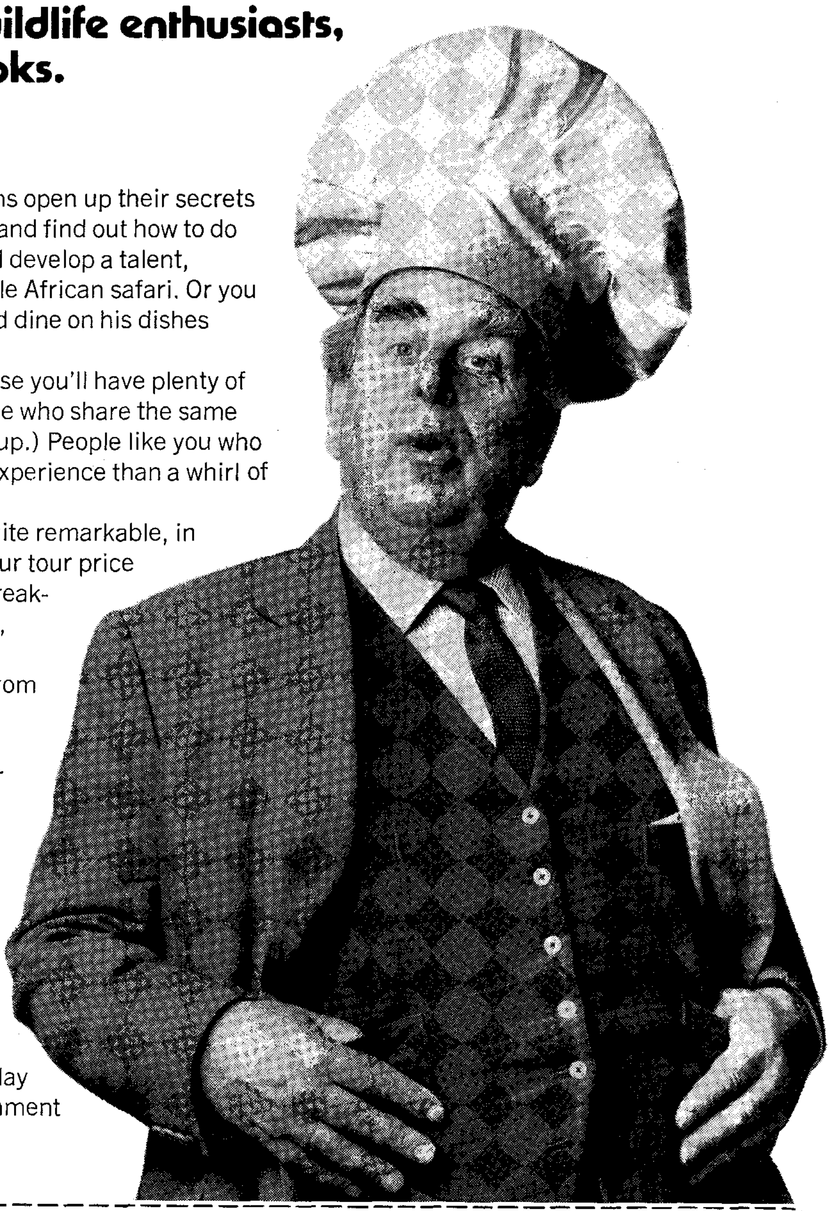

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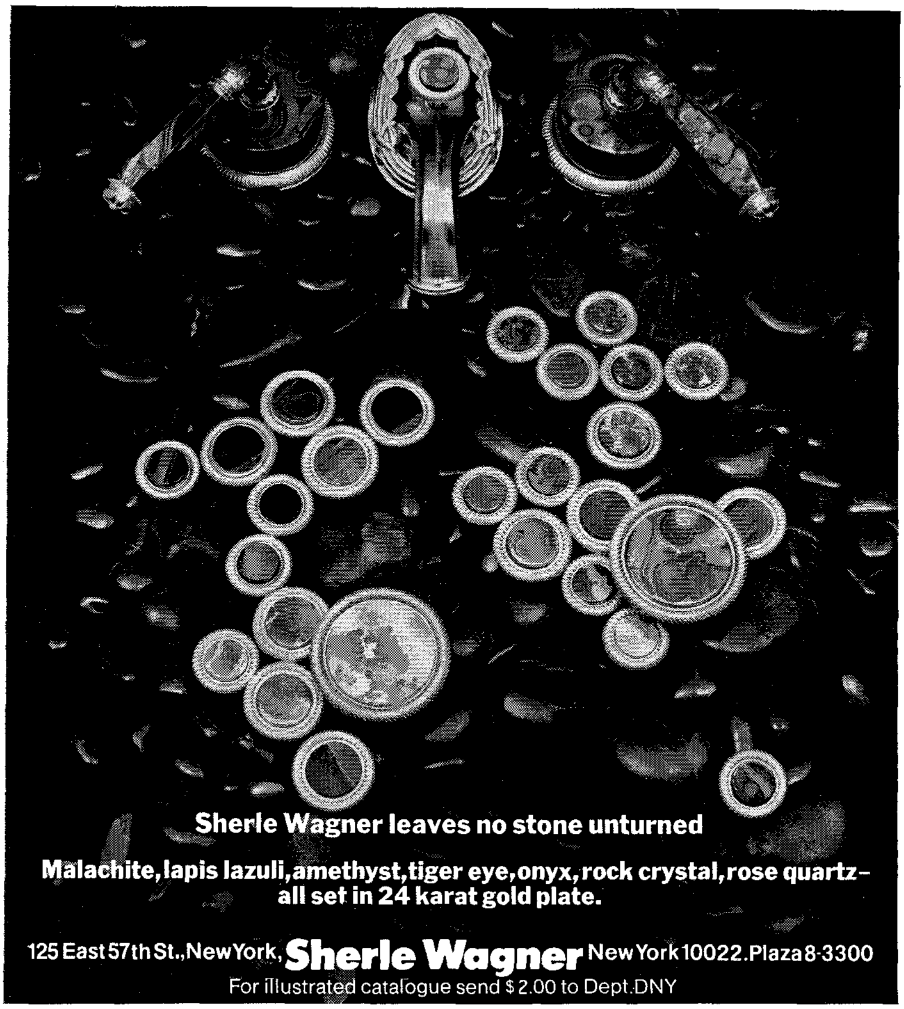

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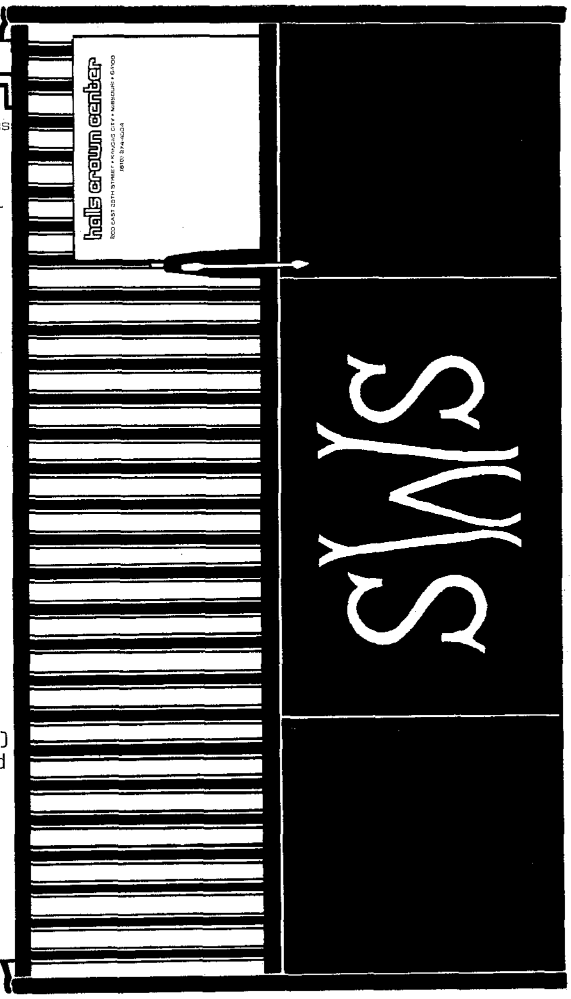

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halting the increase in concentration of corporate power. As this process of concentration has rolled on unchecked, true competition has decreased substantially, to be replaced by a kind of limited competition. The markets are controlled, Nader points out, by so-called shared monopolies, or oligopolies, with a few large corporations thoroughly dominating each field—as, for example, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler dominate the automobile market; Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, and Uniroyal dominate the tire market; and Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, and Colgate-Palmolive dominate the soap-and-detergent market. The operations of these groups of companies, according to Nader, represent closed marketing systems, because a complex array of economic barriers makes the cost of entry into each market prohibitive to outsiders.

The more effectively closed the market system is, the higher is the cost, direct and indirect, to the consumer. Characteristically, Nader sees the situation not only in terms of the standard forms of market domination by particular corporations but also in terms of psychological warfare being conducted against the consumer by corporations on a broad front—for instance, through the packaging and advertising industries as a whole. In Nader's view, the annual style change in automobiles has achieved a form of shared monopoly through packaging—in effect, an industrial conspiracy whereby, at an average built-in retail cost to the car buyer of several hundred dollars, the manufacturers have been able to put more emphasis on the principle of sales effectiveness, through ritualized changes in appearance, than on the principles of safety, economy, and durability. The packaging-and-promotional process, Nader believes, allows competitors "to compete more and more about less and less" and thus to achieve not only a uniformity of price among supposedly competing products but also an undesirable uniformity in the quality of the products. To Nader, the widespread deceptive advertising of, say, over-the-counter drugs and certain packaged foods makes for de-facto shared monopolies, since the carrying out of these built-in deceptive practices on an industry-wide scale means that it is extremely difficult for an honest businessman to sell a product competitively. In other words, the process of deceit itself has been increasingly industrialized and has carved out its own oligopolies.

Parallel to the growing concentration of corporate power—and apart from the already rigged prices that the

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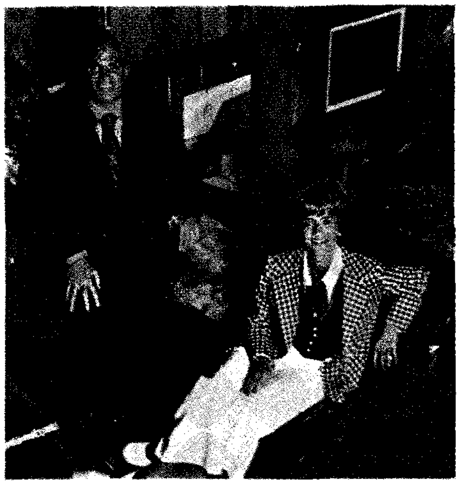
Jess Bell, President and Bonne Bell Eckert, Executive V.P. Bonne Bell Cosmetics.

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We want to show you how we make our cosmetics—to explain the extreme care that goes into the creation of a Bonne Bell preparation. We want you to know about our quality control process.

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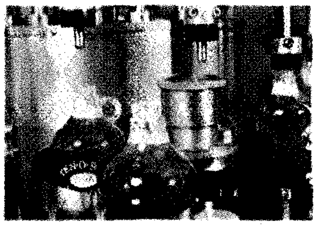
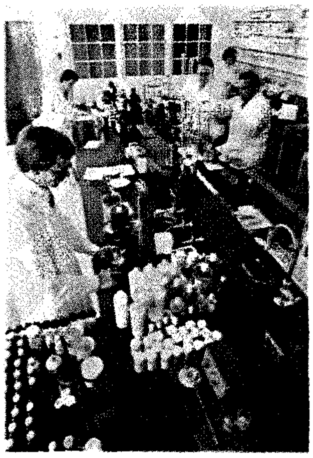

High-speed filling equipment for Ten-O-Six® Lotion.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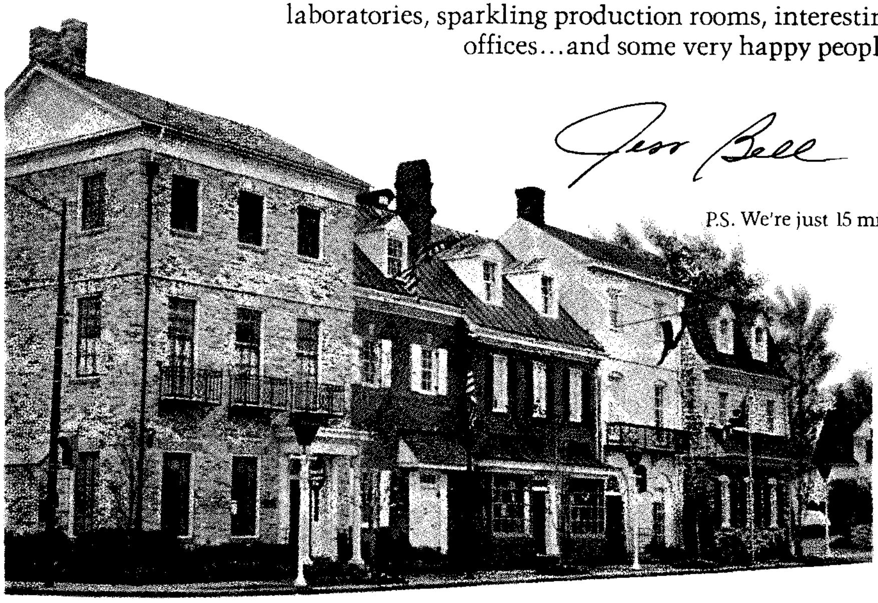
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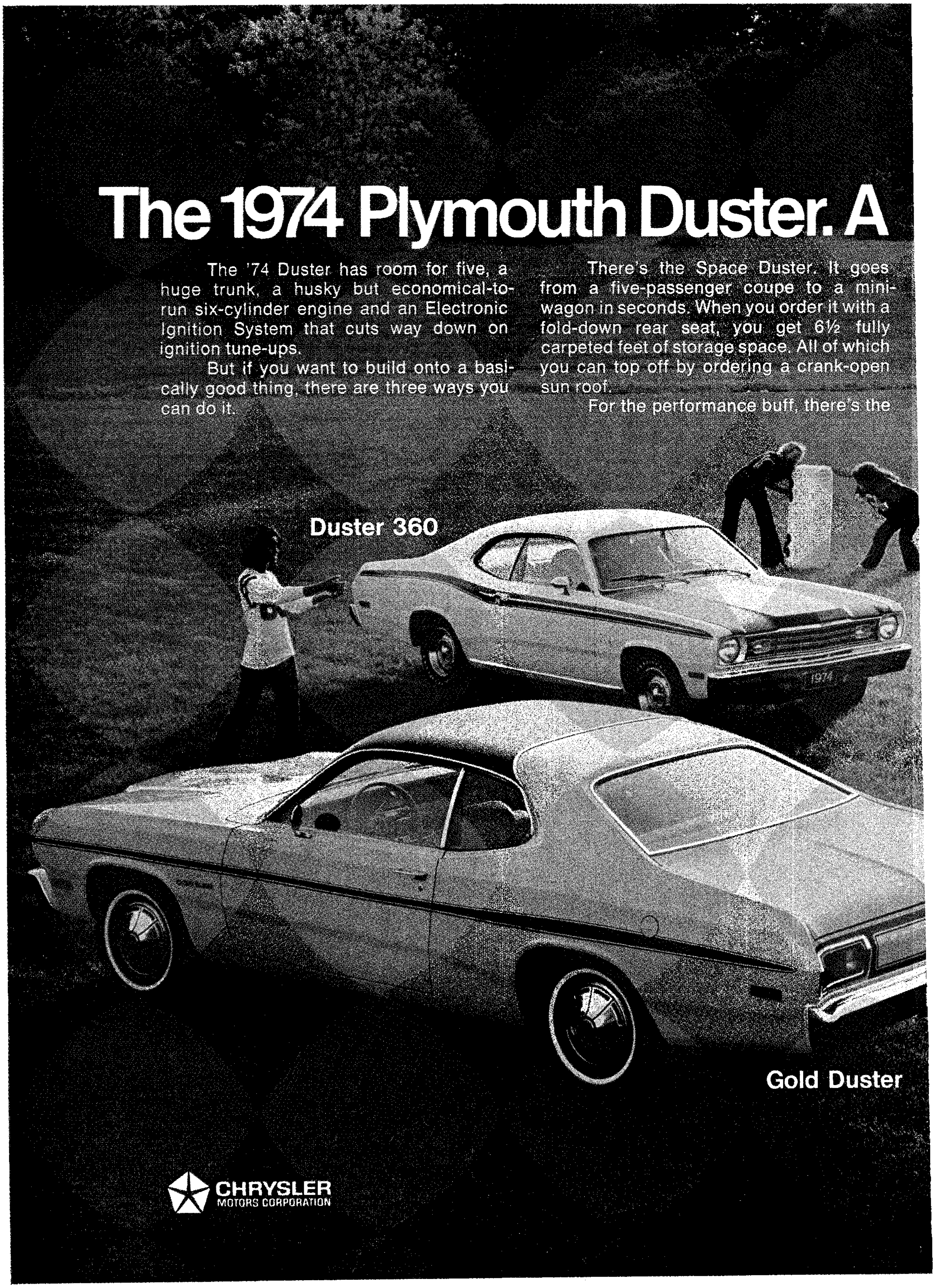

The 1974 Plymouth Duster. A

The '74 Duster has room for five, a huge trunk, a husky but economical-to-run six-cylinder engine and an Electronic Ignition System that cuts way down on ignition tune-ups.

But if you want to build onto a basically good thing, there are three ways you can do it.

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The '74 Plymouth Duster. A lot of car for the money. Again.

Space Duster

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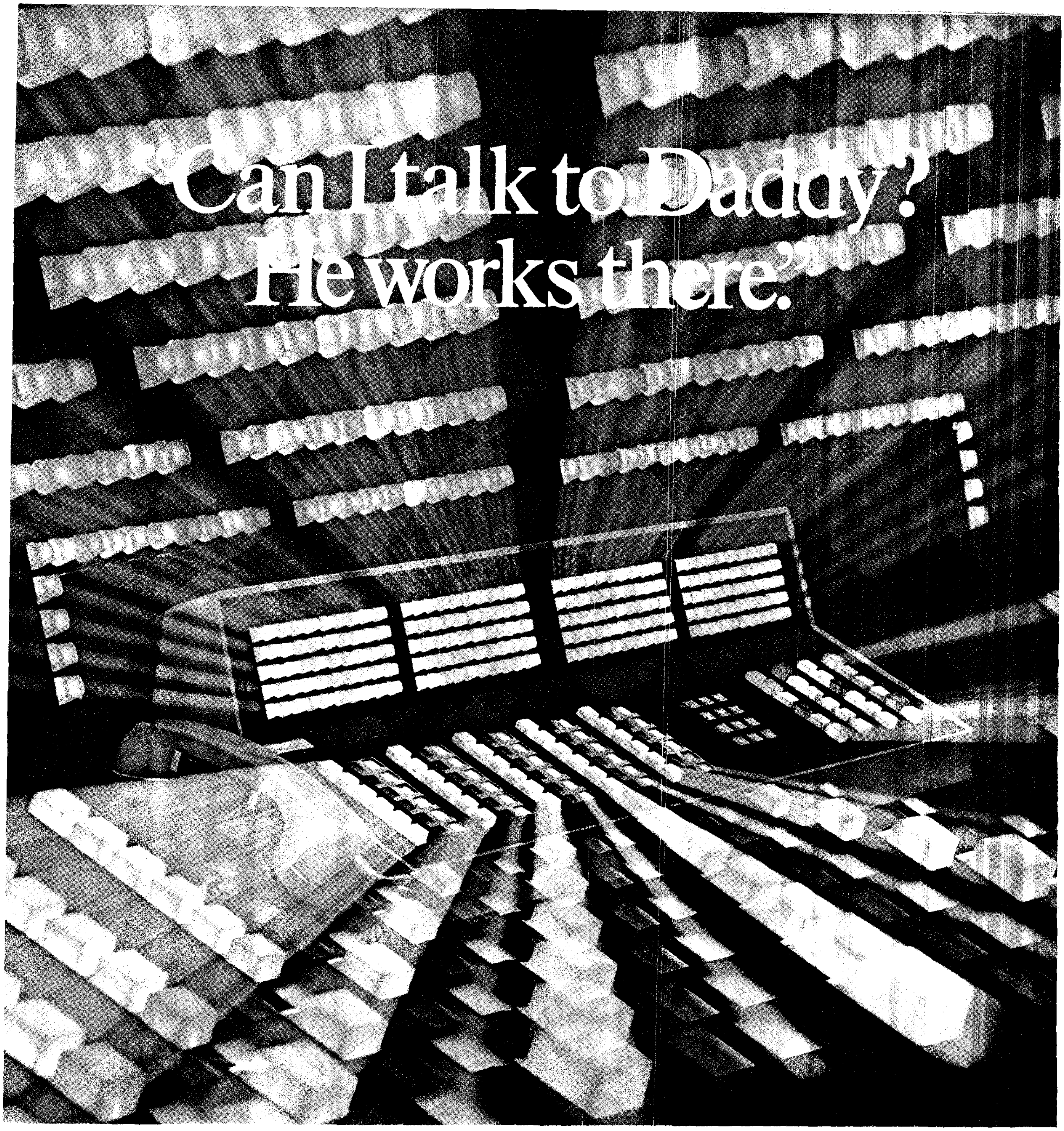

A child's first phone call to the office is pretty important. So are all those other calls a businessman gets and makes.

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consumer pays for particular products—there is another problem of enormous proportions, Nader says. That problem is the large-scale and continually escalating transfer of costs and risks from the producer to the consumer by indirect means. The costs and risks may be transferred through the product itself, which may be unsafe; through sub-economies designed to cater to and profit from the damage inflicted on the consumer by the built-in risks of the product; and by cost savings achieved by dumping pollutants that may result from the manufacture of the product or its use by the consumer. Thus, Nader points out, the automobile industry, like many other American institutions, is a closed marketing system that transfers enormous invisible risks and costs to the consumer, who is thereby made to support what Nader refers to as "a parasitic sub-economy," consisting, first, of the industry's very profitable business in the sale of bumpers, fenders, hoods, and other parts that must be replaced because of the failure of manufacturers to put durability and collision resistance above styling considerations; and, second, of the automobile-repair business itself, to which consumers have paid twenty-five to thirty billion dollars annually in recent years. Then, there is the costly business of automobile insurance, and so on.

The soap-and-detergent industry is another that Nader cites as a major example of the cost-transfer process in a closed marketing system. One principal means of keeping this particular market closed, he says, is the high proportion of income that the three dominant companies put into advertising—about twenty per cent of their total sales revenues. The competition among the three big producers has been advertising competition rather than price competition, he points out. It was hard-sell advertising competition on television that led each company, between 1950 and the mid-sixties, to try to put out detergents with the most suds—suds that had little cleaning power and dangerously clogged public and private sewage-treatment systems throughout the country. In 1963, when critics in Congress, led by Representative Henry Reuss and Senator Gaylord Nelson, both of Wisconsin, proposed remedial legislation, the detergent industry switched from the production of non-biodegradable sudsing detergents to biodegradable varieties. But the cure turned out to be even worse than the disease. The advertising switched its emphasis from suds to miracle whiteners and brighteners, and at the same

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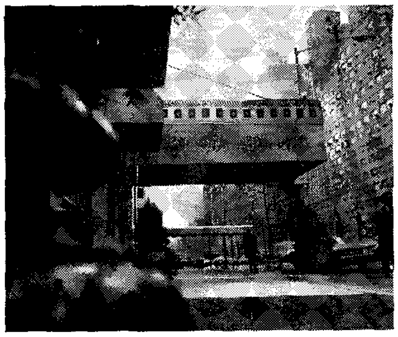

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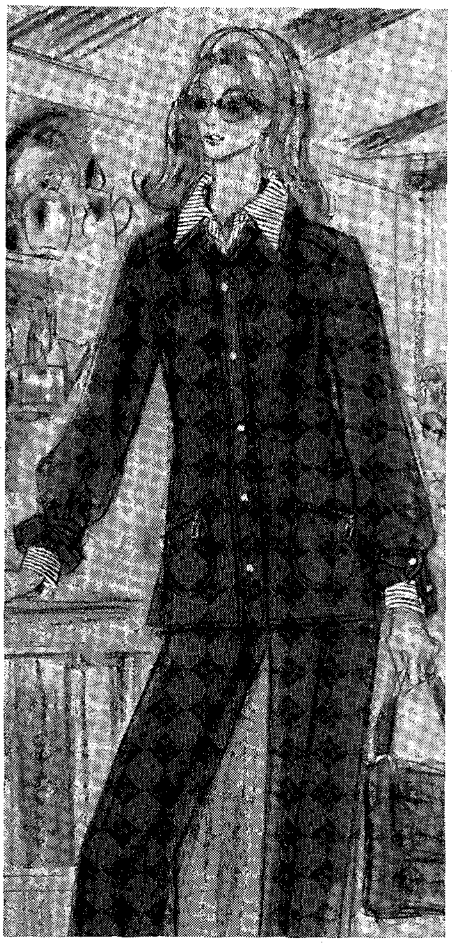
time the proportion of pollution-creating phosphates in the detergent formulas increased in excessive fashion. As for the miracle whiteners and brighteners, they didn't really get clothes any *cleaner* than the old suds or their predecessor, plain soap; they merely achieved optical effects that the detergent commercials could associate with cleanliness. Further, through relentless advertising campaigns, housewives were led into paying for, and using in their wash, several times the amount of phosphates actually required to get their clothes reasonably clean. The chief result has been that the corporations dominating the detergent market have contributed their not inconsiderable share—at the rate of more than five hundred million pounds of phosphorus from detergent wastes a year—to the tragic befouling and deadening, through the process of eutrophication, largely caused by phosphates, of the nation's rivers, streams, and lakes, and the extinction of fish life in them. (Though a significant portion of this destructive impact on our water resources emanates from agricultural-fertilizer runoff and industrial waste.)

That the systematic commercial cosmeticizing of facts and concealment of truth should be allowed, in the name of corporate profit, to inflict so much serious damage on the American environment and on American well-being is a source of deep and abiding outrage to Nader. "Why is it that the victims rather than the perpetrators always pay the price?" he keeps demanding. To him, it is a fundamental necessity that a halt be called to what he terms the "socialization" of corporate costs and risks, whether brought about through inherently injurious products, through by-products of manufacture, through pollution, through untruthful advertising and sales techniques, or through such privileged welfare systems as large corporate-tax write-offs, shelters, and carryovers, or Lockheed-style bailouts by government. These abuses should be ended, Nader declares, on the simple principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure—that "an economic system that absorbs the costs of its depredations at the earliest point of conception of these costs is the economic system that's going to solve these problems most efficiently." Thus, he says, "it's obviously much cheaper to try to solve the problem of gasoline-engine pollution by redesigning the engine than by continually building hospitals providing more beds to handle the wheezing victims as they're wheeled in." What Nader is aiming for is a structural re-



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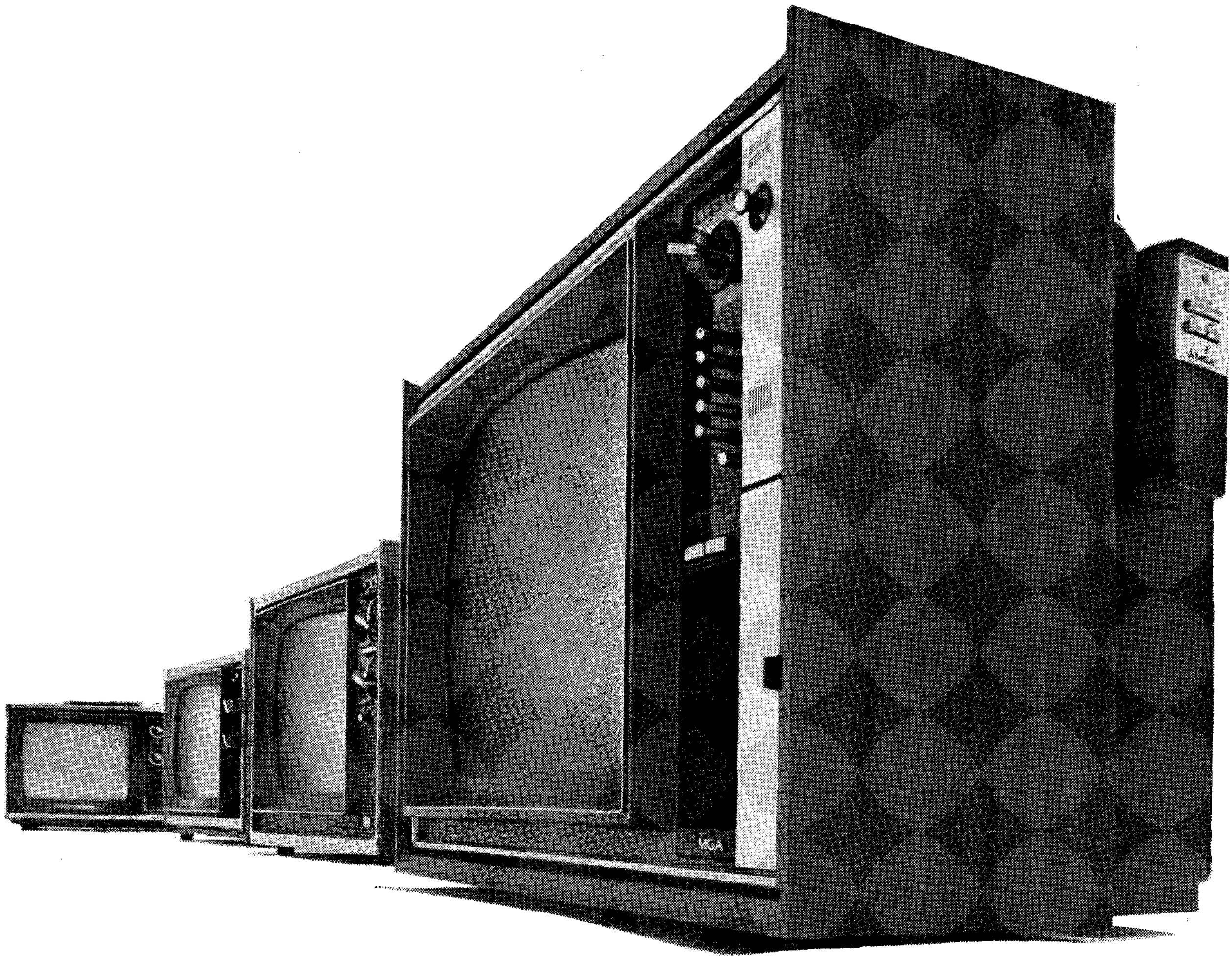

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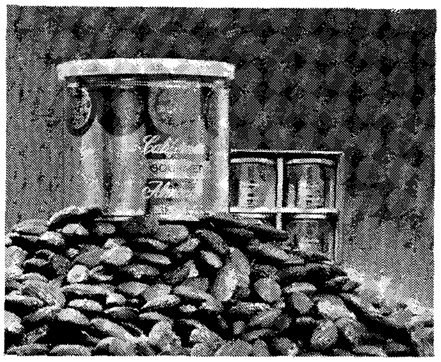

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form of the entire production-and-marketing system as it relates to the public interest, the highest priority of this reform being to make producers, and particularly those producers controlling closed marketing systems, fully accountable to the law and to the public.

Of Nader's three Washington organizations, the largest, the Center for Study of Responsive Law, currently runs on a budget of about three hundred thousand dollars a year, mostly financed by grants from relatively small foundations, such as the Stern Fund, the Field Foundation, and the Midas-International Corporation Foundation. (Except for the Carnegie Corporation, big institutions such as the Rockefeller Foundation have avoided contributing to Nader's organizations, possibly because, as one of Nader's associates has put it, Nader has "just a generally high visibility" in national and especially in legislative affairs. The Ford Foundation, if only because of its name, this Nader associate suggests, is unlikely to pass out money to underwrite activities of the automobile industry's severest critic, though since 1970 it has contributed some five and a half million dollars to public-interest groups other than Nader's.) The activities of the Center are carefully kept out of national politics so that it is able to qualify as a tax-exempt organization, but, by and large, this is the only Nader group that operates in exactly this fashion; the Corporate Accountability Research Group and Public Citizen, Inc., are financed by money that is not tax-exempt.

Nader himself receives no salary or expense money from any of his organizations. He supports himself out of his earnings from lectures and writings, and continues to live, as he has since the days when he was working on "Unsafe at Any Speed," in eighty-dollar-a-month quarters in a rooming house in northwest Washington. He figures his current personal expenses for the year at about five thousand dollars. The famous misguided General Motors investigation of Nader in 1965 and 1966 became the subject of a lawsuit by Nader against General Motors for invasion of privacy, and in August, 1970, the automobile manufacturer settled it out of court for four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, of which Nader, after paying his legal fees, retained about two hundred and eighty-four thousand. A considerable part of that money has now gone to help a number of Nader projects, including the Corporate Accountability Research

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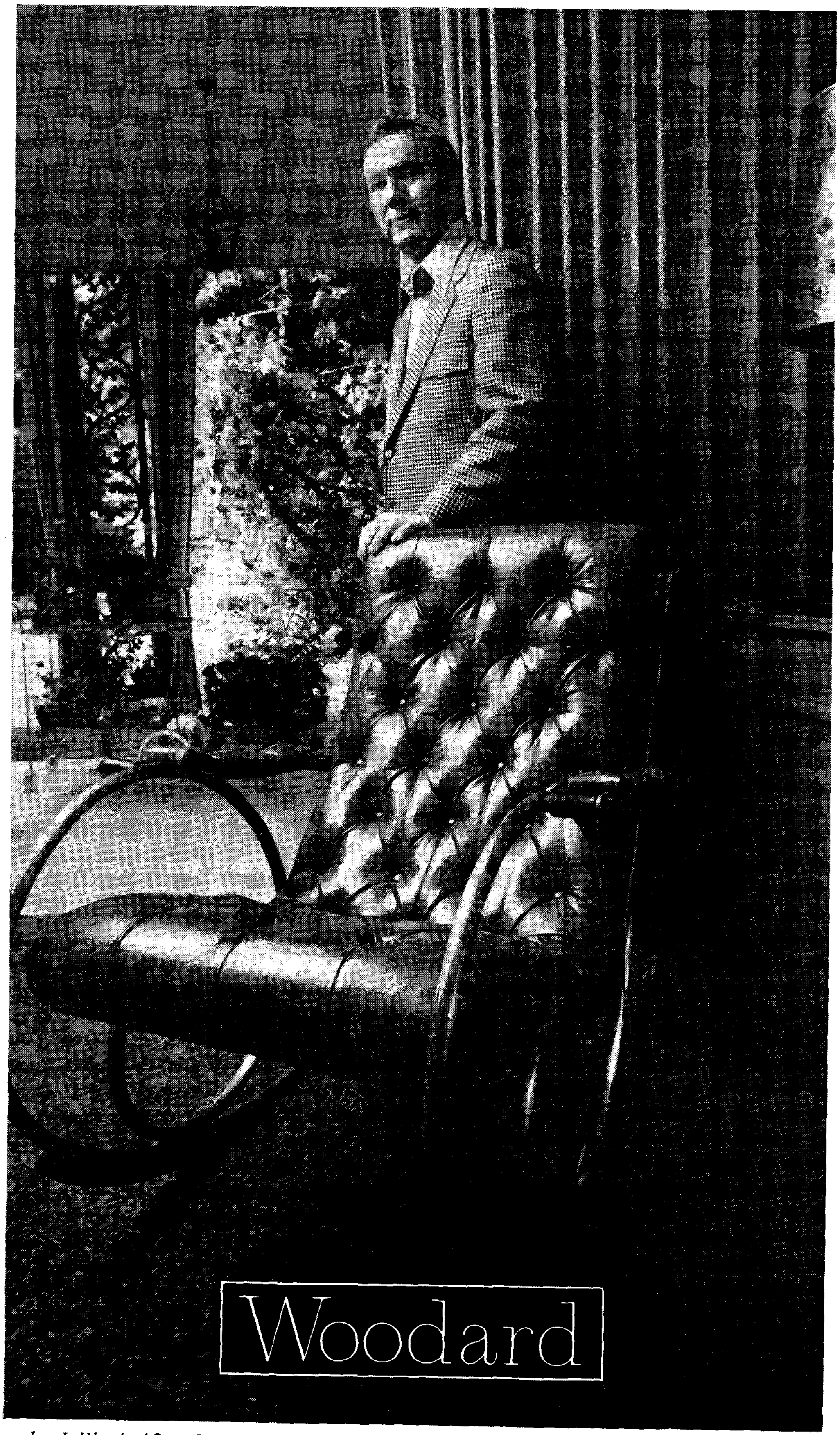

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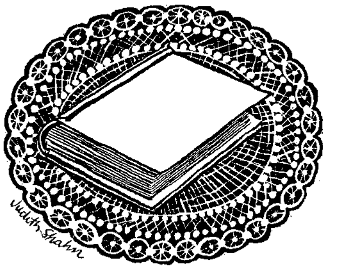
Group, which Nader personally finances at the rate of about sixty thousand dollars a year. ("They are going to be financing their own ombudsman," he said of the G.M. settlement.) And, out of his accumulated earnings from lecturing and writing, he has personally financed so far, at a cost of about four hundred thousand dollars, a large study of the structure and operations of Congress, which his young associates have been working on furiously for the past two years. Nader also finances out of his own pocket the Public Interest Research Group—a small team that monitors the performance of the Department of Transportation, and particularly of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. (Another group closely associated with Nader, the Center for Auto Safety, which was formed with financial help from Consumers Union at Nader's suggestion a few years ago, also performs a similar function, but there is no formal or legal connection between it and the Nader organization.)

The work of the organization called Public Citizen is largely financed by voluntary contributions solicited through paid newspaper ads and mailings, and the response to these requests for backing has been substantial. Between mid-1971 and mid-1972, some sixty-two thousand people contributed a total of a million one hundred thousand dollars to Public Citizen. Of this amount, the organization netted about eight hundred thousand dollars, after paying advertising and mailing costs and the relatively trifling sum of ten thousand dollars for office, telephone, and staff expenses.



The Center for Study of Responsive Law—"the Center," to Nader's people—is housed on two floors above a graphic-arts store on Nineteenth Street in northwest Washington. Its offices and the Corporate Accountability and Public Citizen offices, which are in nearby buildings, are much alike—a few Sierra Club posters here and there; desks and chairs that can best be described as previously owned; filing cabinets that, although also second-hand, are equipped with business-like security bars and locks; and lots of typewriters, both portable and electric. Nader himself has a smallish, nondescript office in the Center. He transacts quite a bit of his business in the office of Theodore J. Jacobs, who looks after the day-to-day affairs of the Center. Jacobs, a round-faced man with rimless glasses, is an old friend and former Princeton and Harvard Law School classmate of Nader's; he runs general interference and arranges or puts off press interviews—tasks that he carries out with a bearing that ranges from mildly Pickwickian geniality to a sort of glinting blankness, depending on what his intuition tells him is advantageous or otherwise for the Nader cause.

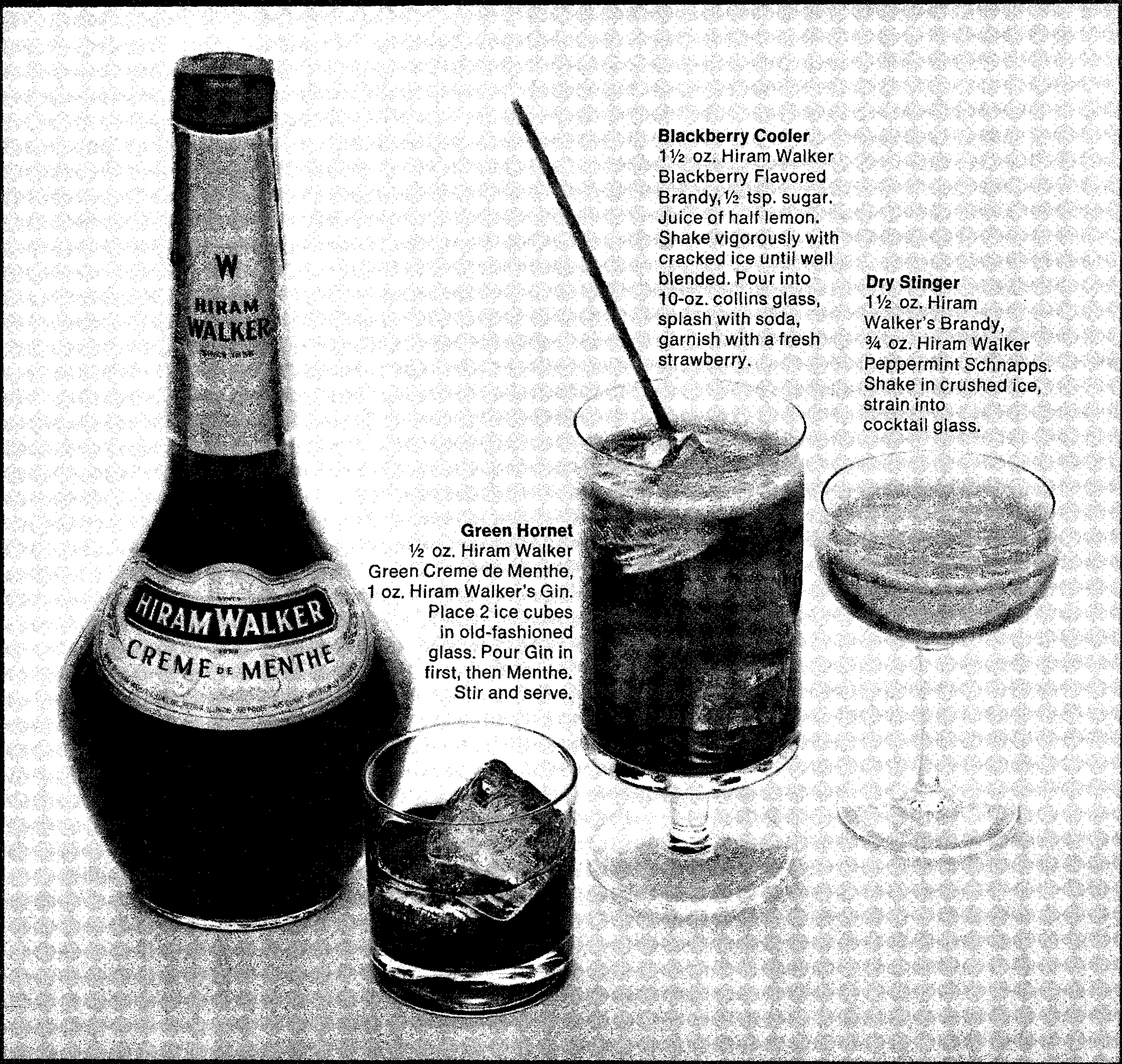
A COMPLETE list of the projects undertaken by Nader's associates at the Center would be a long one, but a quick check I made a while ago on the activities being pursued by the Center's researchers may provide some idea of their range.

Harrison Wellford, a thirty-two-year-old political scientist who has been one of Nader's senior associates and the author of a Nader task-force report called "Sowing the Wind"—a very knowledgeable study of the relationship of corporate power in agriculture to regulatory agencies and to hazards posed by money-saving practices involving pesticides, additives, animal antibiotics, and hormones—was in the midst of work on a long study on the politics of health in the Southern textile industry. The study, which was co-authored by Peter Schuck, an attorney, has concentrated on the circumstances that have made byssinosis, otherwise known as brown-lung disease, endemic among textile workers, and on the consequences of the disease for the tens of thousands of people afflicted. (Wellford has recently become the chief legislative assistant to Senator Philip Hart, of Michigan.)

Franklin D. Chu, a twenty-five-year-old Harvard graduate, had just finished a critical study, titled "The Madness Establishment," of the manner in which federal funds have been applied in the government's program to support community mental-health centers throughout the country. (This work will be put out in book form, as those of many other Nader study groups have been, by Grossman Publishers, whose association with Nader began with "Unsafe at Any Speed.")

Barry Willner, a graduate of Georgetown University Law School, and Daniel Guttman, a Yale Law graduate, were jointly finishing up a complex study of the role played by private research organizations (including so-called think tanks) whose services are being regularly contracted for by the government, at the rate of some

Sip a Snack.



Blackberry Cooler
1½ oz. Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, ½ tsp. sugar. Juice of half lemon. Shake vigorously with cracked ice until well blended. Pour into 10-oz. collins glass, splash with soda, garnish with a fresh strawberry.

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1½ oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy, ¾ oz. Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps. Shake in crushed ice, strain into cocktail glass.

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½ oz. Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Gin. Place 2 ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Pour Gin in first, then Menthe. Stir and serve.

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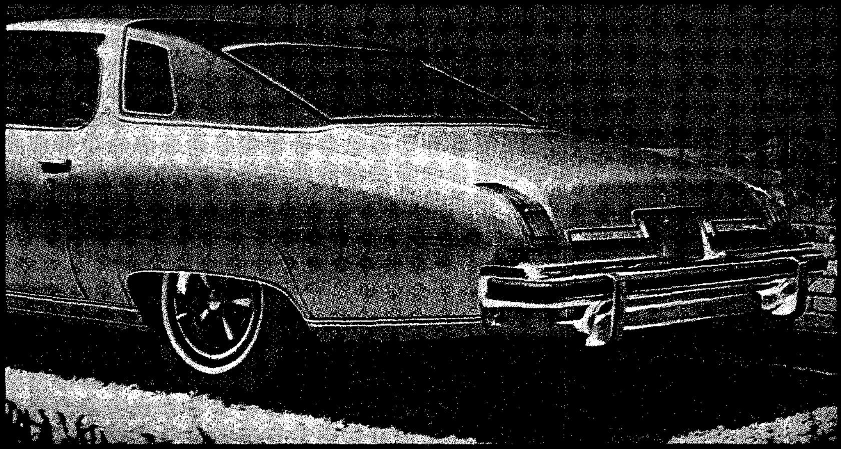

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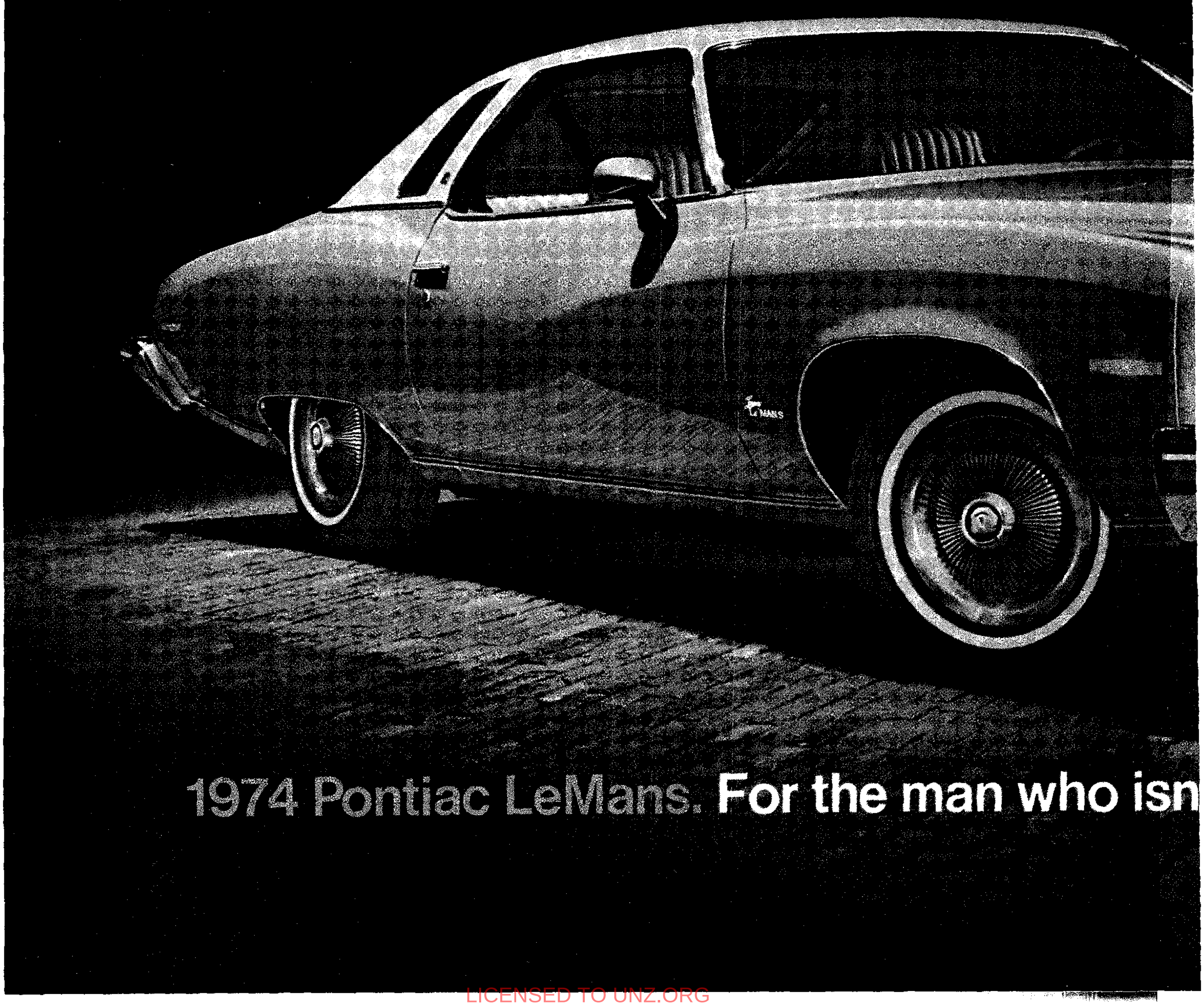
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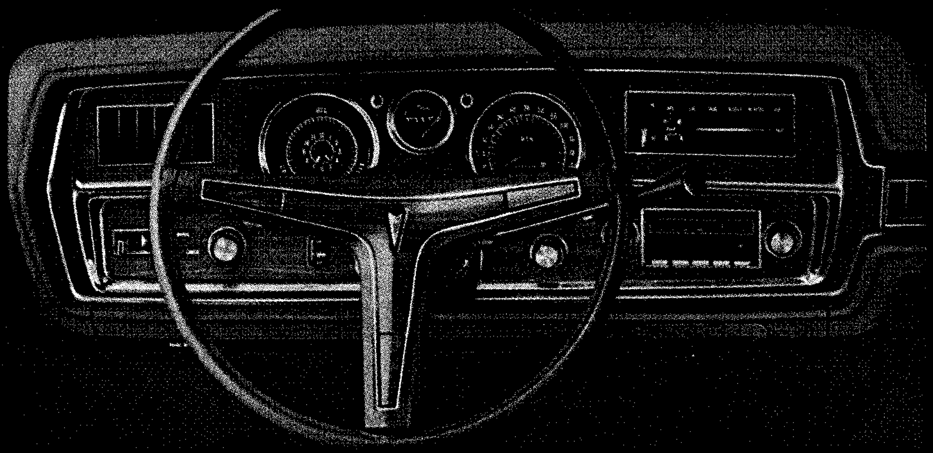

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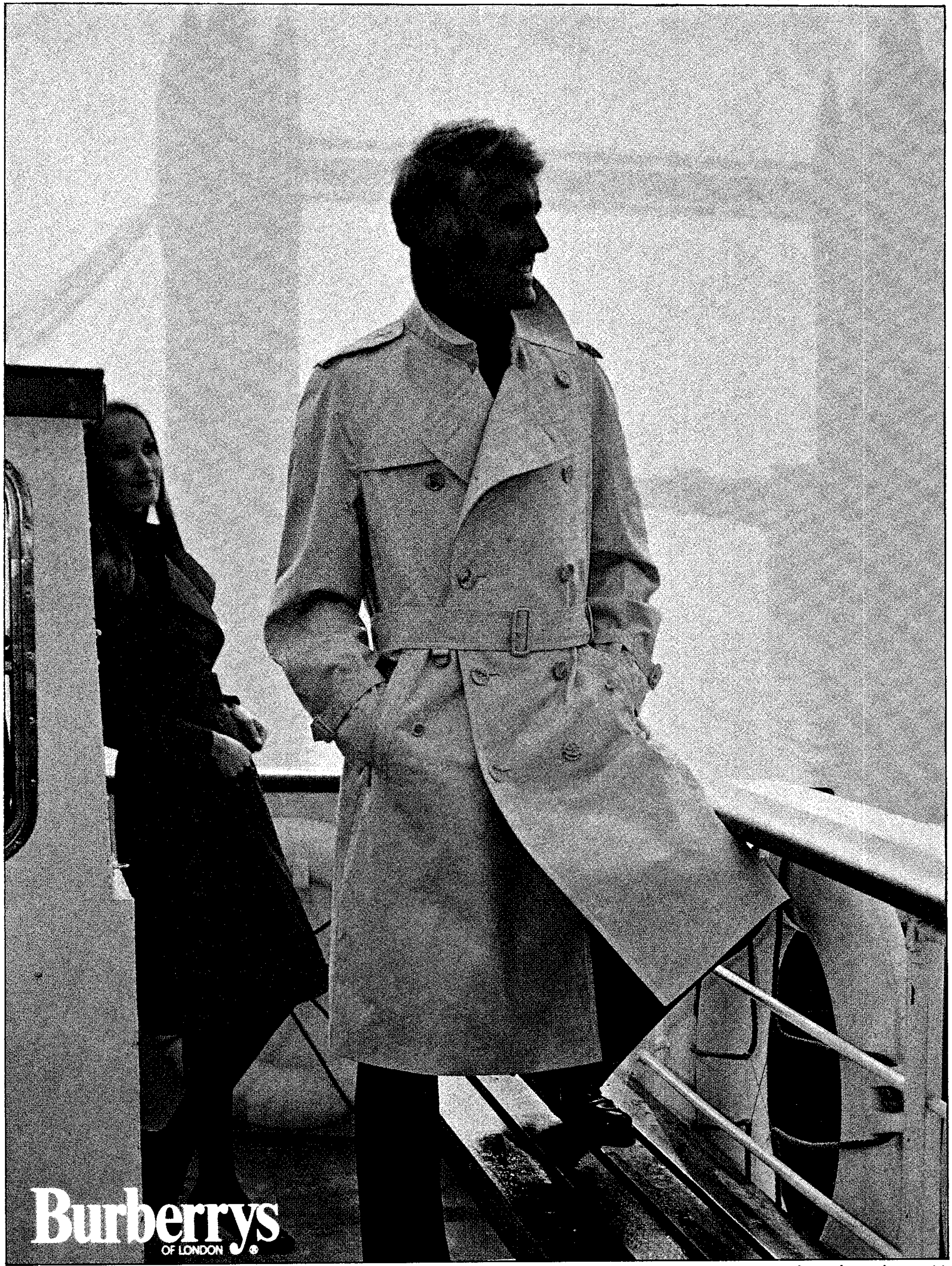

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billions of dollars a year, for the purpose of analyzing various social, economic, and technical problems facing the country.

William Osborn, a graduate of George Washington University Law School, was working on a study, titled "The Paper Plantation," of the impact of the pulp-and-paper companies on the state of Maine in terms of land use ("They own more than a third of the state outright," Osborn told me), economics ("Paper accounts for thirty per cent of the manufactured products of the state, but the state never sees much of the money derived from the manufacturing. It winds up in New York banks"), and pollution ("The paper industries generate the same amount of pollution that five and a half million people do, and that's five and a half times the population of Maine").

Beverly C. Moore, Jr., a Harvard Law graduate, was preparing a long study of the food industry, with particular emphasis on food advertising and the relation between the nutritional value of packaged food and the advertising for that food, the thrust of his findings being that the least nutritious foods are those most heavily advertised, and that in proportion to the huge flood of advertising for these (it has been calculated that the average child watches as many as ten thousand food commercials on TV in a year) the amount of information about nutritional qualities which advertisers provide is so meagre as to call for remedial federal legislation.

From Magdalen College, Oxford, Michael Kinsley, a twenty-two-year-old Rhodes Scholar who had worked at the Center during the summers since 1970, had sent word that all was going well with a book-length analysis of the subject of his major labors in Washington; that is, the origins and development of the Communications Satellite Corporation, the propriety of its commercial use of space and communications technology and equipment existing by virtue of billions of tax dollars poured into space research over the years, and the degree of de-facto control that COMSAT exercises over national communications systems.

And Reuben B. Robertson III, another senior associate of Nader's, was preparing a report on the structure and practices of the domestic airline industry and on airline safety. He also runs, together with a lawyer named K. G. J. Pillai and a couple of full-time assistants, a separate Nader organization called the Aviation Consumer Action Project, whose purpose is to represent the interests of consumers

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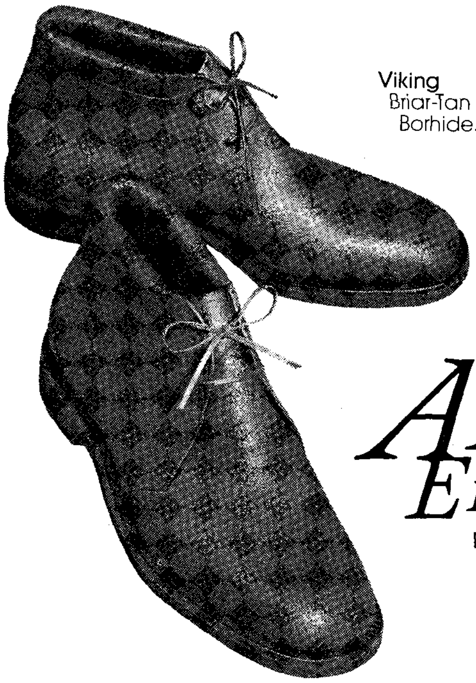

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and the general public before government decision-making bodies. Beyond all this, Robertson has been conducting—again outside his activities at the Center—a vigorous three-year investigation into the circumstances surrounding the takeover in 1970 of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company by the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation.

IN the Corporate Accountability Research Group, which occupies the basement of a building across the street from the Center, Mark Green, a Harvard Law School graduate and the author, with Beverly C. Moore, Jr., and Bruce Wasserstein, of "The Closed Enterprise System," a study of anti-trust-law enforcement problems, was preparing a report advocating legislation under which corporations that have achieved a certain degree of economic power would be chartered directly by the federal government rather than by particular states, as at present. Federal chartering is not a new idea in the United States. At the Constitutional Convention, in 1787, James Madison twice proposed that the Constitution give Congress power to grant charters to corporations where the public interest required. Several Presidents, including Woodrow Wilson, have favored federal chartering. Nader and Green believe that the conditions under which corporations have been chartered by the states are a legal shambles, that reform is imperative, and that the creation of a federal chartering agency, by laying down strict anti-trust standards and standards for shareholder rights and the proper disclosure of records, including hidden earnings and subsidiaries, could go a long way toward monitoring the power of large corporations. The outcome of Green's work in this area will probably be a model for a federal chartering act that would, Green says, be "a cornerstone of some of the things that Ralph wants to see done in the area of corporate accountability."

In a building on P Street, near Dupont Circle, that houses Nader projects on three of its six floors, Robert Fellmeth, another senior Nader associate (he is a co-author of the earlier Nader study-group report on the Federal Trade Commission and author of those on the Interstate Commerce Commission and on land use and economic power in California, published under the title "The Politics of Land"), was directing a staff of some fifteen young people in the latter stages of the biggest single Nader project so far—the study of the structure and operations of Congress. The initial stage of the proj-

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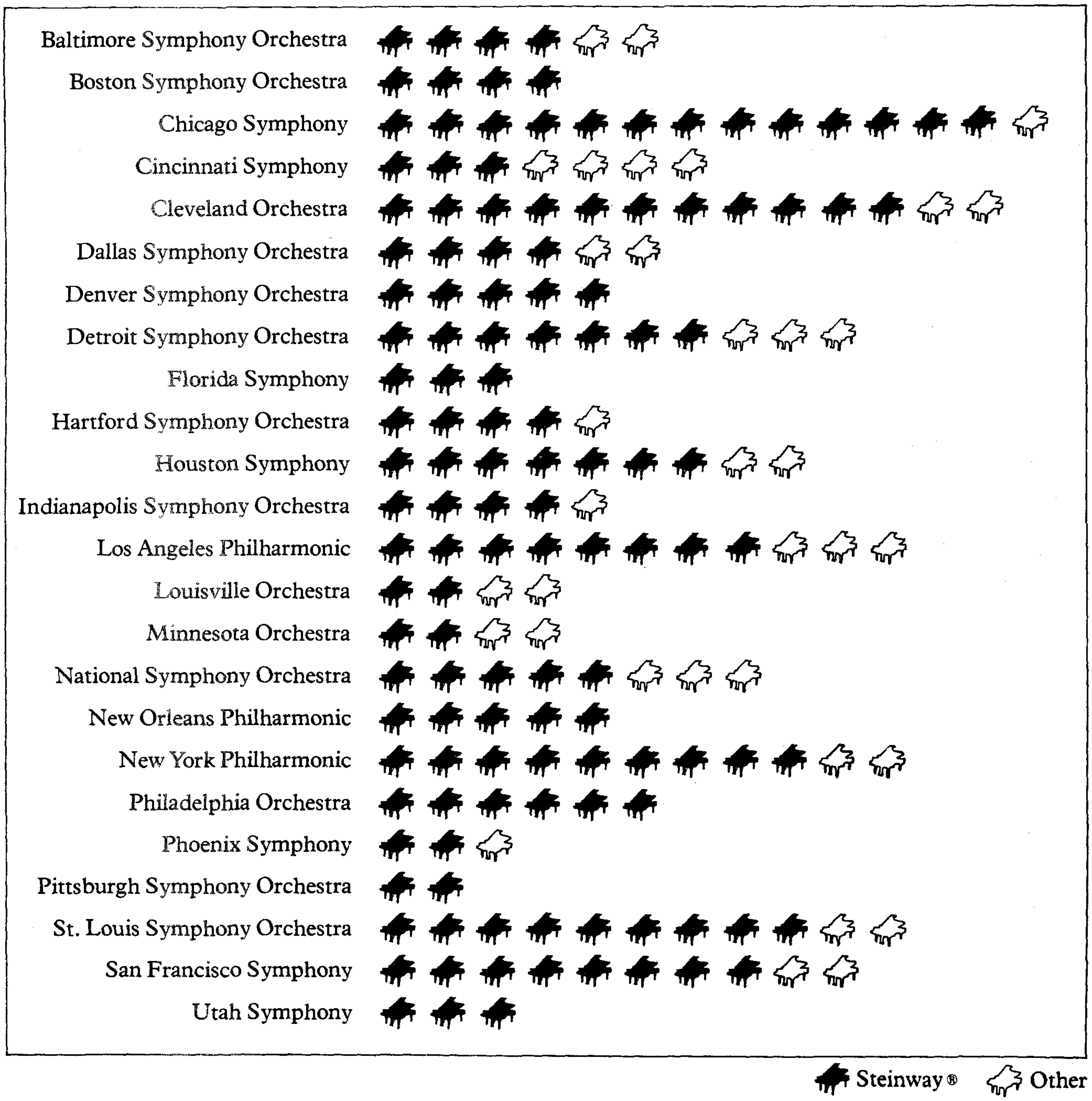

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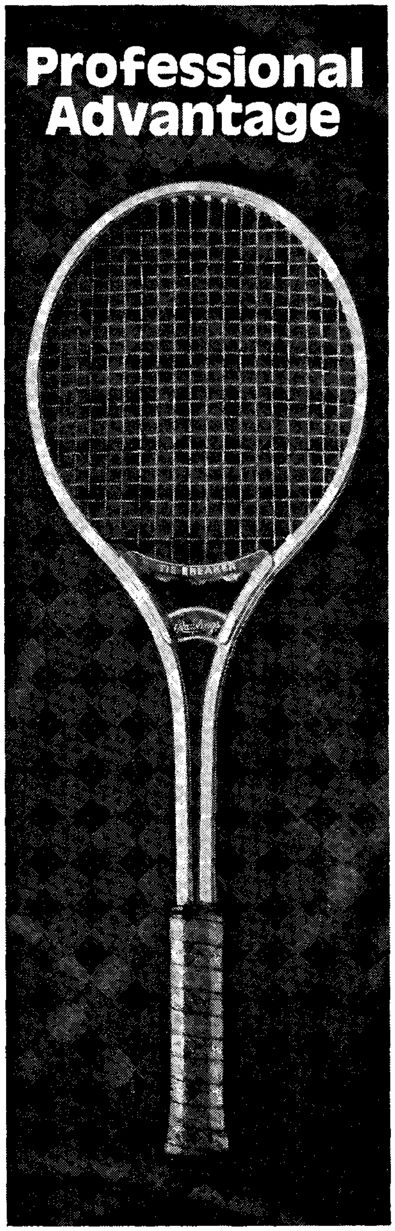

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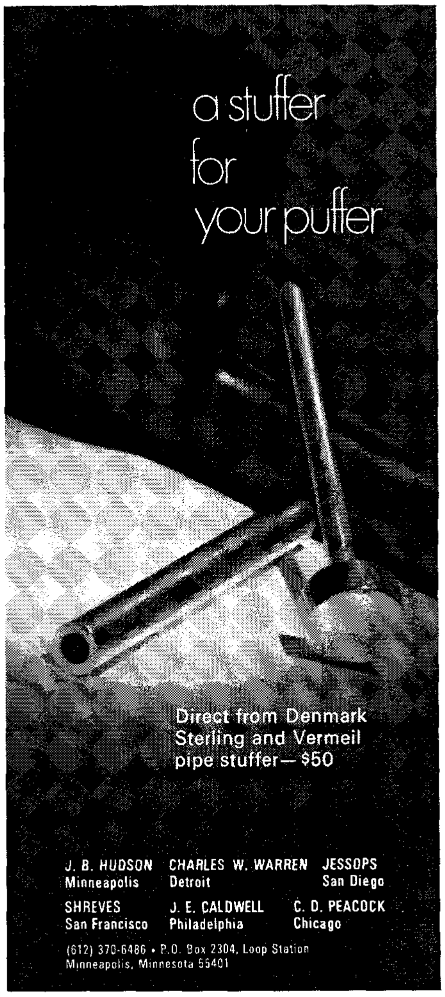
ect, which was completed during the summer months of 1972, enlisted the efforts of two hundred writers and editors, recruited mainly from Nader's staff and from among graduate students in journalism and law, and the volunteer reporting work of about a thousand people across the country. This first stage consisted of the preparation of a series of biographical sketches, each about thirty pages long, of three hundred and ninety-two representatives and ninety-two senators, and, in addition, the preparation of a paperback book called "Who Runs Congress?" The second part of the study, which Fellmeth was now working on, consisted of preparing detailed reports on such particular subjects as congressional committee systems and campaign financing. The Congress study as a whole, which has been undertaken under conditions of forced draft remarkable even for a Nader project, affords, because of the current crisis in the relationship between the executive and the legislative branches, an interesting example of Nader's ability to anticipate the moment when public interest in a national problem is ready to surge. Hard preliminary work on the Congress project started in the summer of 1971. "The remarkable thing is that nobody has ever made a thorough study of Congress before," Nader told me at that time. Later, he discussed the matter further with me. "We want to develop a body of information on Congress that we can make available to people in a systematic, interrelated way," he said. "We want not only to show how Congress works but also to illustrate the gravity of the situation that Congress is now in, as an extremely weak arm of government, subservient particularly to the executive branch, yet retaining enormous Constitutional authority, which is not being independently exercised in the public interest. At present, Congress has become a surrogate for special interests and has passed out of the control of the people. The basic point that has to be made is that the people *can* control Congress. Its deficiencies urgently need correction. It has a grossly inadequate information-gathering system. Many of its most important operations—from campaign financing to committee deliberations—have been and still are kept from public scrutiny. Congress is excessively open to the influence of special-interest lobbies. Committee members have serious conflicts of interest. Its hearing functions are highly inadequate in terms of oversight of the executive branch. Its committees suffer from inadequate staffing. It has been stripped of most of



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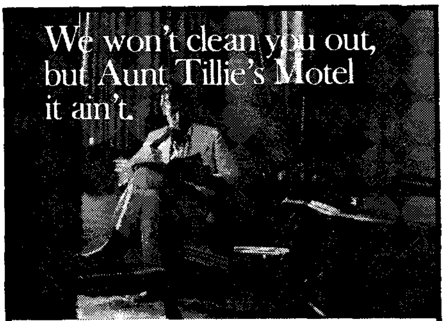
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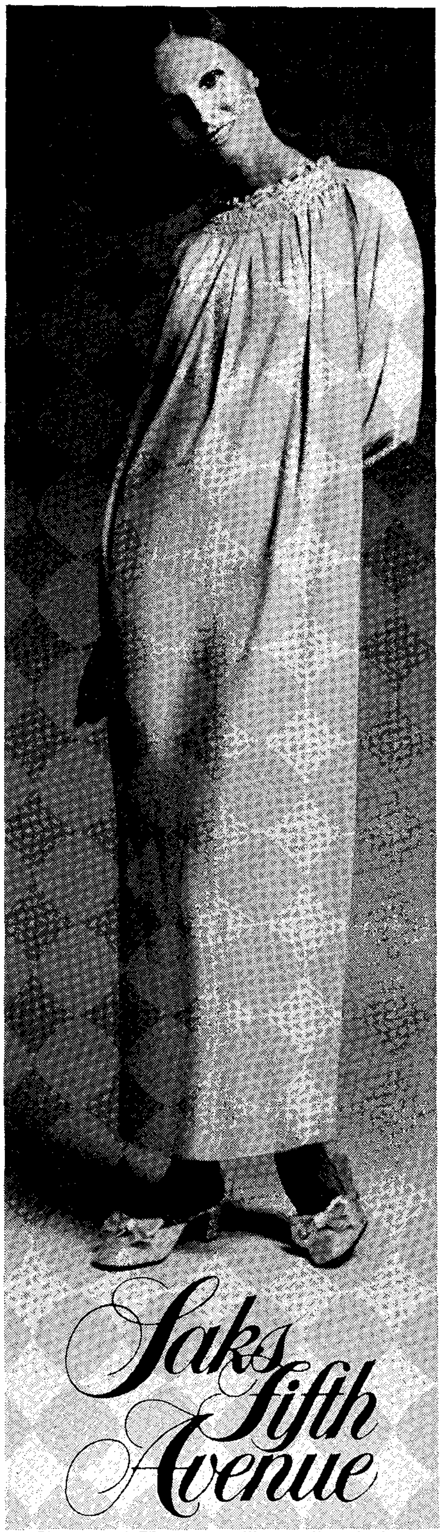

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its powers in foreign relations. And so on. Yet Congress has one great asset. It's the only institution in Washington that Constitutionally cannot become a bureaucracy. It's a highly personal institution. In terms of potential citizen participation and citizen control, that is an important thing to remember." The second part of the Congress study, dealing with these themes, will be published early next year.

IN *the building where the* Congress project was moving ahead, most of Nader's Public Citizen activities were also being pursued. In Public Citizen's Health Research Group, headed by Sidney M. Wolfe, M.D., a group of lawyers, doctors, and other health experts were hard at work on a number of problems concerned with public and occupational health and safety. They were following up a petition they had sent to the Food and Drug Administration asking that the agency stop certifying for general use Red Dye No. 2, a substance used to color cosmetics, drugs, and more than ten billion dollars' worth of foodstuffs every year. The petition was the latest in a series of strong representations that the Health Research Group had made to the effect that the F.D.A. was ignoring clear warnings from experimental studies indicating that Red Dye No. 2 was capable of causing an abnormal number of fetal deaths and birth injuries. The Health Research Group people were also following up, in representations to the F.D.A., a report they had prepared showing widespread and unauthorized use of diethylstilbestrol (or DES), a hormone employed in the so-called morning-after birth-control pill and known to be carcinogenic. (The F.D.A. has since required manufacturers to issue cautionary notices to users of the DES pill.) They were also working with the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union on following up a joint petition they had filed with the Department of Labor asking for the issuance of emergency regulations to stop the exposure of workers to ten industrial chemicals that were demonstrably carcinogenic. When the Labor Deparmtent failed to take action, the group brought a lawsuit to compel it to do so. Before the suit could be heard, the department issued a temporary emergency safety standard for the chemicals in question. The Health Research Group charged that this was inadequate and asked a federal court to review it. Since then, the group has been participating in public hearings and providing the department with suggestions for a permanent standard for

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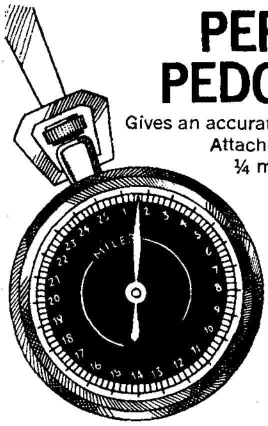

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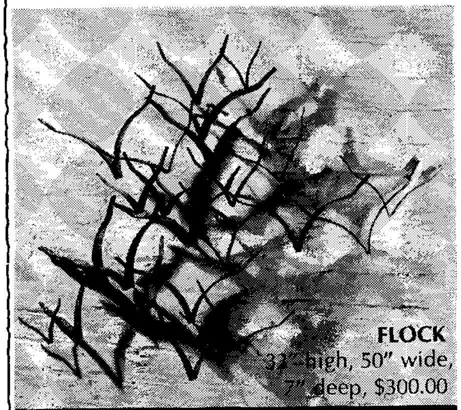

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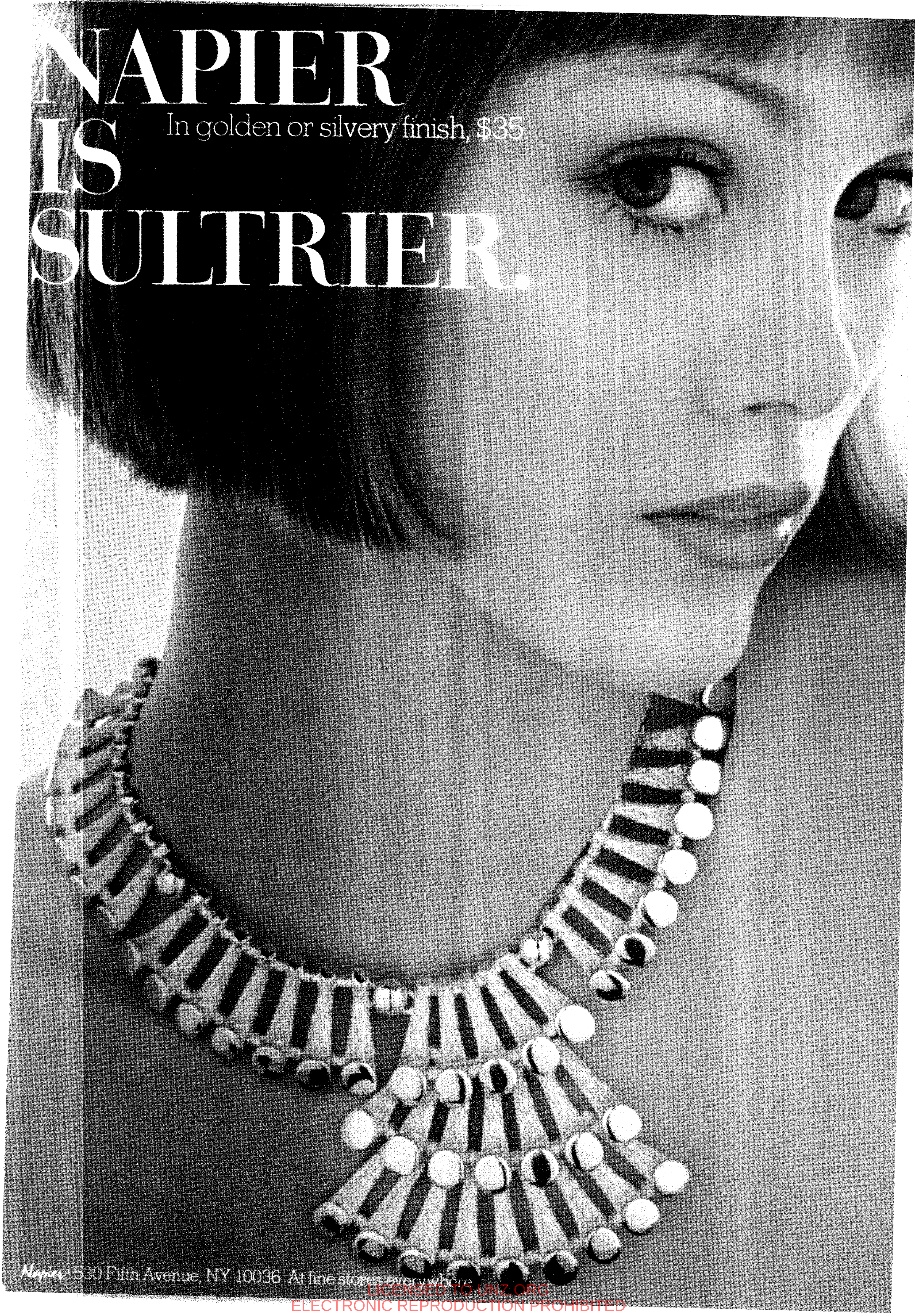
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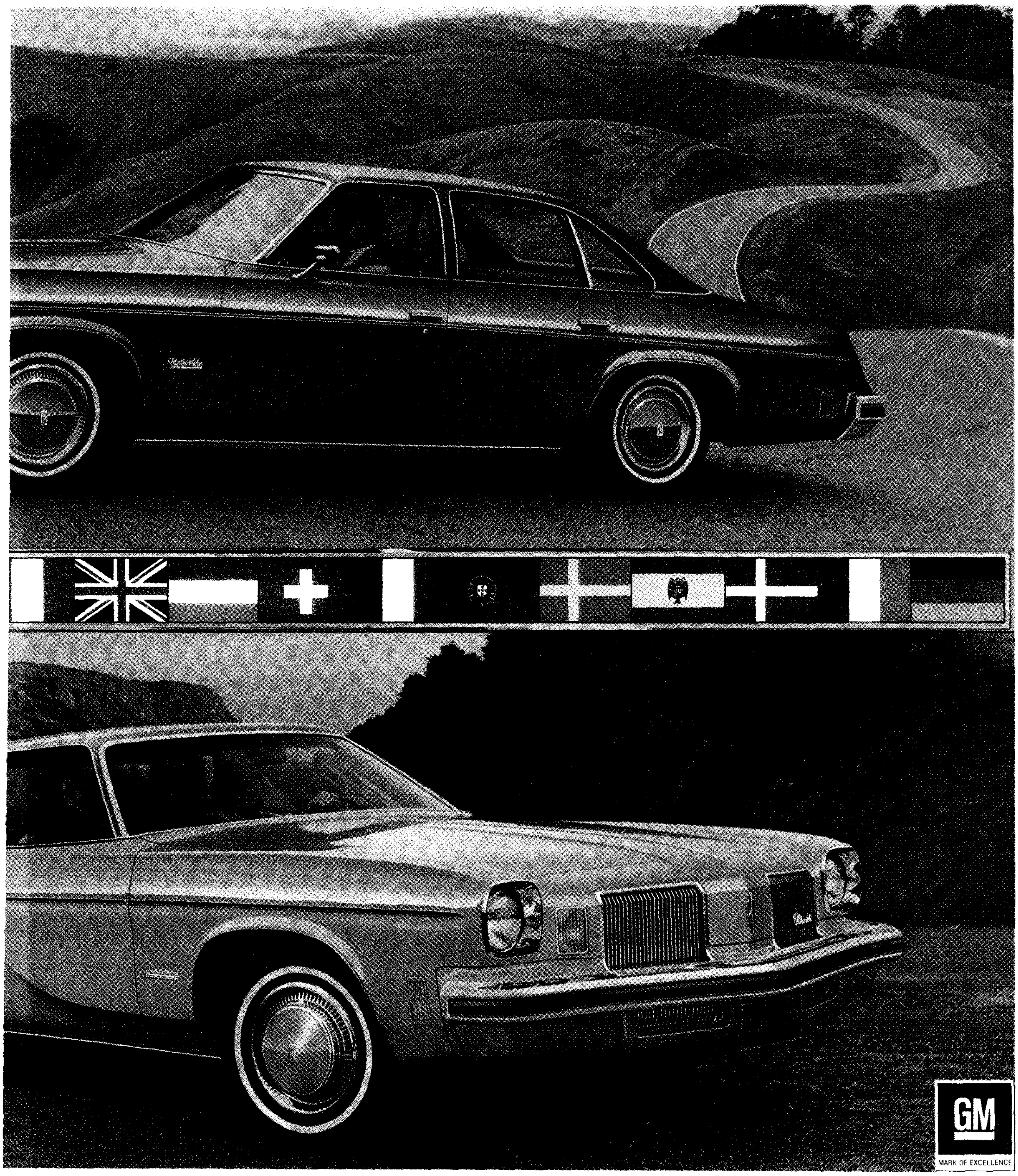
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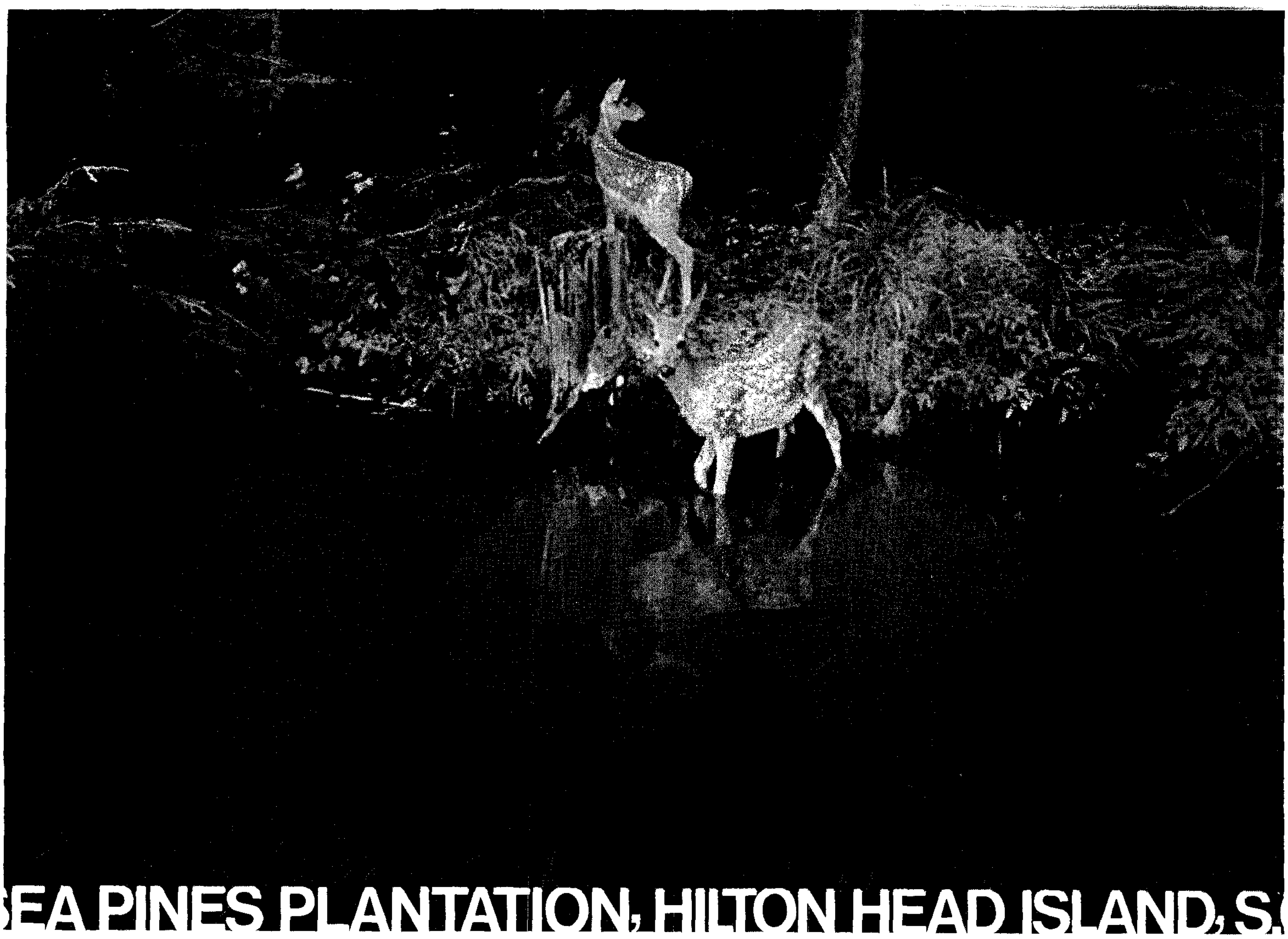

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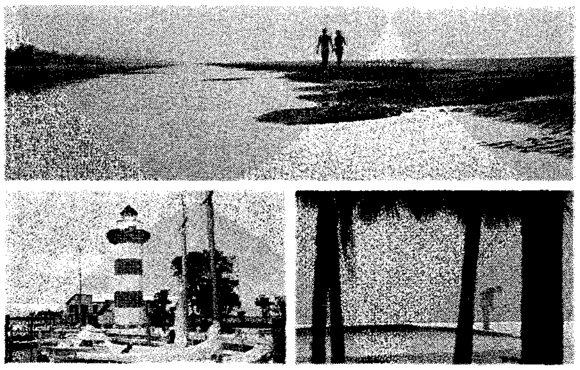

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eliminating worker exposure to these and certain other carcinogens. The people in the Health Research Group were also working on half a dozen other projects, including a study of a typical American community hospital (which will result later this year in publication of a handbook to enable consumers to evaluate hospital performance) and an investigation into the alleged dangers of Pertussin Night-Time Medicated Vaporizer Spray, which was being sold without prescription for the treatment of cough and cold symptoms and which, Dr. Wolfe charged in a letter to the F.D.A., had caused the deaths of eleven children. Two weeks after Dr. Wolfe made these representations, the F.D.A. ordered a recall of the Pertussin Vaporizer Spray, and the manufacturer halted its distribution before the F.D.A. ordered it.

Then there were the Citizen Action Groups and the Public Interest Research Groups, which Nader has helped set up to develop, in various sections of the country, independent organizations that employ groups of lawyers, scientists, and other technically qualified researchers to represent the interests of the public on local matters of public policy. To finance these student Public Interest Research Groups, Donald Ross, who until recently was in charge of Citizen Action on the national level (and is now director of the New York P.I.R.G.), succeeded in enrolling four hundred thousand students, in nineteen states and on a hundred and thirty-eight campuses, who contribute regularly toward the support of their regional groups. In most states (Oregon is one), the financing is done through a checkoff system in which university authorities, with the consent of the individual students, add three dollars a year to tuition bills and turn the proceeds over to the action groups. The Connecticut Citizen Action Group, which works out of Hartford and New Haven, has no student checkoff system to support it but raises funds each year through citizen contributions, and has a permanent paid staff of fifteen, including three full-time lawyers. Among other achievements, it has published a thirteen-hundred-page evaluation of the Connecticut General Assembly plus individual profiles of a hundred and sixty legislators, and has put forward a number of proposals for legislative reforms and greater citizen access to legislative business. By drafting strengthening amendments, its lawyers have helped to get several strong anti-pollution laws passed by the legislature. They have also produced analyses of deficiencies in a number of state laws; for example,

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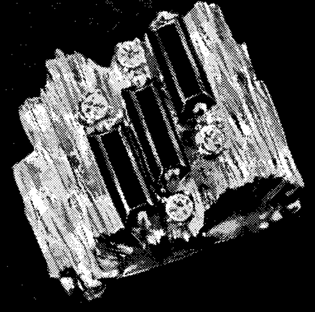
an analysis of Connecticut Public Act 490, which was designed to protect open space and farmland, has, so the Citizen Action Group people have charged, facilitated large-scale tax dodging by real-estate speculators. The Connecticut group has also intervened on behalf of citizens to protest violations of air-pollution regulations and appeared before the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission to challenge applications of the Hartford Electric Light Company and the Connecticut Light & Power Company for rate increases that it believed were unwarranted. Altogether, the amount of money raised by groups across the country is expected to exceed a million dollars during the current academic year.

THROUGHOUT Nader's organizations, the process of researching, analyzing, and publicizing problems is furthered by legal action. Where the federal regulatory agencies are concerned, this consists of a rain of formal letters and petitions from Nader himself and his co-workers requesting the correction of abuses or protesting failures to implement or enforce existing laws, in regard to matters ranging from the commercial application of toxic pesticides to granting citizens access to safety reports concerning certain commercial-aircraft malfunctions. The effect of such representations has often been far-reaching. Thus, in December, 1970, Nader and Aileen Adams, one of his young co-workers at the time, sent a joint petition to the Federal Trade Commission charging that television commercials for the products of some sixty companies—toothpaste, antacid pills, mouthwashes, detergents, canned dog foods, oven cleaners, and tires among them—contained claims that were grossly inflated or were kept vague through the systematic use of dangling comparatives ("Gets your oven thirty-three per cent cleaner"), and, in any case, were unsubstantiated by fact. Nader and Miss Adams maintained that the use of these commercials constituted deceptive and unfair trade practices under existing law, and they demanded that the F.T.C. lay down rules requiring advertisers to possess written data derived from scientific tests that fully supported the truthfulness of their advertising claims, and requiring the information to be publicly disclosed. As a direct result of this petition, the Commission, in June, 1971, announced its intention to require advertisers to compile and make available such data to substantiate ads. In turn, this move has led to unprecedented action by the F.T.C. in regard to the

bark textured gold



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advertising of a large variety of products, from Profile bread to analgesics like Anacin, Bufferin, Excedrin, and Vanquish. The Commission has even required some advertisers to run corrective ads offsetting previous claims that they were unable to substantiate. Further consequences of this sort of hard regulatory look at national advertising campaigns could ensue if the agency involved is supported over the long haul by the courts, Congress, and the Administration.

Where regulatory agencies have shown themselves unresponsive to such petitions, Nader and his associates have brought lawsuits with the aim of getting action through court orders—for example, to force the Department of Agriculture to stop the use of sodium nitrites and nitrates in meat and meat products, on the ground that they are dangerous to health, and to make the Civil Aeronautics Board and the F.A.A. act on Nader's petition to stop smoking on airlines. After about three years, the C.A.B., under an impending court deadline, finally responded to the petition; while rejecting the proposal for an outright ban on smoking, the C.A.B. this summer put into effect a rule that gives every passenger the right to be in a non-smoking section.

There have been other lawsuits by Nader and his co-workers in the federal courts. Some of this work is handled by a small litigation group within Public Citizen, and some of it by friendly outside lawyers on a *pro bono publico* basis. The actions include a suit against impoundment by the President of federal funds already appropriated by Congress for specific purposes; a suit, brought by Nader and Public Citizen, against Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz to recover government salaries that were paid to White House personnel while they were working virtually full time on the 1972 Nixon Presidential election campaign (the court has denied the Secretary's motion to dismiss the case); and a suit, brought by Nader, Public Citizen, and two consumer groups, for the rescinding of a price-support rise granted to milk producers in March of 1971 by the Administration, on the ground that the rise had been brought about through "improper and unlawful influences"—specifically, three hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars in gifts (later augmented by another hundred thousand) by the dairy industry to Mr. Nixon's 1972 reëlection campaign. (In bringing that suit, Nader identified himself as "a consumer of milk.") During the proceedings on this case in United States District Court in Wash-

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ington, the plaintiffs' lawyer, William Dobrovir, asked Judge William B. Jones to order the White House to produce a large number of documents that might tend to show a conspiracy within the Administration to make the approximately half-million-dollar campaign contribution a *quid pro quo* for the price-support decision—from which the dairy industry profited to the extent of an estimated five to seven hundred million dollars in price-support payments. To this demand the White House replied with a claim of absolute executive privilege concerning the documents, declaring that the release of these papers would damage the public interest. Judge Jones rejected this claim and ordered that the White House produce the files for *in camera* inspection by him to determine their possible relevancy to the complaint. Acting in behalf of the White House, the Justice Department argued that inspection of these documents would do "irreparable injury to the separation of powers." Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor, asked Judge Jones to delay enforcement of his decision until the direct confrontation between the special prosecutor and President Nixon over production of the secret Watergate tapes was resolved in the courts. Judge Jones assented to this delay. But in the meantime Dobrovir has wrung from the White House an admission of the probable existence of a tape recording of a meeting between President Nixon and other officials on this subject on March 23, 1971—that is, the same day he had met with leaders of the dairy industry, and just before the milk price-support decision in favor of the industry was made. Upon obtaining this concession, Dobrovir filed a motion on September 18th seeking the immediate production of this tape, along with other White House materials. Whether or not he will get them probably depends on what the Supreme Court orders in connection with the Watergate tapes, and also on whether President Nixon will accept as "definitive" any Supreme Court order to surrender the tapes.

Another set of lawsuits by Nader that involves the conduct of the Nixon Administration came about as a result of Reuben Robertson's investigation of the acquisition of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company by International Telephone & Telegraph. Robertson began looking into this in March, 1970, at the suggestion of Nader, who was no admirer of I.T.T.'s headlong acquisition policies. In 1966, when I.T.T. was on the verge of acquiring the American Broadcasting Company,

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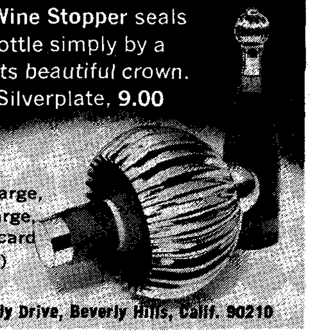

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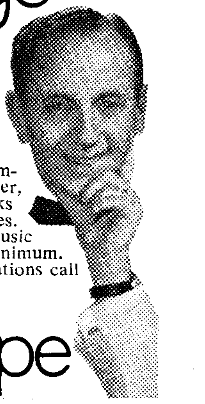

THE Stanhope
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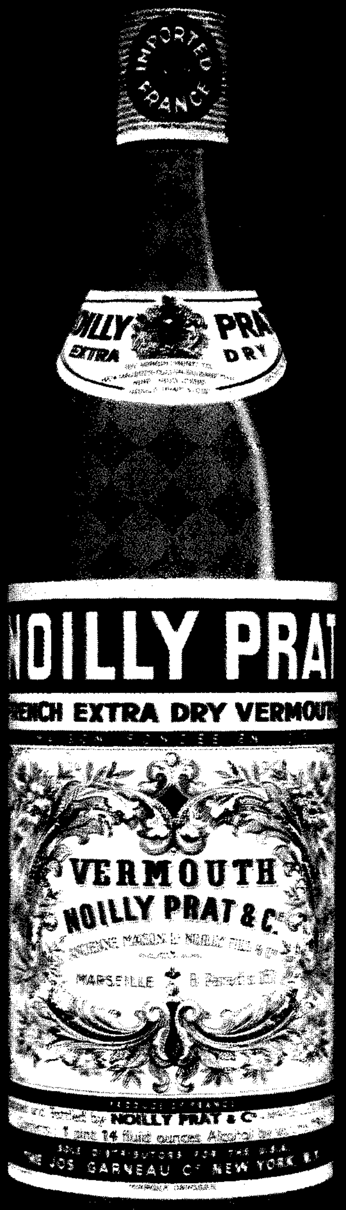
34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.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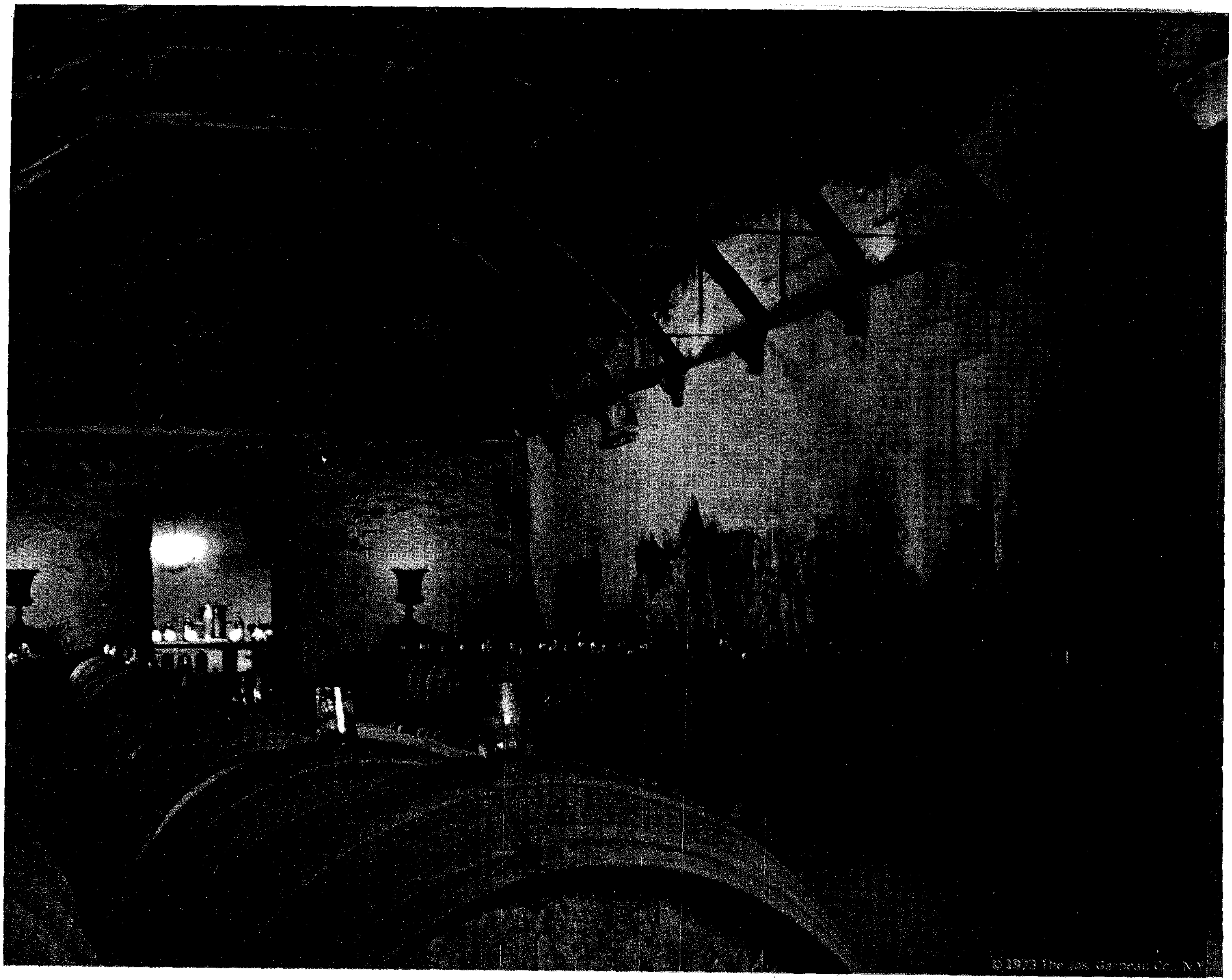

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How the war was lost but the wine was won

Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.

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Most of the Cruse wines, including the superb Chateau D'Issan, are available in America.

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Nader had opposed the takeover as posing imminent danger to the public welfare. He thoroughly briefed Nicholas Johnson, the activist F.C.C. commissioner, on his concept of this danger, and Johnson and two other commissioners dissented from the F.C.C. merger approval so vehemently that the Justice Department attacked the F.C.C. approval in federal court, and this merger was finally dropped under the attack. Now Nader told Robertson he had been informed by William Cotter, the insurance commissioner for the State of Connecticut, who in the winter of 1969 had disapproved an earlier application for the I.T.T.-Hartford Fire merger, that he was under tremendous pressure by I.T.T. and allied commercial interests to allow the merger to go through. After looking into some of the circumstances, Robertson concluded that it would be highly inappropriate for the I.T.T. conglomerate, which was in need of liquid capital, to get its hands on a theretofore financially conservative company such as Hartford Fire, because, he reasoned, I.T.T., by availing itself of the huge borrowing power that Hartford's careful management had built up, could put at risk Hartford Fire's fiduciary responsibilities to its policyholders. He made his conclusions available to Cotter in a series of letters and formal briefs.

When, in May, 1970, Cotter reversed his position and approved the takeover after all, Robertson redoubled his investigative efforts, and one result was a civil action by Nader and Robertson against Cotter in Connecticut Superior Court, in which the two men charged I.T.T. with inadequate disclosure and outright concealment of its real intentions when it applied for permission to have the merger take place. They also charged I.T.T. with serious improprieties in its conduct. The suit was rejected, but it is still under appeal to the Connecticut Supreme Court.

Undaunted, Nader and Robertson persisted on a federal level, where, it was evident to them, the full political force of I.T.T. had been brought to bear to sustain the merger. In September, 1971, after the Department of Justice—which earlier had strongly opposed the I.T.T.-Hartford Fire merger—reversed its position and allowed the merger, Robertson, in behalf of Nader and himself and Beverly C. Moore, Jr., submitted a set of objections to the settlement of the case to Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who was in charge of it. In a covering letter, Robertson specifically asked Kleindienst to explain "the relationship between this settlement and

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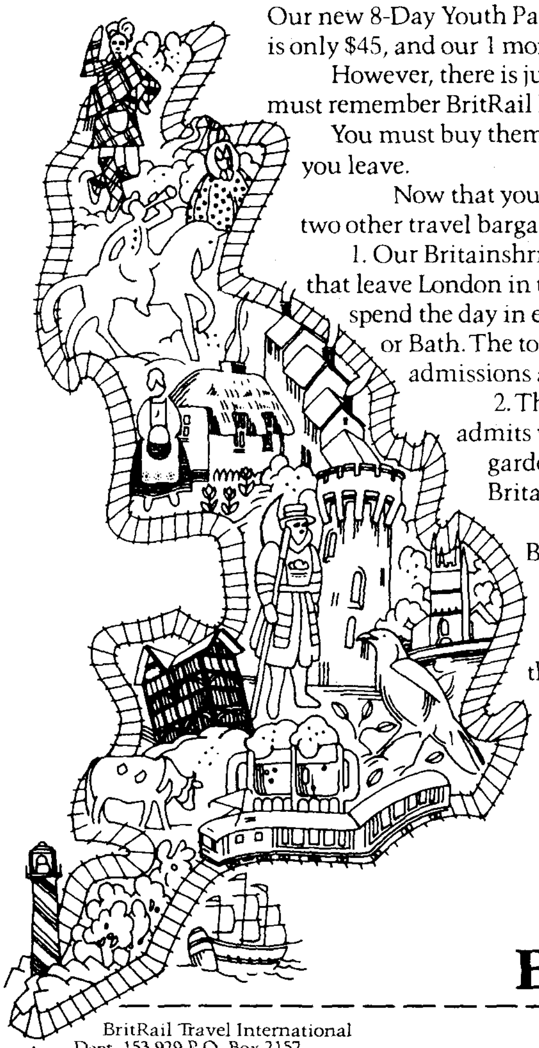

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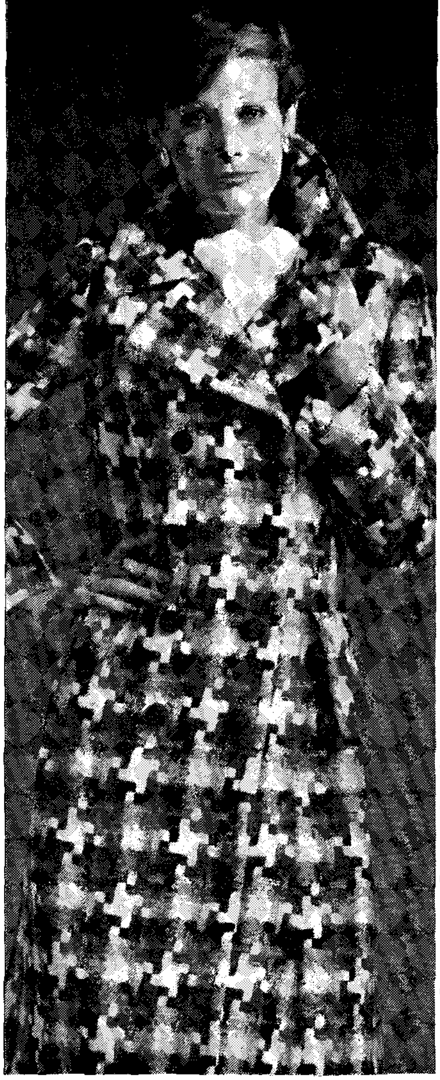

*Higher in the West.

I.T.T.'s reported financial support to the City of San Diego in connection with the site of the Republican Convention in 1972." This question anticipated by some five months the revelation of a connection between Republican campaign financing and I.T.T. as disclosed in the famous Dita Beard memorandum made public by the columnist Jack Anderson on February 29, 1972. After the publication of that memorandum (which was largely responsible for precipitating a Senate Judiciary Committee rehearing on the confirmation of Kleindienst as Attorney General), Nader and Robertson went into federal court in Hartford to make further legal representations against the I.T.T.-Hartford Fire merger. As it happened, they had been in that particular federal court before; back in September, 1971, Judge M. Joseph Blumenfeld had approved the I.T.T. anti-trust settlement over an objecting brief presented by Nader and Robertson. Now, in May, 1972, they formally asked Judge Blumenfeld to intervene in the case on behalf of affected consumers, and they asked the court to reconsider its approval of the settlement and to undertake a new inquiry into possible improprieties in connection with it. The court rejected their attempt to intervene, upon which Nader and Robertson appealed this decision to the United States Supreme Court, which ruled against them. For all these legal rebuffs, Nader and Robertson's efforts concerning I.T.T. do not appear to have been altogether in vain: the matter is now under investigation by Special Prosecutor Cox and a federal grand jury.

AMONG the citizens whose rights Nader has been interested in obtaining better representation for are elderly people, and part of the Public Citizen organization consists of a Retired Professional Action Group. Nader believes that elderly people in this country are subjected to gross abuses by commercial power and that they have an extraordinary potential for taking action themselves against many of these abuses but their talents for doing so have hardly been tapped. The Retired Professional Action Group, run by a young woman named Elma Griesel, has so far attracted the full-time or part-time services of twenty older professional people, including attorneys, social workers, Foreign Service officers, and accountants, who have been researching such subjects affecting the elderly as the hearing-aid industry, state laws concerning land sales, housing for the aged, nursing homes, and age discrimi-

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nation in employment. At the time I visited her, Miss Griesel and her associates had been at work on an extensive investigation of the hearing-aid industry. The results of this investigation (a summary has just been released to the press) are to be published soon as a three-hundred-page book called "Paying Through the Ear." The study, which contains the findings of an F.T.C. investigation of the subject, has concluded, among other things, that the hearing-aid industry is virtually unregulated and is heavily engaged in price-fixing and other improper practices; that people with hearing disabilities are being served poorly, often by untrained "experts," and are often sold equipment that they do not need; that the prices charged for hearing aids are exorbitant; and that federal and state remedial legislation to regulate this industry is urgently required. One point that Nader keeps emphasizing is that the elderly are particular targets of abuses in the contractual area—one in which even people in the prime of life have trouble enough keeping track of their rights.

WHEN I was accompanying Nader on one of his journeys recently, he talked about the citizen's right of contract and what has been happening to it in our industrialized society. "When I was at Harvard Law School, we students were always being told about the dictum of the English legal historian Sir Henry Maine, which went something like this—that the measure of the progress of societies could be seen in the progress of citizens from status to contract," he said. "In other words, you moved from a stage in which it was your status—as a serf, vassal, or lord—that determined your rights to the stage of contract, in which you achieved a more independent and bilateral determination of your rights. And law schools teach contract as though contract were something that people bargained about. In reality, the only bargaining over contracts by people in this country, by and large, is done in the farmers' market, in relations between corporations, or in union negotiations. The vast majority of contracts that the ordinary citizen enters into and signs are on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Go through them one after another: transportation, insurance, homeowning, loans, automobile sales. It's take it or leave it, every time. In other words, the citizen has regressed from contract to status. The bargaining status of the average consumer is on its way back to the bargaining posture of the serf. The manu-

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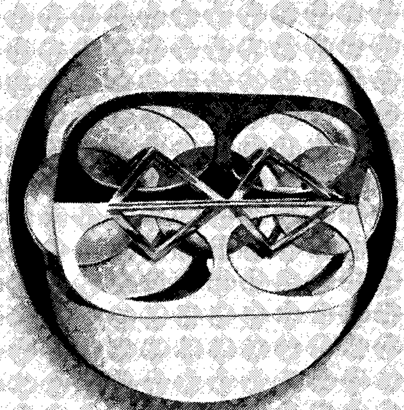
From the start, Gübelin's idea was not merely to offer the finest jewels and the finest watches—hence the company's own gemological laboratory and watch factory—, but to use them in creating the finest pieces of jewelry.

It seems to have worked, or Gübelin would not have repeatedly taken the Diamonds-International Award for its creations. Nor would it have attracted ladies who can afford to make fashion with avant-garde designs.

What could be more irresistible than a lovely woman with beautiful jewelry? Nothing, unless perhaps the man who gives it to her.



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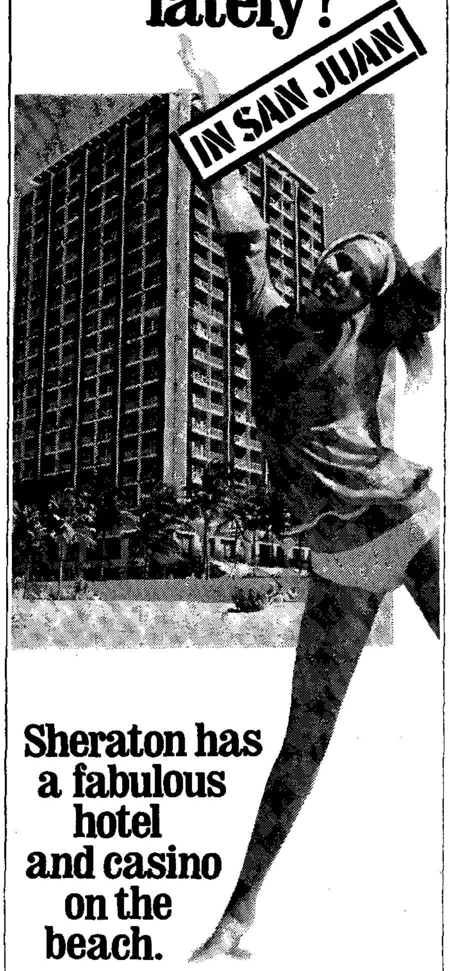

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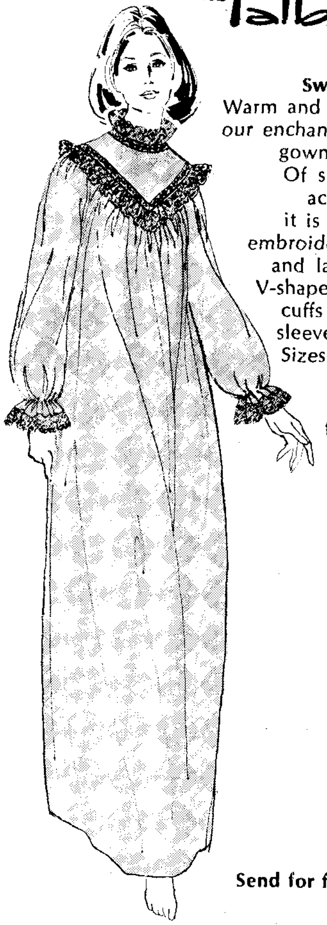
facturer is the lord, and the marketplace is the manor. As the market becomes more specialized, the citizen has less time and requires greater expertise to evaluate goods or services being offered. He's dealing with cars that have fifteen thousand parts, pharmaceutical products he knows very little about; he's up against esoteric loan transactions, the fine print of insurance policies. And the lawyer, the doctor, the dentist, the accountant—they often have a minimum-fee structure, and again for the citizen it's a case of take it or leave it. Over the years, the whole technological society has been contributing increasingly to the imbalance in the relation between buyer and seller. And this increasing imbalance hasn't merely taken the form of the accumulation of minor cheating episodes by the sellers or the accumulation of avoidable injuries. We are now confronted with technologies that in their aggregate are capable of destroying whole systems—nuclear power, say, or computer technology that can develop thought control. Should we wait until such things are fully developed? Or should we take our cue from the imbalances that have been building up on a smaller scale during the past quarter of a century? Because these imbalances are symptoms of much larger potential imbalances in assertiveness between the producer and the citizen. So it's essential for the citizen to recognize and assert his right to contract. Right now, he can go to his local automobile dealer and say, 'I want to buy a car—here are my contract terms.' And he can put down on the dealer's desk a mimeographed sheet which is just that. The Center for Auto Safety has put out a model of such a form for consumers. Why not do the same with a dentist? I know a person who moved to another city and got himself a new dentist by telling him, 'This is the kind of relationship I want with you. I will pay you promptly for services rendered. Here is a list of the services I want.' "

"Have you suggested such an arrangement to your own dentist?" I asked Nader.

"Yes," Nader said. "I see that I get an itemized bill from my dentist. I know what kinds of materials he uses when he works on my teeth. I know whether he uses mercury or other materials in his fillings. I want to know all that, and he tells me. I want to know the accumulated amount of radiation I'm exposed to each year in his office—the total number of rems I've received. And he gives me the total. It's a perfectly legitimate thing."

The attempt to redress impairments

The Talbots



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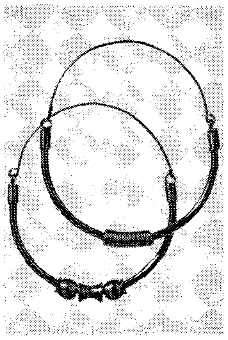

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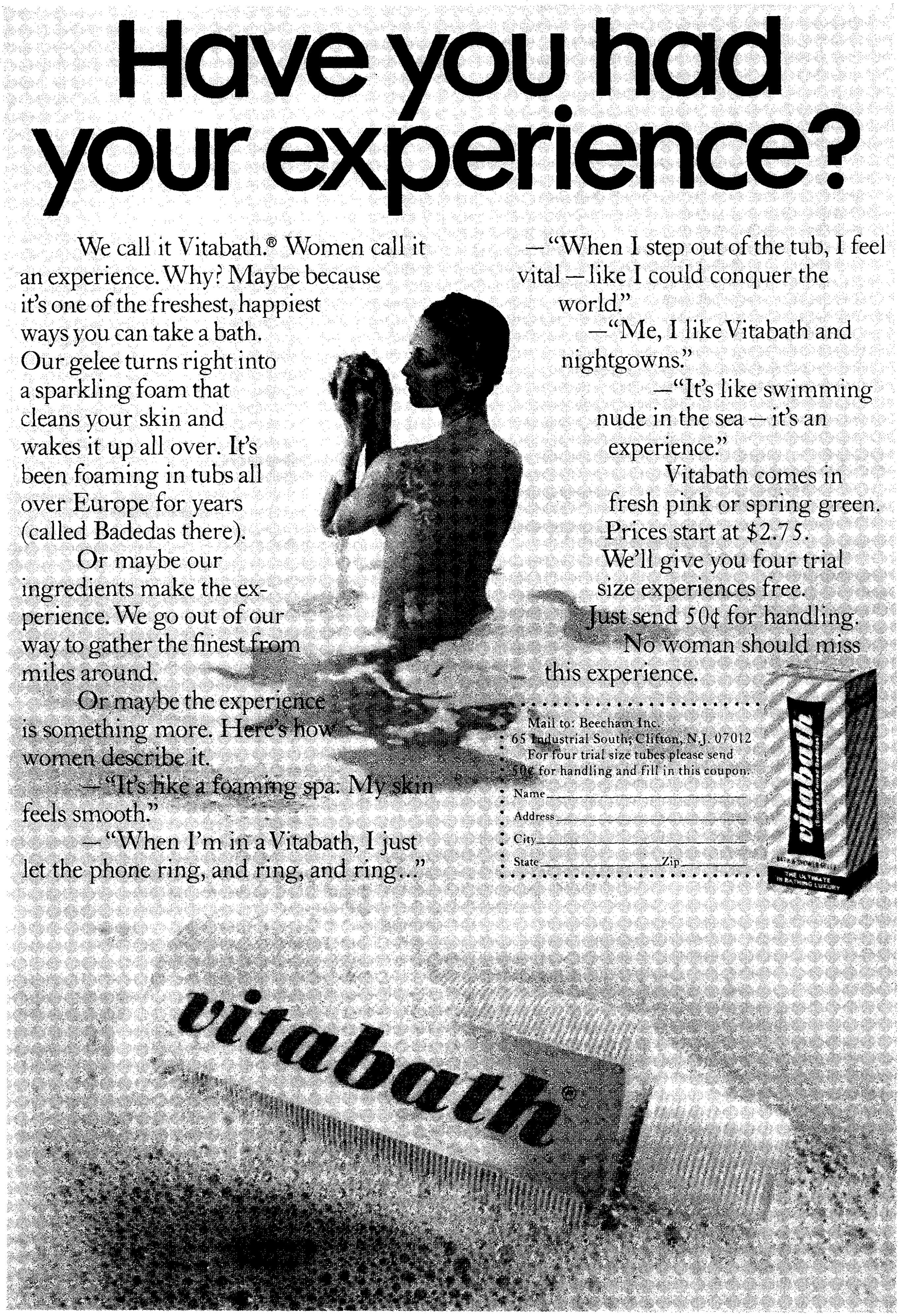

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–Quoted by Plutarch, AD 46-120

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in the individual's sense of possessing true rights of contract is a theme of most of Nader's projects. One of the recent tasks of the Retired Professional Action Group, for example, has been to draw up a model contract for nursing-home patients in which the patient's rights and obligations are clearly set forth, as are the services to be provided, and the refunds that will be made to the patient in the event that these services fall below specified standards. The theme is also apparent in the labors of Andrew Spanogle, a law professor at the University of Maine, who worked closely with Nader in the preparation of staff guidelines for the Fair Credit Reporting Act, and who was able to expose what he and Nader agreed were a number of hidden traps in home-mortgage forms required by the Federal National Mortgage Association (Fannie Mae) and the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation. (The first proposed mortgage forms, according to Professor Spanogle, had been drawn up by the Fannie Mae staff and submitted for suggestions to people almost all of whom represented the mortgage-banking and loan-association businesses. They cannily threw in such requirements as compulsory payment of property-tax installments into accounts at the lending institutions, which thus were given the advantage of possessing a huge float on these funds and were actually *prohibited* in the mortgage form from paying the interest on those funds back to the homeowners.) The theme is exemplified again in the recent book "You and Your Pension," by Nader and Kate Blackwell, in which the authors make it clear that nearly half of the thirty-four million people who expect to benefit from private pension plans they have been paying into will be bitterly disappointed, because of an incredible variety of legal strings attached to the agreement to pay as the pension plans seem to promise. And the theme is exemplified yet again in the work of the Tax Reform Research Group, within the Public Citizen organization, which has tried to analyze systematically certain basic inequities in the property-tax laws, which have the effect of discriminating against less affluent citizens and granting preferential treatment to large corporations.

ONE day just after Nader had made some of these points in a lecture before still another college group, he and I were en route by car to still another airport. The car was an Audi, with a college instructor at the wheel, and as we rode along Nader pointed out to me that the seat belts in the Audi were of a type known as the inertia reel, in which the strap gives with the normal movements of the wearer but grips and remains tight when the car makes a sudden stop. "An invention first made available years ago, and ignored by auto-makers until recently," Nader concluded.

The weather on the journey was rainy, foggy, and cold. Along the highway, Nader gazed out at a desolate Midwest farmstead shrouded in mist. "Hea-th-cliff!" he cried into the rain as the Audi swept along.

A little later, the instructor said, "Mr. Nader, what would you say is the safest car on the road today?"

It is a question that Nader has to deal with often. "Well, at this particular time, let's hope it is the Audi," he remarked laconically, looking out at the wet road.

Later, a river was mistily visible to the right. Its banks were strewn with trash and its waters obviously polluted. "Just think of what that must have been like a hundred years ago," Nader said. "What a beautiful river it must have been! Can you imagine floating down that river in a canoe on a warm summer's day? It wouldn't seem so big that you wouldn't feel it was your own, or so small that you wouldn't bring a sense of wonder to it." A pause. A groan. Then, "Oh, what we've done!"

The instructor said, "I went boating here last year. It was so bad there was a green layer of slime."

The car drove on for more miles. The instructor spoke up, rather diffidently. "Mr. Nader," he said, as he produced a piece of paper, "there's something I'd like. Your autograph."

"No, that's something I don't do," Nader said, rather wearily. "Although I appreciate the gesture. I've never liked the custom. The most disconcerting thing is, after you've finished talking and making your points before an audience people come up and instead of saying, 'Yes! How can we set up some programs here?' they say, 'Can I have your autograph?' See what I mean? It's just not what I'm trying to encourage." —THOMAS WHITESIDE

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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Two packages of magazines valued at $4 each were discovered stolen from the partial post room of Cedar Brooks Apartments.—*State College (Pa.) Centre Times.*

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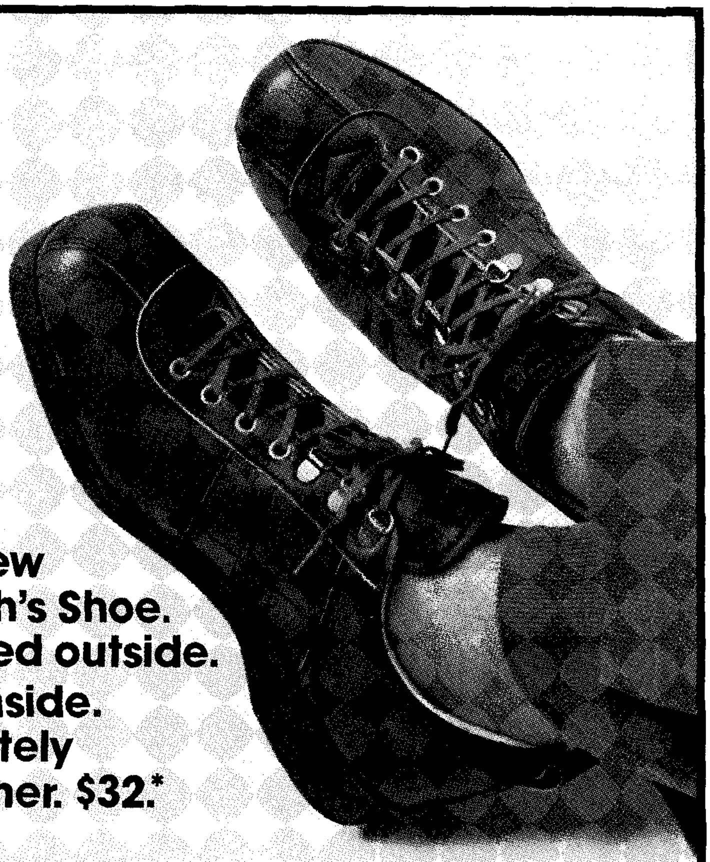

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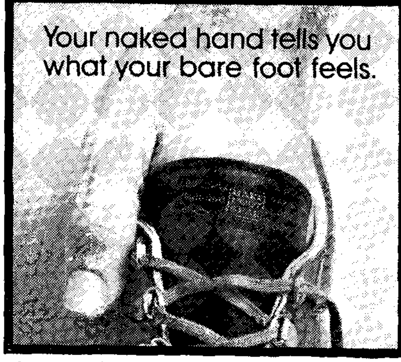

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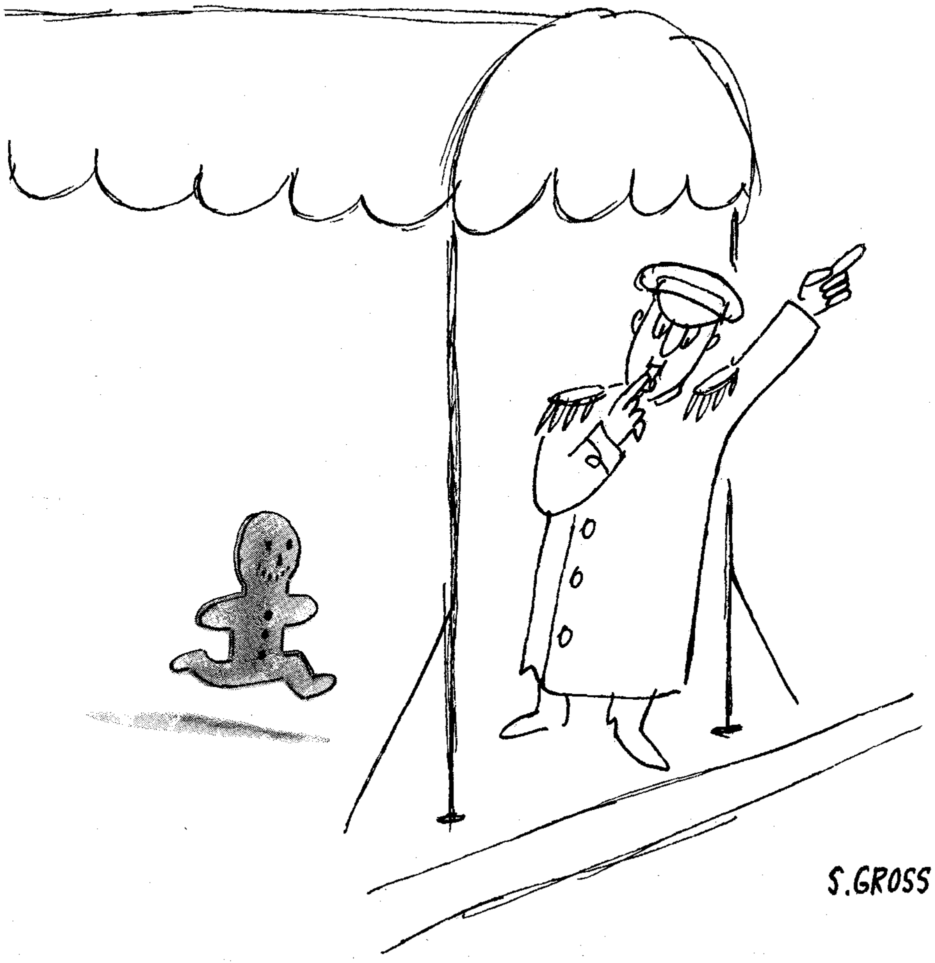
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

WITH the exception of two of the principals, Paul Sparer and Marilyn Chris, the actors in the Off Off Broadway production of Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea," which the New Repertory Company is presenting at the Gotham Art, are comparative beginners, and, as is so often true of beginners, their fidelity to the play and the playwright is total. But, as is also so often true, the collateral to this fidelity is that every theme, every idea is spelled out for the audience, while the characterizations are skimped—and it is, of course, Ibsen's characters, in all their complexity, that are enduring. The vitality is in the characters, and how interesting it is that the dramatist, the great innovator, passes no moral judgment on them. (That, by the way, may be his most important bequest to Bernard Shaw.) It is in "The Lady from the Sea" that we first meet Hilda Wangel, as a girl of about sixteen, I guess, full of deviltry and mischief and feeling, and, knowing the woman she will become in "The Master Builder," we watch with fascination as she persuades an innocent, somewhat smitten young sculptor who is dying of tuberculosis to go mountain climbing with her and take her dancing. Under Robert Kalfin's direction, Marion McCorry does quite well as Hilda, and so does Philip Himberg as the poor, silly sculptor. What almost blights the show is the disastrous, soggy performance of Miss Chris, who could not be more miscast as the restless, elusive, spellbound (and spellbinding) Ellida Wangel, the "beached mermaid," separated by her marriage from the sea she needs, and separated, too, from her former lover, whom she has believed dead but who, she finds out in one of those awful Ibsenesque coincidences, is still alive. Paul Sparer is very good (his is the only real performance of the evening) as Dr. Wangel, the middle-aged widower who has taken Ellida as his second wife and is forced, when the lover reappears, to set her free in order to keep her. Although much of the play goes unplayed in this production, a lot of its mystery and charm and wonder are at least indicated. The New Repertory Company leaves us in no doubt that "The Lady from the Sea" was worth doing.



THE setting for "Nellie Toole & Co.," at Theatre Four, is a bar off Second Avenue. Most of the action, such as it is, consists of foolish, campy games that eventually turn melodramatic. The chief participants are a raucous, hard-bitten, guilt-ridden advertising woman, wearing Belgian shoes and Norwegian furs, and a rather shiftless middle-aged man who has answered a want ad in the *Times*, and whom she hires to impersonate a former colleague of hers at an advertising agency. Some years before, it seems, she stole an idea of the colleague's and later, perhaps, murdered him and her sister—or perhaps not. At any rate, the games appear to be a way of purging her soul of remorse, and when the impersonator tells her off, near the end, that appears to be a way of purging the dramatist's soul of bitterness about advertising women. All in all, a miserable evening, with the usual dog-eared routines about old movies and the usual Bogey jokes. (Humphrey Bogart was a good actor who died in 1957, and by now the frisky clique has got enough mileage out of him.) It should be said that the author, Peter Keveson, writes pretty well line by line; it is what he writes that is so annoying. Sylvia Miles plays Nellie Toole, sort of, with one eye on the grandstand, and Stefan Gierasch does what can be done with the role of her roped-in partner. Vincent Baggetta and Lou Tiano, as piano player and bartender, assist in the games.

LAST Tuesday, on the eve of George Gershwin's birthday, a droopy show called "Sisters of Mercy: A Musical Journey Into the Words of Leonard Cohen" opened at the de Lys. The words of Leonard Cohen, a Montreal bard, are sexy, soothing, and banal, and, as far as I could judge, entirely devoted to the theme of How I Feel. The music, by Mr. Cohen and Zizi Mueller, who was also responsible for the musical direction, sounds pleasant enough, though hardly original or spirited. The songs are well sung by Nicolas Surovy, as the poet, and by Emily Bindiger, Gale Garnett, Pamela Paluzzi, Rosemary Radcliffe, and Michael Calkins. The staging (from bed to couch to rocking chair) was by Gene Lesser. —EDITH OLIVER

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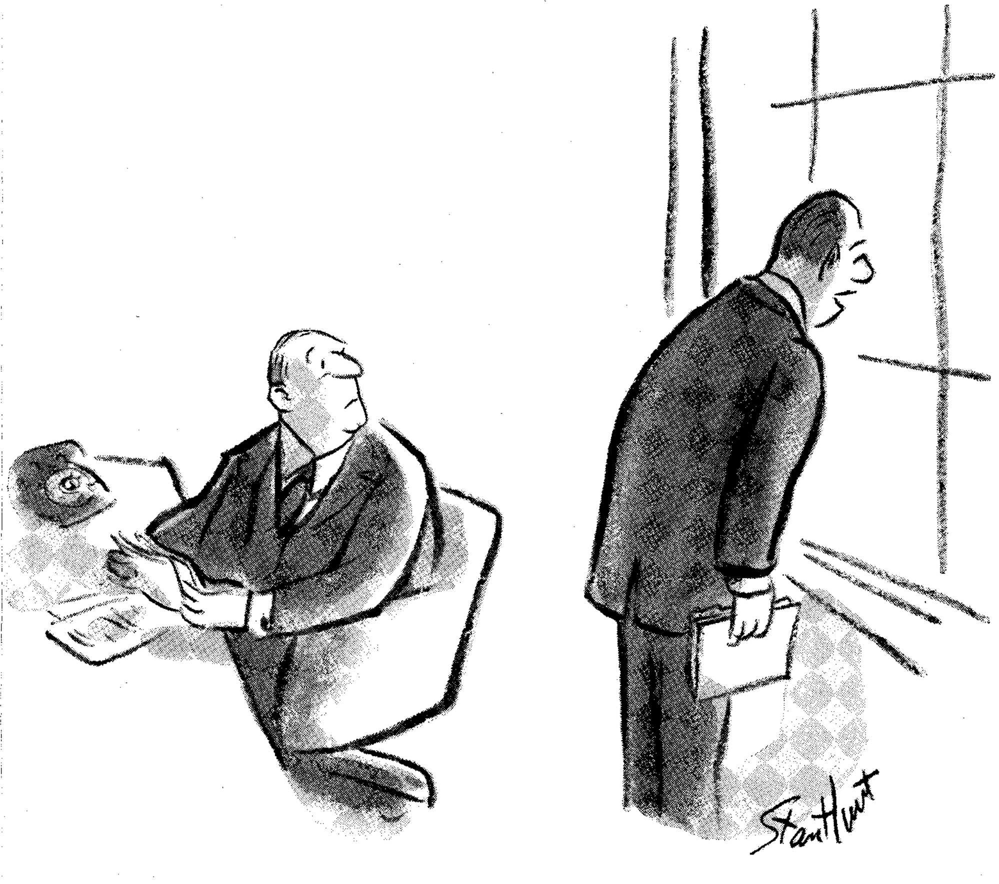
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

NO other game can quite compare with tennis when it comes to the constant bickering and strife, not to mention the exalted vendettas, that have marked its passage down through the decades. This being the case, it is most appropriate that 1973, the centennial of the invention of tennis, has been filled with some fine first-class rifts and rancor, such as Ilie Nastase's feud with the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and Bobby Riggs' feud with women tennis players in general. The most significant incident, of course, was the one that revolved around Nikki Pilic, the veteran Yugoslavian player, and resulted in, among other things, the second straight summer in which the major stars of men's tennis did not appear in the Wimbledon Championships. (Last year, as you may remember, all players who were under contract to Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis were barred from Wimbledon by order of the International Lawn Tennis Federation.)

L'Affaire Pilic, to simplify an exceedingly complicated business, was touched off by the decision of the Yugoslavian Tennis Association to suspend Pilic for nine months because of his failure to represent his country in a Davis Cup match with New Zealand in May, after he had earlier indicated that he would try to do so if certain things could be worked out. (New Zealand, by the way, won that match, 3–1.) The I.L.T.F., under the leadership of its frequently overzealous president, Allan Heyman, of Denmark, then got into the act: it suspended Pilic for one month—until the first of July, when Wimbledon would be entering its second, and climactic, week. In response to this move, the Association of Tennis Professionals, which was founded only last year and was facing its first serious test, voted to support Pilic, a member in good standing, by boycotting Wimbledon. Over seventy members of the A.T.P. carried through on this, and only three did not: Nastase, of Rumania; Ray Keldie, of Australia; and Roger Taylor, of England. According to the British tennis writers who were closest to this intricate case, Pilic, after first giving a qualified assent to the Yugoslavian Tennis Association's request that he play against New Zealand, had informed the association belatedly that other things had come up (such as the rich Alan King Tennis Classic in Las Vegas) and that he would probably not be able to make it after all. While Pilic should have made his intentions clear beyond any misunderstanding, and done so a lot sooner, the whole altercation might have blown over if the president of the Yugoslavian Tennis Association had not happened to be one General Dusan Korač, an uncle of Pilic's wife. The General took Pilic's absence as a personal affront, banned him for the rest of the year, and, in doing so, gave the I.L.T.F. the excuse it needed to swing into action. My sympathies, I might add, have from the beginning been with the A.T.P., and its contention that a player has a perfect right to turn down an invitation to represent his country in Davis Cup competition—the same right that he has to turn down an invitation to a tournament in which he represents only himself.

Contretemps of this order, as I say, have plagued tennis since its earliest years—the mottled legacy of the game's creator, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, who must surely rank among the most colorful and controversial figures in the history of sport. A cavalry officer in Victorian England, Wingfield was a scion of an ancient and prominent family whose ancestral seat, a castle in Suffolk near the Norfolk border, is said to have been erected in 1362, though there are those who contend that it antedated the coming of William the Conqueror. A good many of the Major's forebears had distinguished themselves as soldiers and diplomats. For example, Sir Richard Wingfield was Marshal of Calais in 1511, and later, as the Ambassador to the Court of France, was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Beginning in 1521, Sir Robert Wingfield served as Ambassador to the Court of Charles V. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Sir Humphrey Wingfield put in a stint as Speaker of the House of Commons, and Anthony Wingfield, a kind of maverick, was a reader in Greek to Queen Elizabeth I. However, by the early eighteen-sixties, when Major Wingfield returned home from China, where he had commanded a cavalry troop, the family had long since lost most of its eminence and wealth. Wingfield Castle, no longer inhabited, was fast becoming a ruin, the outline of its towers obliterated by a rank growth of vines, the drawbridge across its moat rusted and broken. Major Wingfield, who was assigned after his China command to the Montgomery Yeomanry, a



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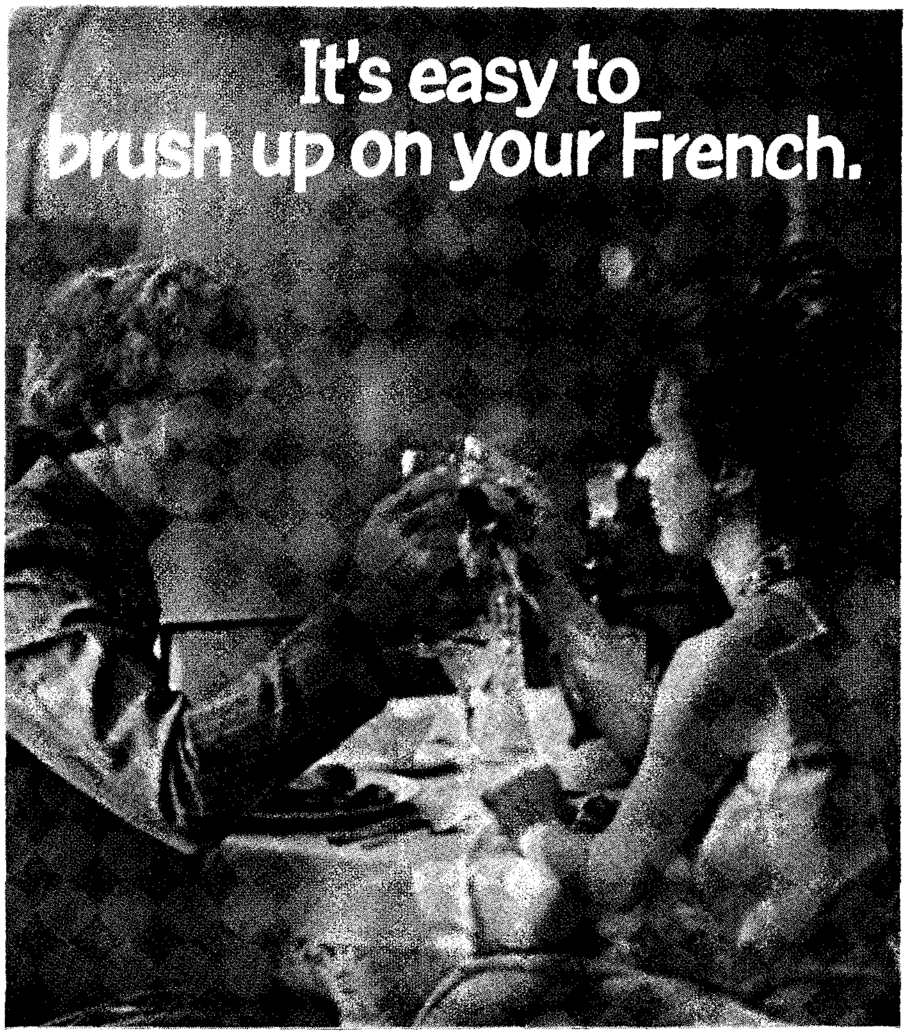
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Welsh outfit, had enough money to get by on, but a few extra pounds would not have hurt, and he began to ponder how he might go about acquiring them. A tall, athletic young-middle-aged man with a handsome face framed by a full beard, he got around a good deal socially, and one of the things he noticed about the Britain he had returned to was how mad everyone was for sport. Organized cricket, soccer, Rugby, and rowing had become enormously more popular, but the rise of team sports wasn't the particular development that caught the Major's shrewd eye. What did was a new facet of the cult of games—the games that ladies and gentlemen played together on weekends on the wide, well-kept lawns of the fashionable country houses. Croquet, the oldest of these games, remained the leader, but it was obvious that many of its practitioners, including the females, were finding it too tepid. A good many of them had already switched to badminton, an Indian game, originally called Poona, that was imported in the early eighteen-seventies by some British Army officers and renamed after the country seat of the Duke of Beaufort, where the first important demonstration of the game had taken place. The trouble with badminton was that it required an absolutely breezeless day; otherwise there was no controlling the shuttlecock. Wingfield was certain that the national passion for sport would keep on growing, and it struck him that a small fortune, along with a substantial renown any man would be pleased to have, awaited the person who could devise a really fascinating lawn game. He began to think along those lines himself.

Wingfield had the background for it. In his youth, he had played the various forms of handball and just about all the racket games. (According to Edward C. Potter, Jr., in his book "Kings of the Court," there had been a court-tennis court in Wingfield Castle. Moreover, as Potter brought out, among the people who had supposedly made use of it was Charles d'Orléans, a grandson of the King of France, who had been captured at Agincourt by the English and consigned to Wingfield Castle during part of his long captivity.) In any event, in 1873, after considerable deliberation, the Major came up with a game that combined certain features of these earlier games—the net came from badminton, the ball from Eton fives (a form of handball), the method of scoring from hard rackets, and so on. (Until special rackets were manufactured, the player was free to use the racket from his favorite game.) Wingfield called his amalgam Sphairistikè, or Lawn Tennis—"Sphairistikè" because he had heard that there was an ancient Greek game of that name, and "Lawn Tennis" because it seemed a natural spinoff from "court tennis," and thus suggested a game that was both old and aristocratic. (As Potter has pointed out, "Wingfield had little idea how Sphairistikè was played but . . . he could be sure that even antiquarians had forgotten its rules.") Another advantage gained by calling his game Sphairistikè was that it emphasized its originality, and this, Wingfield felt, would greatly increase his chances of obtaining a patent for it. That was crucial—a patent. Once he had it, he would be able to manufacture and sell sets of his game and, he hoped, reap a small fortune. His concern about gaining a patent also prompted several of the new wrinkles he had introduced into his game, such as decreeing that the court not be rectangular but shaped somewhat like an hourglass—thirty feet wide across the baselines and only twenty-four feet wide at the net. In December, 1873, Wingfield tried out the game with a group of young people who were members of a houseparty at Nantclwyd Hall, the country estate, in Denbighshire, Wales, of the family of a good friend of his, Thomas Naylor-Leyland. Apparently, the game was a big success. There is no record of what the weather was like at Nantclwyd Hall during that stretch, but even if it had been freezing cold, the Major would have been undaunted, for he maintained that there was no reason Sphairistikè could not be played as pleasurably on ice as on grass.

On February 23, 1874, Major Wingfield was awarded a preliminary patent for his game, and the patent was confirmed five months later. The moment he received word in February that the patent office had registered his application for "A New and Improved Portable Court for Playing the Ancient Game of Tennis" (in his presentation the Major had heavily emphasized that tennis in its earlier forms had always been an indoor amusement), he arranged for sets to be manufactured and for the Messrs. French & Company, of 46 Churton Street, Pimlico, to act as his exclusive sales agent. A set cost five guineas—a fairly substantial amount in those days. Encased in a wooden box thirty-six inches by twelve by six and bearing the label "Sphairistikè, or Lawn Tennis" on the cover, a set contained poles, pegs, a main net a little

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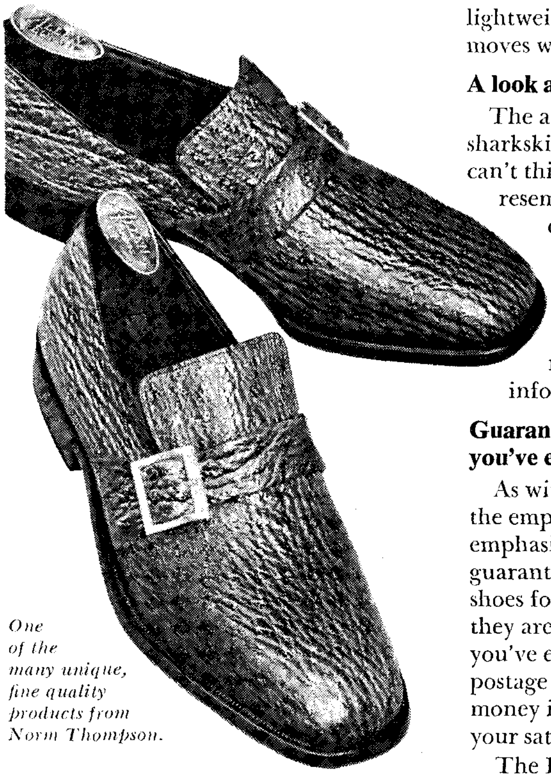

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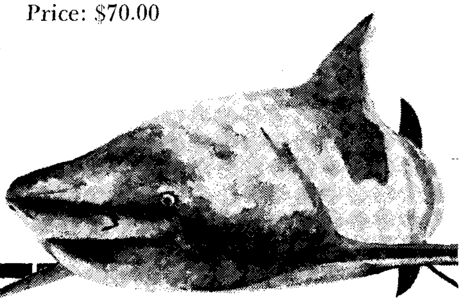

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over four and a half feet high, two small side nets (they adjoined the main net like wings), a mallet, a brush, a bag of balls, and four tennis rackets, made by Jefferies & Mallings, which were a sort of cross between the conventional hard-rackets racket and the conventional court-tennis racket. Wingfield left it up to his clients to supply their own colored cord, tape, or paint for lining the court, but he did throw in a slim pamphlet called "The Book of the Game," in which he set down the dimensions of the court and provided instructions for installing one in five minutes. The pamphlet also included a brief, if fuzzy, account of the game's history, along with an explanation of its scoring system and the rules of play. On the page facing the title page ("The Major's Game of Lawn Tennis, dedicated to the party assembled at Nantclwyd in December, 1873, by W.C.W.") were two interesting paragraphs. The one at the top went as follows:

> This game has been tefted practically at feveral Country Houfes during the paft few months, and has been found fo full of intereft and fo great a succefs, that it has been decided to bring it before the Public, being protected by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

There then appeared a facsimile of the royal coat of arms and, beneath it, a paragraph headed "Useful Hints":

> Hit your ball gently, and look well before ftriking, fo as to place it in the corner moft remote from your adverfary. A great deal of fide can be imparted to the ball by the proper touch, which, together with a nice appreciation of ftrength, adds much to the delicacy and fcience of the game.

The rest of the pamphlet similarly used the romantic, archaic "f" instead of the modern "s." The Major, Madison Avenue incarnate, never could stop selling.

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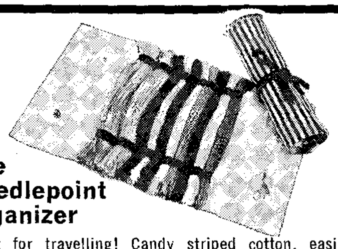

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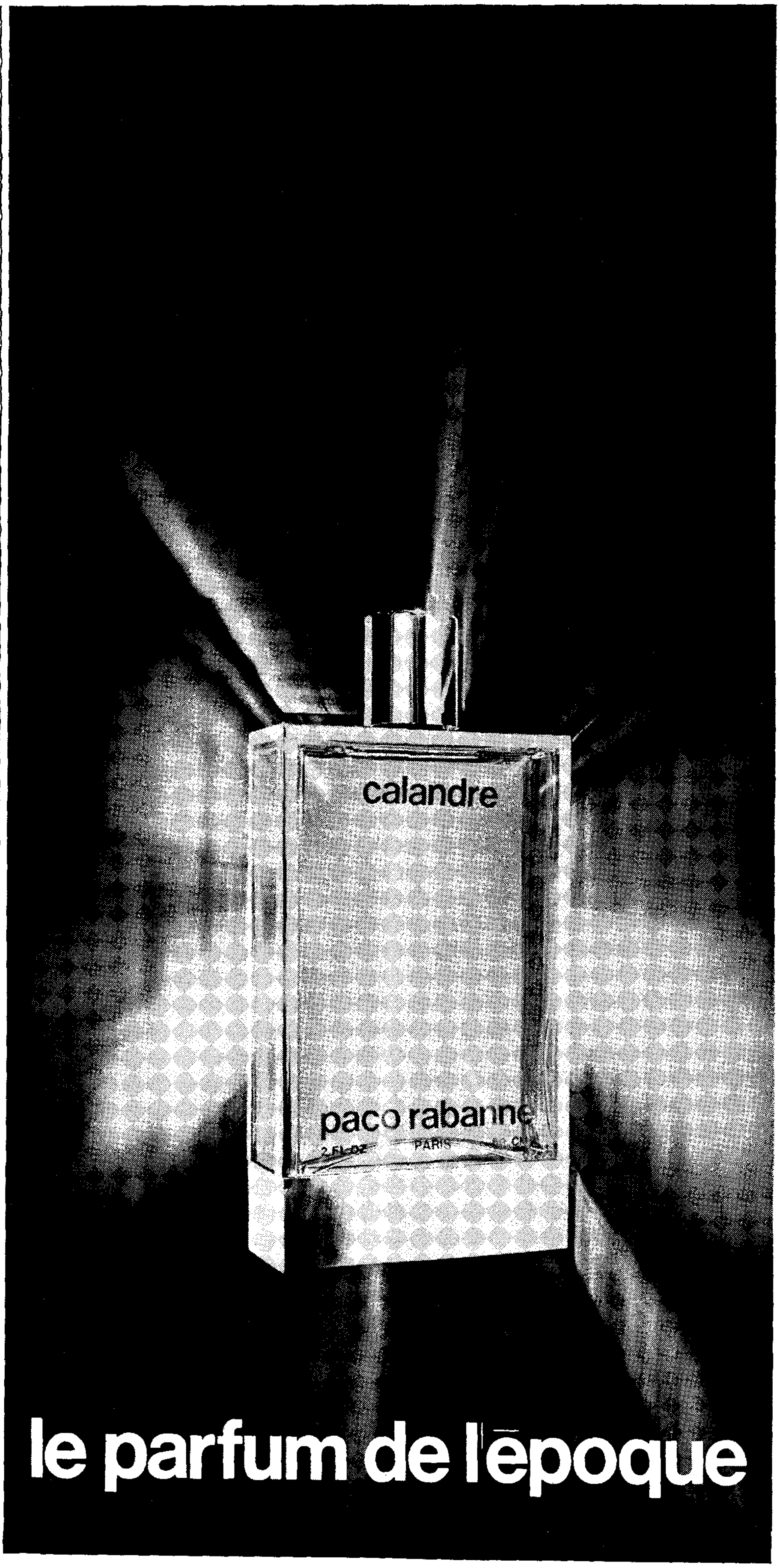
had passed, a third edition became necessary. At this time, bowing to mounting pressure, he gave up the name Sphairistiké. Thenceforward, the game would be known simply as lawn tennis. To Wingfield's deep gratification, the game had quickly gained many enthusiastic converts among the nobility. During the first year it was on the market, sets were bought by the Prince of Wales, the Crown Princess of Prussia, and Prince Louis of Hesse; by eight dukes, including the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Devonshire; by fourteen marquises, including the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Marquis of Exeter; by forty-nine earls, including the Earl of Cadogan, the Earl of Leicester, and the Earl of Salisbury; and by eight viscounts, including Viscount Halifax and Viscount Bangor.

For all its dazzling success, however, Wingfield's invention did not bring him the fortune he dreamed of, or anything like it. With the third edition, sales of the sets began to fall off drastically. One reason was that many of the people whom Wingfield had viewed as potential customers thought it foolish to lay out six guineas for the Major's equipment when they could make—or had already assembled—their own. Indeed, as a large number of them pointed out in irate letters to *The Field*, the leading periodical dealing with outdoor life, hard-rackets or court-tennis devotees in various sections of Britain had thought up and had been playing games very similar to the Major's long before he entered the picture. The dimensions of these other courts were somewhat different, of course, and so were many of the rules of play, but, essentially, these games were the same game as lawn tennis. Besides castigating Wingfield for his presumption in presenting his brainchild as a wholly original creation, the letter writers made it clear that they considered their own versions of tennis far superior to his. Other troubles lay ahead for Wingfield. For persons who did not have a spreading lawn of their own, an obvious site for a tennis court was the grounds of the local cricket club. By late 1874, the Marylebone Cricket Club, the governing body of the national game, was becoming a trifle worried over the inroads the fashionable new game was making. The fact that tennis players had appropriated the white shirt and white flannels of the cricketer as their own outfit was of no great importance, but lawn tennis had the look about it of a game that could cut deeply into cricket's vast popularity, and that *was* serious. The prudent



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course, the M.C.C. decided, was to step in and take over lawn tennis before the game became too big. The top men at the M.C.C. also had a few suggestions that they thought would make lawn tennis a much better game, such as lowering the net and adopting the method of scoring used in court tennis. On several occasions in 1875, a committee from the M.C.C. met with Wingfield to talk things over, but in the stormy sessions that inevitably resulted Wingfield stubbornly held his ground. Shortly after this, heavy pressure was exerted on him by another sports organization—the All England Croquet Club, which had been founded in 1868 in Wimbledon, on the southwestern edge of London. Commercially, croquet had fallen far short of the club's hopes for it, so in the mid-seventies the A.E.C.C. had, as an experiment, laid out a tennis court in one corner of the club property. As it turned out, the court was filled with players from morning to night. Obviously, the way to make money was to plunge into lawn tennis in a big way. Very much in the manner of the M.C.C., the A.E.C.C. was soon challenging Wingfield's right, patent or no patent, to run lawn tennis singlehanded, particularly since the game had already developed an alarming number of variations and seemed to be developing more. At length, late in 1875, his obstinacy worn down by months of slow sales and fast talk, Wingfield suddenly agreed to accept all the changes proposed by an M.C.C. committee, insisting only that the game be played on a court shaped like an hourglass. This peace treaty, however, turned out to be next to meaningless, because in 1877 control of the game was captured by the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club—note the change of name—which, under the leadership of three members who were both veteran administrators and ambitious ballgame intellectuals, announced not only that it would be holding a national lawn-tennis championship in July but that the event would be played on a rectangular court, under a new set of rules worked out by the club's high-powered troika. The M.C.C., after a session with the A.E.C. & L.T.C., gave in on every point.

Twenty-two men entered the first Wimbledon—the first lawn-tennis championship put on by the All England Club, in its bailiwick in that suburb. The winner was Spencer Gore, an old rackets player from Harrow, who was the one entrant who had the gumption and sense to come to net and

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volley his opponents' baseline drives. It is amazing how quickly the basic strokes and strategies of the modern game emerged. The second Wimbledon was won by another old Harrovian rackets star, P. F. Hadow, who was on holiday from Ceylon, where he was a coffee planter, and, happening to hear of the championship, thought he might give it a go. Hadow had the perfect answer to Gore's proclivity for rushing the net: every time Gore came racing in, Hadow lobbed the ball over his head. Hadow didn't defend his title, and in 1879 it went to the Reverend J. T. Hartley, of Yorkshire, who had been a court-tennis champion at Oxford. To Hartley's surprise, he had not been eliminated from the championship by the semifinal round on Saturday, so he caught the first train for Yorkshire, arrived home in time to deliver his Sunday sermon, caught a Sunday-afternoon train for London, and got back to Wimbledon in time to win the final on Monday. In 1880, with the appearance of its first great tennis heroes—the Renshaw twins, Willie and Ernest—Wimbledon became firmly established as a national institution. Ernest, who was born fifteen minutes after Willie, always deferred to his older (and slightly more talented) brother, a phenomenal player who won seven Wimbledon singles titles between 1881 and 1889, despite the first recorded case of "tennis elbow" and an assortment of other ailments. Ernest won one Wimbledon singles title, and together the Renshaws carried off the doubles seven times, the last time in 1889. Then bad health overtook them both and forced their retirement from competition. Ernest died in 1899, Willie a few years later.

As for Major Wingfield, he lived on until 1912, the last thirty-five years in almost total oblivion as far as tennis was concerned. (Wimbledon, after appropriating control of the game, had simply shunted the Major to one side.) When he finally died, at the age of seventy-eight, the obituary in the London *Times* dwelt on his military career, his ties with the famous old Suffolk family, some pamphlets he wrote late in life ("Bicycle Gymkhana" and "Musical Rides"), and a term he served as justice of the peace in Montgomeryshire. There was not a word about his being the inventor of the thriving international game of lawn tennis.

THIS spring, when I was in England during the second week of Wimbledon, I took a couple of days off from the tournament—since the men's

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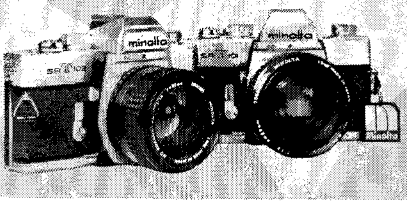

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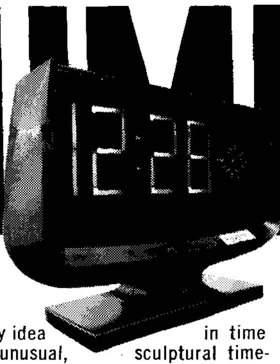

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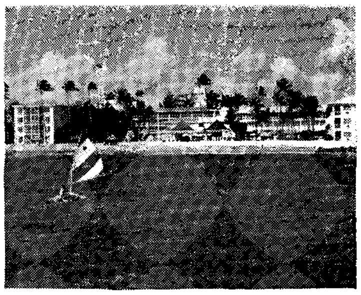

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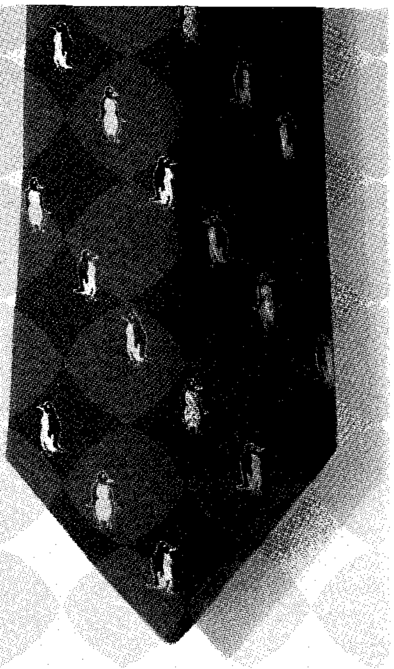
field had been depleted of most of its stars by L'Affaire Pilic, one could do this with no fear of missing "the match of the century"—in order to visit two locales that had played a vital part in the fascinating saga of Walter Clopton Wingfield: Wingfield Castle and Nantclwyd Hall. Through the assistance of Ann Allison, of the British Information Services in New York City, I had learned that Wingfield Castle was still in existence. Just what condition it was in, Miss Allison had not been able to tell me, and her information about the village of Wingfield was limited, too. All things considered, she felt that perhaps the best procedure for me, if I was serious about visiting the castle and the village in this the centennial year of lawn tennis, was to get in touch with the Reverend W. G. Muir, of Wingfield. I wrote to him immediately. Through Miss Allison's good services, I also got in touch with Nantclwyd Hall. At her suggestion, I wrote to the clerk of the Rural District Council in Ruthin, which is the village nearest to Nantclwyd. The clerk of the council passed my letter on to Major B. G. Rhodes, the representative of the trustees of the Nantclwyd Settlement, which administers the Nantclwyd estate, and Major Rhodes sent me a long, friendly letter in which he said that he had cleared the matter with the trustees of the Nantclwyd Settlement, and that it would be a pleasure to welcome a lawn-tennis pilgrim to the grounds on which Major Wingfield introduced his game to the world in 1873. "Although the original lawn-tennis court is not still in use, it is clearly identifiable," Major Rhodes wrote. He also explained that "Nantclwyd Hall . . . has been and remains the home of the Naylor-Leyland family since 1840," and that Major Wingfield's friend Thomas Naylor-Leyland was "the great-great-grandfather of the present baronet, Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland, who now lives in Nassau."

I decided to undertake the expedition to Wingfield first, because it was the more chancy of the two: I had received no answer from the Reverend Mr. Muir, and I would be descending on the village cold. To get to Wingfield, I took a train from London to Colchester, in Essex, and there hired a taxi to take me the remaining forty-odd miles. As we began our drive northeast across the deep green dales of Essex and Suffolk on a typical English summer's day, the dark-gray clouds in the wide sky occasionally pierced by bolts of brilliant sunshine, I noticed in talking with my driver, a cheerful



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middle-aged man, that he spoke with a slight European accent, and I asked him about it. He told me that his name was Tony, and that he was born in Italy and had been living in England since the war. "I was captured by the British at Benghazi," he added, breaking into a radiant smile. "Happiest day of my life!" It took us about an hour to get to Wingfield, which lies in an out-of-the-way part of East Anglia, about thirty miles by road from Bury St. Edmunds, about twenty-five from Lowestoft, and about twenty-five also from the local metropolis, Norwich. The area around Wingfield grows good wheat, oats, and barley, and also has a reputation for raising good pigs. The village now has a population of two hundred and twenty-nine, and just about all the farmhouses and other buildings are set along a narrow, winding paved road, which another narrow, winding paved road meets at a right angle. Wingfield's handsome old stone church lies two hundred yards down the second road. The side door to the church was open, and, entering, I asked the only person in sight, a well-dressed elderly lady, where I might find the Reverend Mr. Muir. I learned that he had left the village almost two years before and that his successor was currently on holiday. I then asked her about Wingfield Castle, fearful that I would learn that it had slipped into the moat and disappeared from sight. Here the news seemed definitely better. Not only was the castle standing but it had been meticulously restored by its present owner and resident, Baron Ash. That put a whole new complexion on things. The next step, obviously, was to speak with Baron Ash, if this was possible, and, at the lady's suggestion, I went into a small, bleak pub almost directly across the street from the church to see if I could reach him by telephone. I learned from the barmaid, who bore little resemblance in looks or manner to the enchanting breed that has been a staple of English films since the first camera handle was turned, that the pub had no phone but that I would find a phone box at the corner. "You won't get to see the Baron, I can promise you that," she added, with a rough little laugh. "I don't care what your business is. The Baron's not seeing anyone these days." And with this she broke into that unpleasant laugh again.

To my surprise and relief, there was a Norwich Area directory in the phone box. Not only that, but a number was listed for G. Baron Ash. (I should interject before proceeding any further that although everyone in Wingfield spoke of G. Baron Ash as either Baron Ash or the Baron, as if he were a nobleman, the way his name was listed in the phone book stirred some doubt in my mind on this point. Weeks later, on my return to New York, I learned that my doubt was warranted. Ash, evidently an extremely rich man, was considered important enough to be included in the British *Who's Who*, but he was by no means a peer of the realm. His first name was Graham, and Baron was simply his middle name. It could as easily have been Earl.) Be that as it may, Tony dialled the number for Wingfield Castle, and as he did, I studied the signpost at the intersection: Syleham 1½, Eye 7, Diss 9—to the west; Weybread 3½, Harleston 5¼—to the northeast; Stradbroke 2¾, Laxfield 7¾—to the southeast. We really were out in the middle of nowhere! Then the number Tony had dialled began ringing, and he handed me the phone. A deep-pitched, edgy voice at the other end said, "Yes?"

I asked to speak to Baron Ash.

"This is Baron Ash," came the reply. "Who are you and what do you want?" All this in a most peremptory tone.

I explained that 1973 marked the hundredth anniversary of the invention of lawn tennis by Major Wingfield, and asked if it might be possible to visit Wingfield Castle.

"No, you can't," Baron Ash answered, his voice rising to a roar. "That's absolutely out of the question. I have a right to my privacy. I'm eighty-three years old. Don't you think that at that age I have a right to my privacy?"

I said I certainly did.

"The last thing I want is publicity," he went on, dropping his voice to a more conversational pitch and speaking with less petulance. "Nevertheless, people are always bothering me. They drive right into the driveway, as if the castle were their home and not mine. It's a constant annoyance. It's twenty-five years since I bought the castle. I've loved rebuilding it. It's been my baby. But I'm not going to stand quietly by and let people I don't know invite themselves into my private grounds. This year, it's been far worse than ever before. People every day."

I said I wouldn't have guessed that the centenary of the birth of lawn tennis would lead so many people to seek out Wingfield Castle.

"Good heavens, man, tennis has nothing to do with it!" the Baron

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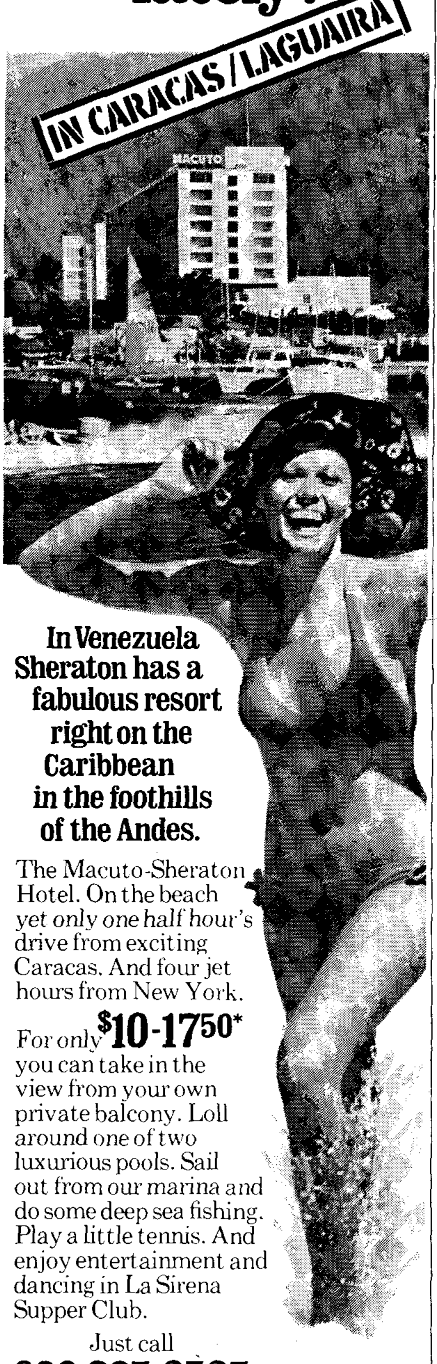
roared. "It's those blasted Wingfields. They're a very prolific family, spread all over, and they keep coming round to inspect the ancestral castle. Constant interruptions. This morning, there were five automobiles filled with people parked in front of my breakfast room while I was eating my breakfast."

I was properly sympathetic. I went on to say that I had heard that the Baron had done a superb job of restoring the castle. Then I said, "All I want to do is to take a very quick look around."

"Don't you understand me?" Baron Ash boomed out. "I don't want to be disturbed by you or anyone!" And with that he crashed the phone down into its cradle.

Wingfield Castle, I had learned from the lady in the church, lies only a short distance past the intersection, on the road to Syleham, and is fairly visible from the road, even though it is set back a couple of hundred yards and is partly hidden by a screen of tall trees planted along the front of the estate and along most of the rest of its perimeter. As Tony and I were driving over to get the catch-as-catch-can glimpse we would now have to settle for, we passed the village post office, and I decided to drop in for a moment. It took up less than half of a rather slapdash, faded white wooden structure, in which the postmaster, a man named Matthias, also ran a jumbled odds-and-ends shop. A tall, thin middle-aged fellow, Matthias proved to be outgoing and highly articulate, and he seemed to enjoy filling me in on Baron Ash. (It was always Baron Ash or the Baron.) To the best of Matthias's recollection, when the Baron came to Wingfield it was from Buckinghamshire or some place in that general vicinity, where he had a palatial country home. The Baron, he had heard, was related to the Marlborough family. The trouble was that, being a real showplace, his home attracted tourists by the busload, and one day, his patience exhausted, he decided to get away from it all. He turned that estate over to the National Trust and bought Wingfield Castle, which had the advantage of being well off the usual tourist routes. The castle was then in terrible shape, but the Baron calmly went about fixing it up, from its drawbridge to its twin towers, pouring a small fortune into the project until, in the postmaster's phrase, "the edifice was as neat as a pin." Matthias went on, "When he came here to Wingfield, the Baron had a staff of twenty-seven people looking after him—valets,



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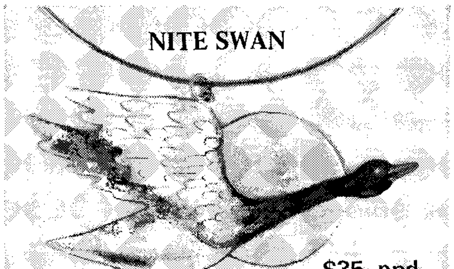

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maids, cooks, gardeners, and all the rest, you know. Now he's down to a staff of three. Most people of his class have had to do that in recent years. When he arrived here, he drove a Rolls-Royce. Now he's down to a Rover and an Austin. He pays the man from the local garage five pounds when he wants them washed. That's a generous sum, but the Baron is a very generous man. I remember how a couple of years ago I mentioned to him one day when we were having a bit of a chat that a woman who had taught in the village school was retiring after many years of faithful service. The Baron didn't know her, but he sent her a check for a hundred and fifty pounds."

The Baron Ash he was describing, I interposed, certainly didn't resemble the crusty character I had talked to on the telephone.

"Yes, he has changed," Matthias agreed. "When he first came to Wingfield, he was friendly with the people in the village. He attended the village functions, like the church fairs, quite regularly. When he went out for a stroll in the evening—he's an old bachelor—he had a cordial word for all of us. Then, I'm afraid, the local hooligans began to act up. Once, I remember, when he was away on a trip, they mucked up the cherry trees he had planted on his lawn. Baron Ash had been very proud of those trees. There were other incidents like that, and he gradually withdrew from the life of the village. I can picture him saying to himself, 'Well, if that's the way they want it!' or, you know, words to that effect. At heart, I think, he's a kind and friendly man. When the dustmen come round, he often has them in for a whiskey or two. Another example comes to my mind. A couple of years ago, I sold the last of a batch of postal cards of the castle which I stocked here at the store, so I asked the Baron for permission to take another photo and have another batch of cards printed up. The Baron explained as how he wanted no more cards of the castle to be distributed, but then, after turning me down, he sent me, through his butler, a five-pound note to make up for the money I would have made through the sale of the cards. He's a good chap, the Baron. I think him being a bachelor and in his eighties is what makes him grumpy, you know. You would never guess his age by looking at him. He's a tall, slim, straight-backed chap who still rides a bicycle. He loves the castle. I hear that in one of the banqueting halls in the towers there's an oak table

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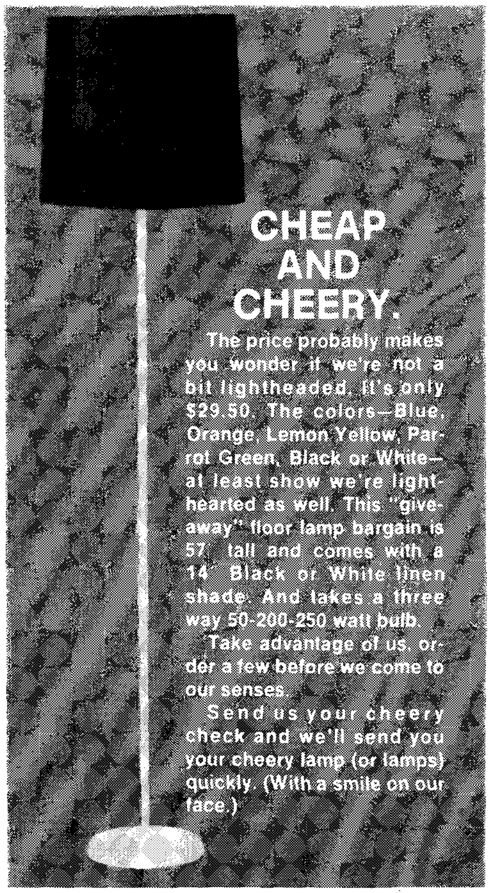

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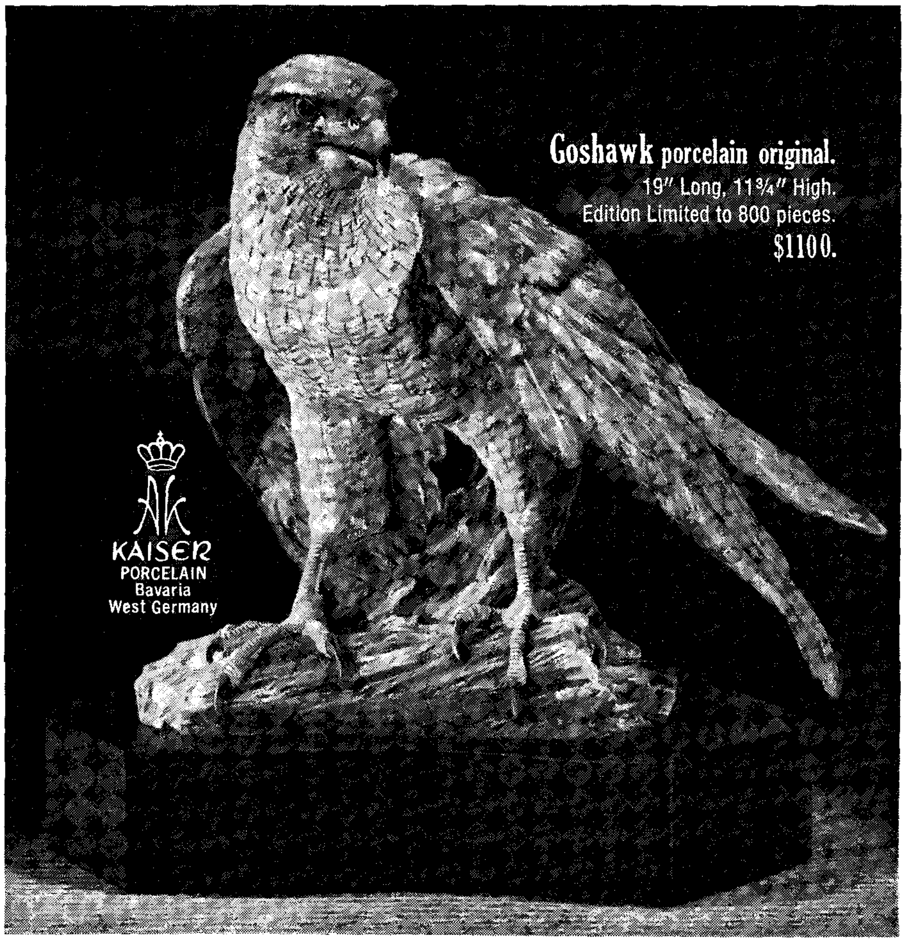

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large enough for forty people to eat at! Then, there's a saloon in one of the towers where three or four hundred people can dance! That's what I hear."

In spite of his evident affection for Baron Ash, Matthias was exceedingly helpful when I asked him the best way I could get a good look at Wingfield Castle. His instructions were to continue along the road, past the driveway to the castle and the protective screen of trees, until I reached an open field. That was common land, and if I walked in a ways from the road a close, unobstructed view of the castle would present itself. I followed his instructions to the letter, tiptoeing warily past a couple of Holsteins grazing in the open field, and, when I had walked in about a hundred yards, suddenly there were no more trees on the right to block my view, and, seventy-five yards away, there was the castle, looming up as clear as a postcard. The water in the wide moat sparkled, as did the refurbished bridge leading over the moat to the front entrance and the massive twin towers framing it. (The drawbridge, at the rear of the castle, was out of my line of sight.) It was as magnificent a castle as I have ever seen. Near the base, the walls were of old gray, white, and black stone, but as they rose the stone gradually gave way to brownish brick, then to dull-red brick, and, finally, to a dark-red brick that reminded me of the brick in some of the older colleges at Cambridge University, like Jesus. The crenellated central towers were of this deep-red brick. From where I stood, I could see only a small piece of the castle grounds. Not a soul was in view, but I could hear the clatter of a couple of power motors, which were probably trimming the lawns along the driveway.

As I stood gazing at Wingfield Castle, an odd mélange of thoughts surged through my mind. If the Baron was so continually pestered by unwanted visitors, why didn't he simply shut the gates to the driveway? That would have solved his problem neatly and completely. For another thing, I really wished I had been able to visit the castle. I would have particularly liked to find out whether any traces remained of the court-tennis court described in Potter's book. This led me to the thought that overrode all the others—Baron Ash's apparent ignorance that one of the Wingfields had invented lawn tennis a hundred years before, and his total lack of interest in the matter. When I got back to New York and looked up Graham Baron Ash in *Who's Who*, his attitude became a little less enig-

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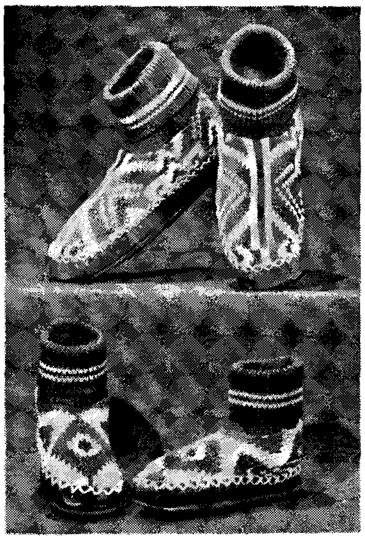

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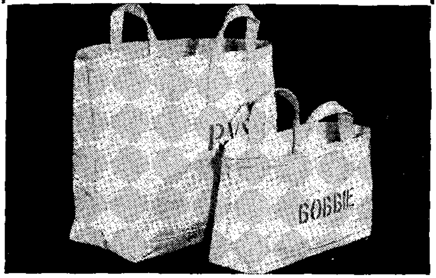

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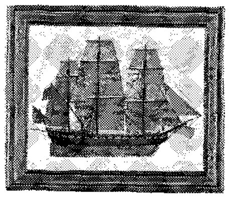

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matic. His entry was one of the shortest and tightest in the volume. Ash, it said, was born in 1889, was educated at Radley, and served in the Royal Air Force in both World Wars. From 1938 to 1939, he was High Sheriff of Warwickshire. Under "Recreations" he had listed only one—shooting. Under "Clubs" he had also listed only one—the Royal Automobile. That was it. It was ironic, considering how passionately Major Wingfield had longed for fame as well as for money, that the family castle had fallen into the hands of a shy, introspective old man who had no taste for publicity and promotion, and only wanted to be left alone.

THE expedition to Nantclwyd Hall went much more smoothly. It began with a comfortable railroad trip of just under three hours from London to Chester, the old Roman city that today serves as a sort of gateway to northern Wales, and it ended with a taxi trip of around twenty-five miles. I was lucky in that the driver I happened to draw at the Chester railroad station was a soft-spoken, companionable young man who had spent some time in Wales and could understand the directions we were given in Ruthin when we asked the way to Nantclwyd. To me, the words were unintelligible.

The drive to Nantclwyd was a scenic one. I hadn't been in Wales in almost twenty years, and I had forgotten how lovely the rural sections are—the distinctive way the hills, colored a dozen shades of green, sweep softly down to the small valleys, and the beauty of the trees that dot the hillsides and the valleys. About four miles south of Ruthin, we came upon the entrance to Nantclwyd Hall. A dirt road took us under a stone archway, past a herd of Holsteins, past a large bronze statue of a boar, and over a small bridge. "*Nant*" in Welsh means a brook or gorge or ravine, and the stream that runs through this valley is the Clwyd—pronounced "clude." Ahead lay the hall, a handsome three-story, ten-bedroom, multi-chimneyed nineteenth-century gentleman's country residence built of handmade brick, some of it a deep red. It had been remodelled several times—most recently in 1958, by Sir Clough Williams-Ellis, a specialist in the Italianate style, who, among other things, refinished the back of the house in orange-brown plaster. All told, the property owned by the Naylor-Leyland family covers four thousand rolling, fertile acres. (At one time after the Second World War, an enterprise called the Nantclwyd Estate Home

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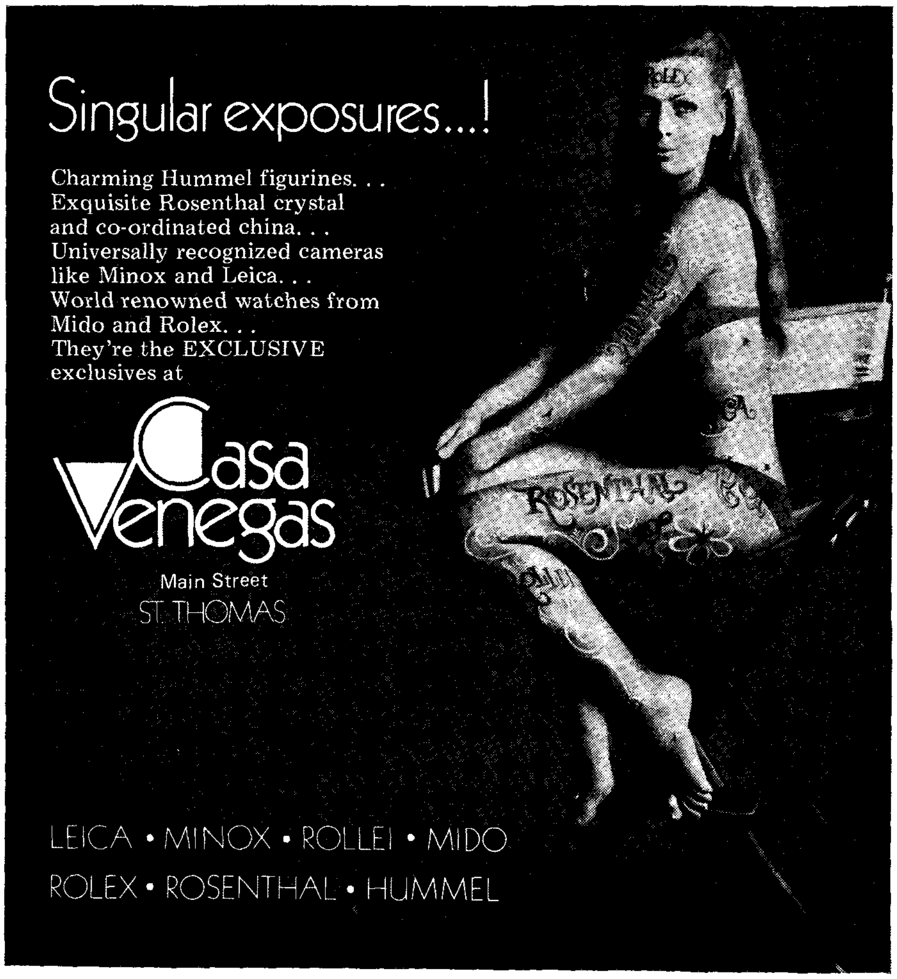

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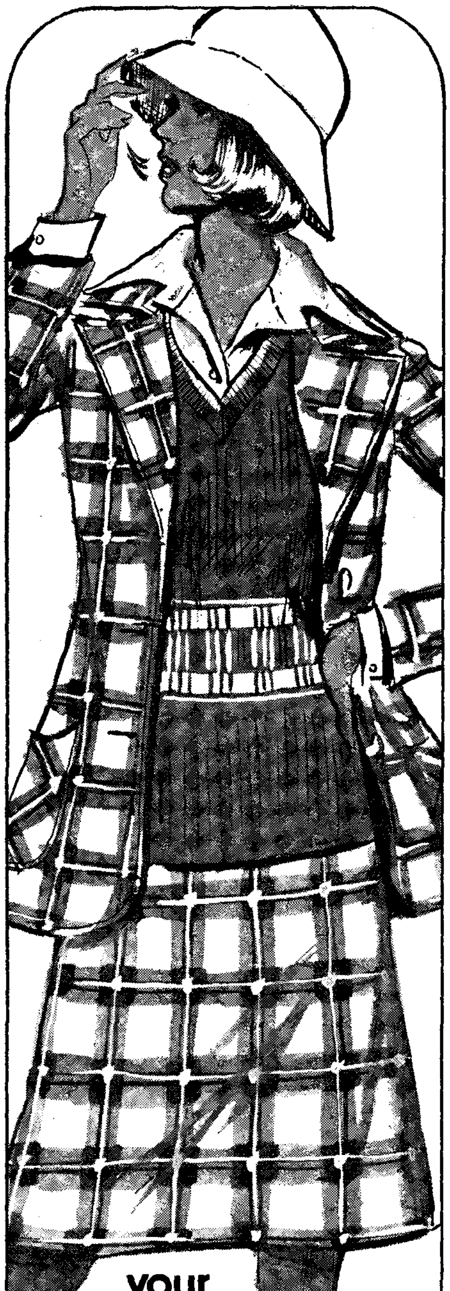
Farms & Market Garden developed into a considerable commercial operation, and, the better to prepare himself for his role in it, Sir Vivyan—Eton, Oxford, and the Grenadier Guards—had attended the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester.) On the right, as the visitor approaches Nantclwyd Hall, a hill of moderate size, clustered with oaks and sycamores, descends to a well-mowed lawn, which sets off the house on all sides. To the left, or east, a hundred yards or so from the house, is a small lake, with a number of swans on it. Closer to the house on the left—the moment you spot it, you know that this is where the first lawn-tennis court must have been situated, and you are right—is a broad lower lawn, separated from the upper lawn by a sharp five- or six-foot bank. When you walk over this sward, you discover that it is not half as smooth as it looks from a distance. This helps to explain why Major Wingfield's tennis-playing friends at Nantclwyd Hall pinned the nickname of Bumpers on him: no one else was half as agile when it came to adjusting to the erratic bounces the ball took on the bumpy court.

This last piece of information—as a matter of fact, practically everything I wanted to know about Nantclwyd Hall and the Naylor-Leyland family—was supplied to me by Major Rhodes, who acts as a sort of manager of the estate and has an office in a ground-floor corner of the hall. (For the most part, the hall is closed these days, but a section of it is kept open so that friends of the family who are passing through the area can be put up.) A neat, solidly built man of unusual courtesy and affability, Major Rhodes is utterly unlike most of the retired British Army officers I have run into—particularly the stuffy, imperious types who for many years now have latched on as secretaries at many British golf clubs and have come to constitute one of the game's chief hazards in that land. The Major's helpfulness confirmed the impression I had got from his letter, which had been three pages long and packed with information that he felt might help me to understand what lawn tennis was like at the start. He had even gone to the trouble of drawing a diagram of the original hourglass-shaped court and noting its dimensions. As we talked, in a sitting room near his office, he provided me with copies of four old photographs of Nantclwyd Hall and the part of the grounds where the tennis court had stood. Then he brought out a fairly large bronze plaque, only recently arrived, which Sir Vivyan had had pre-



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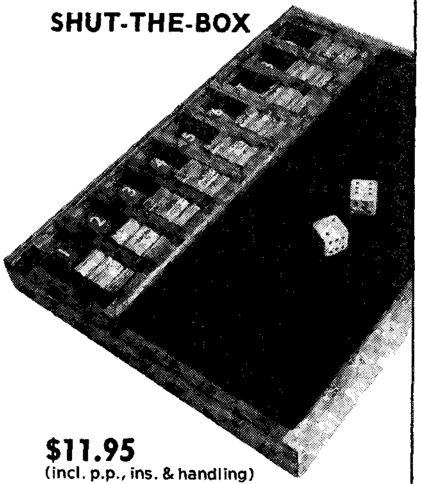

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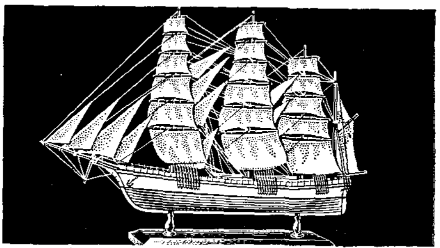

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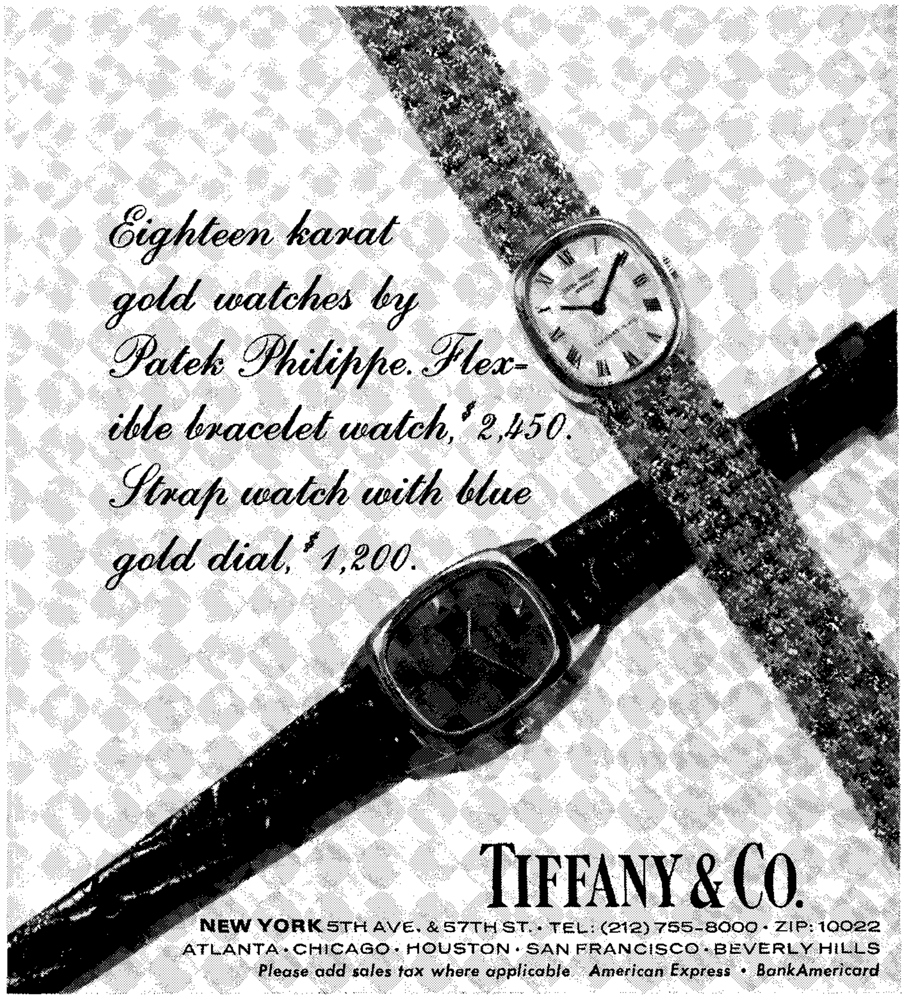
pared, with instructions for it to be affixed to the steep bank to the east of the hall. The inscription read as follows:

> Opposite this plaque and a few feet away is the center of the first and original lawn tennis court. Here at Nantclwyd the Naylor-Leylands and their friend Major Wingfield invented and played the game in 1873. Then named Sphairistikė. This plaque is placed here in 1973 centenary year. At the suggestion of Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland, baronet. By the trustees of the Nantclwyd Settlement.

Major Rhodes and I then walked around to the front of the house, down the bank, and onto the lawn where the first court had been situated. As I was inspecting the historic turf, trying not very successfully to transport myself back a century, Major Rhodes said, in his genial way, "You can see how bumpy it is! We could put it in much better shape, of course, but it really isn't worth the trouble. As I mentioned, friends of the Naylor-Leylands will occasionally drop by to spend a night at the hall, but that's about it. Nantclwyd is too remote, I would gather, to draw people who are interested in tennis. Even in this centenary year, we've had only one visit from what you might call a tennis group: a television company sent down a crew to photograph the court, and a bearded actor dressed in period costume impersonated Major Wingfield."

I looked across the lawn to the small lake, edged here and there with clusters of tall, graceful trees. A few swans floated on the water. The afternoon sun made everything glisten. Major Rhodes must have read my mind, for he said, "I was just thinking that if, for any reason, at some time in the future anyone should want to get the lawn into playing shape and put up on it a replica of the 1873 court, what an ideal setting this would be for a shrine to the game."

After we had returned to the back of the hall, the Major led the way past some flower beds, which had been left rather shaggy, and on to a low building, covered with grapevines, in which there was a small swimming pool. Just beyond it, Sir Vivyan had later built a small outdoor pool, bordered by yews. A short distance beyond this second pool, most unexpectedly, I caught sight of a rough-finished, pitch-black asphalt tennis court, date of birth unrecorded. It was set off by darkish brick walls eleven feet high. I cannot remember ever coming across a gloomier court, but I was delighted to see it. It was heartening to know that at the place where lawn tennis was first played a love of



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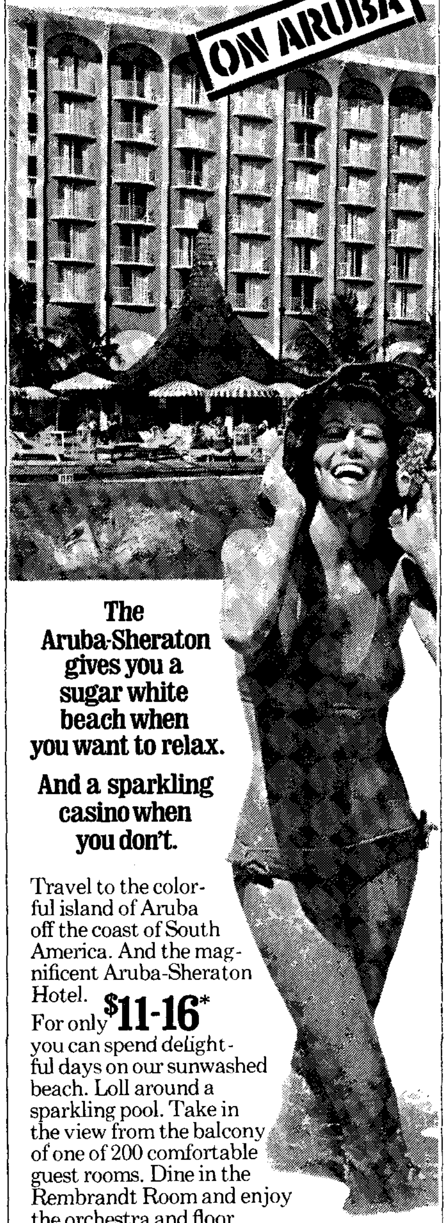

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the game had existed decades later.

Major Rhodes made me a good cup of tea, and then it was time to return to Chester and catch the train back to London and Wimbledon.

CONSIDERING that Nastase was the only star of the first magnitude entered in the Gentlemen's Singles, the 1973 Wimbledon Championships were a smashing success. Wimbledon, of course, faced no financial problems, boycott or no boycott. It is a valid national (and international) institution, and all available seats had been purchased months ahead of time, as they are each year; season tickets to the championships are prized family possessions, handed down in wills from generation to generation no less zealously than season tickets for the Green Bay Packers, the Montreal Canadiens, and other celebrated sports institutions. In addition to putting a few hundred tickets to the Centre Court and the No. 1 Court on sale each day, Wimbledon sells daily general-admission tickets, which give the purchaser standing-room privileges in the two main courts and also the right to watch the matches being played on the fourteen field courts. This helps to explain why the attendance figures vary from day to day. This year, although a mild falloff had been predicted, official attendance on the opening day was 22,600—only a hundred or so below the record for a first day. Even after Nastase had been eliminated, in the fourth round (the round of sixteen), by Sandy Mayer, a twenty-one-year-old from Wayne, New Jersey, who is ranked only eleventh in this country, the crowds continued to pour in in such numbers that the attendance for the twelve days of the championships reached 300,172, the second-highest total in Wimbledon's ninety-six-year history. One of the things that drew this legion of spectators and, moreover, invested the tournament with an entirely surprising vitality was that several attractive young players caught fire and ignited some extremely stirring action. In addition to Mayer, there were two others in particular—Bjorn Borg and Vijay Amritraj. Borg is a slender seventeen-year-old Swedish boy with long, tousled blond hair, a powerful all-round game, and the cool to come through with his most sensational shots when they count most. Amritraj, a handsome nineteen-year-old Indian from Madras, is tall (six-three), slim (a hundred and fifty-eight pounds), and very dark-skinned—physical attributes of many inhabitants of the state of Mysore, if of

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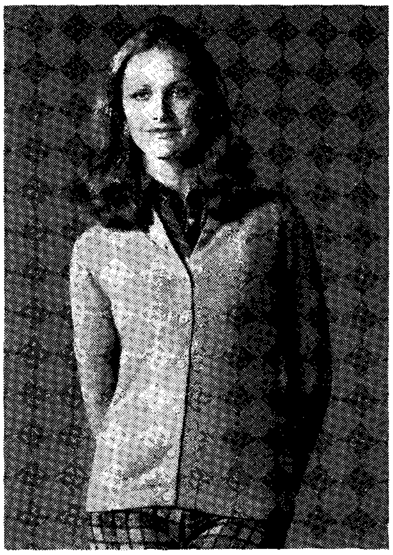

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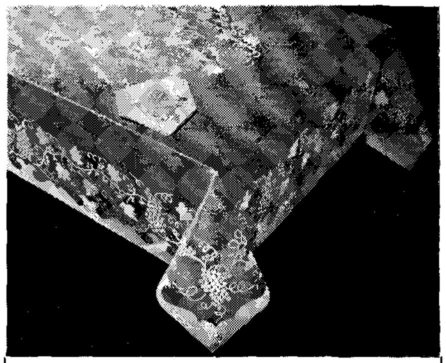

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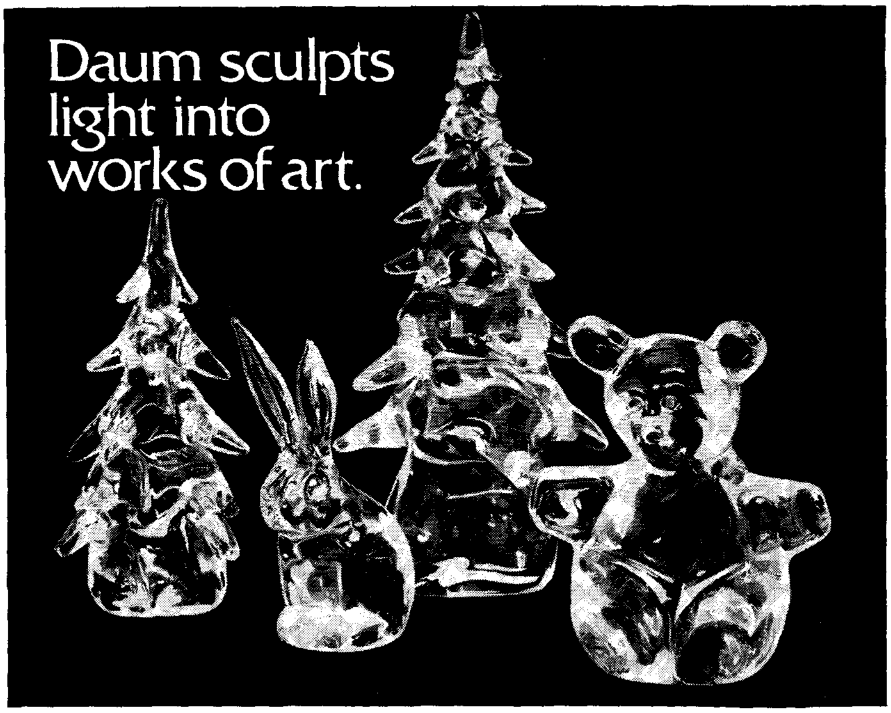
few other Indians. A graduate of the University of Madras, Amritraj, who is a son of the general manager of India's Southern Railways, grew up playing his tennis on the family's clay court, but he learned some time ago to adapt his strong, stylish game to grass. At Wimbledon, he went to the quarter-finals before losing, 7–5, in the fifth set, to Jan Kodes, of Czechoslovakia, the second-seeded player and the eventual winner, in a match so close that its outcome tilted on whether one overhead smash was in or out. Borg was also eliminated, 7–5, in the fifth set of the quarters, losing to Roger Taylor. Early in the first week, the straw-hatted schoolgirls attending the tournament adopted Borg as their idol, and their reaction to his hard defeat was to rush onto the court, with a frenzy that shocked the staid Wimbledon regulars, and lavish warmth, affection, and consoling words on the nonplussed young man. Mayer, another pleasant youngster with bona-fide poise, got to the semis. There, looking slower afoot and handling his racket less well than he had in his conquest of Nastase, he went down, in four sets, to Alex Metreveli, of Russia. (Mayer, incidentally, was born in Flushing, New York, in 1952, a few months after his mother and father escaped from Hungary.)

Wimbledon was fortunate in two other respects. The first of these was in having a British player—Taylor—come through with a splendid performance. Though he was under a tremendous strain (both because he had defied the A.T.P. boycott and because he was aware that he was carrying the hopes of millions of Britons), Taylor, the big, rugged son of a Yorkshire steelworker, produced some of the best tennis of his life. In tight corner after tight corner, he was able to marshal that necessary extra effort—to summon that one more exhausting step that gave him a chance to get his racket on what had looked like a winning shot for his opponent, and, once in that position, not to take a heedless swing at the ball but to tax himself just a little harder, both physically and mentally, and play a controlled stroke, which, as often as not, eluded his startled opponent. His fighting tennis took him to the semifinals, where he met Kodes—a charmless and somewhat mechanical athlete, as has been recognized for many years now, but nonetheless a tough, sturdy stayer who probably deserves to be ranked among the top half-dozen players in the world today. When their gruelling battle had lasted three hours and twenty-eight minutes, Taylor, after holding



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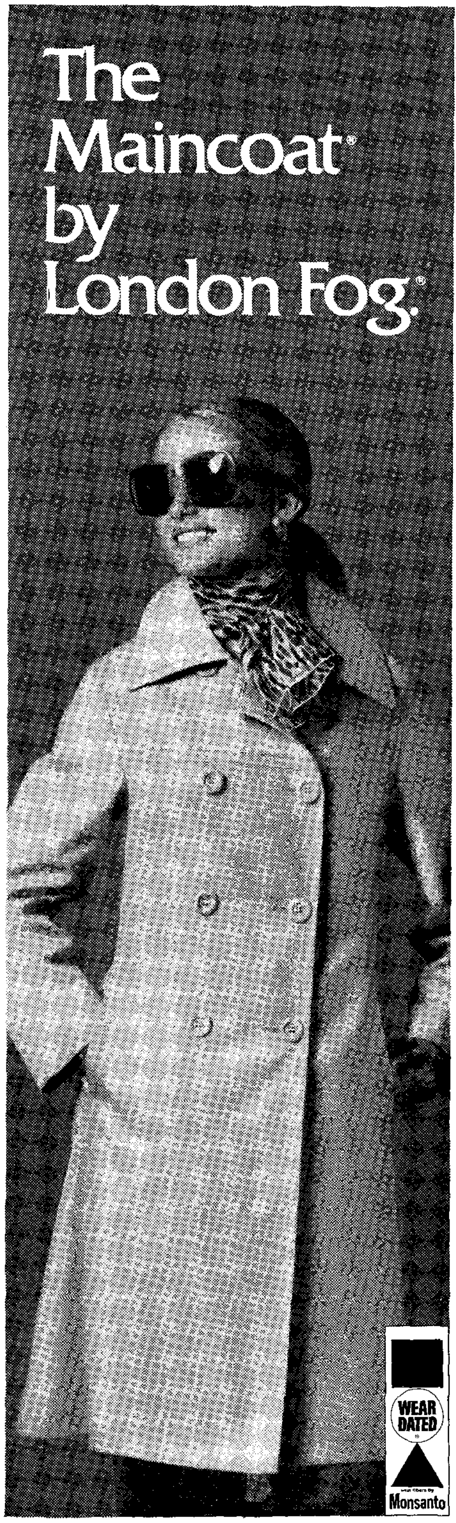
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his serve, moved to 5–4 in the fifth set, to stand just a game away from victory—the closest any British player had come to reaching the final at Wimbledon since Bunny Austin in 1938. At this juncture, the referee made the rather questionable decision to stop play because a drizzle had begun to fall. Forty-two minutes later, play was resumed. Kodes held his service, broke Taylor's, and then held his own again in a tense, deuced game for the match: 8–9, 9–7, 5–7, 6–4, 7–5. (At Wimbledon, as the score of the first set suggests, a tie-breaker game is decreed when a set reaches 8–8, not when it reaches 6–6, as is true at Forest Hills. Furthermore, Wimbledon employs a twelve-point tie-breaker, Forest Hills a nine-point version.)

Finally, Wimbledon was lucky in that the women, who had to assume so much of the load, carried it off just as successfully as they did last year, when the hassle between the I.L.T.F. and the W.C.T. kept many of the best men out of the tournament. The quality of their tennis was first-class all the way. Amazingly, the eight top-seeded women got to the quarter-finals, and the top four got to the semifinals. There Margaret Court, of Australia, the No. 1 seed, lost, 6–1, 1–6, 6–1, to Chris Evert, the eighteen-year-old Floridian, who was the No. 4 seed, and Billie Jean King, of California, the defending champion and No. 2 seed, beat Evonne Goolagong, the twenty-two-year-old Australian girl, 6–3, 5–7, 6–3. In the third set of her semifinal, Mrs. Court seemed almost as tight as she had against Bobby Riggs in their highly ballyhooed match at the San Diego Country Estates in May. The knowledgeable Wimbledon galleries admired Miss Evert's artful use of the lob in that third set—and her skill in disguising the shot—but during her matches Miss Evert is so unsmiling and self-possessed, so completely Little Miss No Nonsense, that the British fans, who enjoy suffering along with a nice, sporting, vulnerable girl like Christine Truman, haven't yet really taken to her. (Off the court, there is a lot more humor and spontaneity in Miss Evert than her court manner would lead one to guess.) In the other semi, aside from the fact that Miss Goolagong is looking so much prettier this year, there was a déjà-vu quality about her match with Mrs. King. For all her quickness of movement and her flair for shotmaking, Miss Goolagong seldom plays the tennis we know her to be capable of, except in isolated passages, and in this contest her brilliance was limited to two bursts:

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in the second set she fought off three match points before going on to take the set, and in the third she saved five match points with some marvellously daring shots (such as a fast forehand half volley whipped briskly crosscourt) before finally succumbing. No one expects sustained miracles from Miss Goolagong, but she must realize by now that she will never fulfill her exceptional potential unless she makes up her mind to strike the ball with more pace and sharpness on all her strokes. Her second service would be a good place to start.

This was an unusual Wimbledon in that both singles finals were held on the second Saturday, a daylong rain having made it impossible to play the women's on Friday, as is customary. Accordingly, instead of beginning the first match at two o'clock, the regular starting hour at Wimbledon, the women's final between Mrs. King and Miss Evert was moved up to one-thirty. It proved to be a far more memorable match than the men's—the first All-Iron Curtain final in history—which Kodes, who is a shade faster, sounder, and more imaginative than Metreveli, took in three dull sets, 6–1, 9–8, 6–3. That afternoon, I arrived at the All England Club at twelve-fifteen—much earlier than I had meant to, but one sometimes forgets to allow for the swiftness and efficiency of the London subway system. Anyhow, exploring the grounds, I found a couple of hundred people grouped around one of the field courts, where Mrs. King was warming up with Betty Stove, the big Dutch girl. As we all appreciate, Mrs. King, who is now twenty-nine, is a remarkably fine tennis player, but there are days when some spectators—and I must admit I am one of them—find her a little hard to take. These are the days when she falls into an emotive mood in which she projects her unquestioned will to win by giving herself audible fight talks, registering her disappointment after poor shots by tossing her racket around, and urging herself on by punching the air with her fist or some other such go-go-go mannerism. It follows that I am most sympathetic to Mrs. King when she is most restrained. On this Saturday, as she rallied with Miss Stove, she seemed more natural than I had seen her in years, almost wholly unconscious of the gallery—just herself, without an ounce of theatricality. An hour or so later, when she walked onto the Centre Court with Miss Evert, she seemed exactly the same. I didn't know whether this pacificness boded well or ill for her, but, as it turned out, she played some of the best tennis of her career—certainly the best single set of her career—and all without one grimace, one exclamation of chagrin, or one grandiose gesture. Since Miss Evert, a fearsome hitter, will drive anyone off the court who is foolish enough to engage her in protracted baseline rallies, Mrs. King's strategy was to keep changing the pattern and rhythm of her own attack. In the backcourt, she played her ground strokes with great variation, putting all kinds of cuts, spins, and slices on the ball. Sometimes she followed her forcing shots into the forecourt and sometimes she didn't. She did other helpful things. She served beautifully. She returned serve with care. Whenever Miss Evert presented her with an opening, she not only was quick to seize it but put the ball away with volleys punched deep into the corners. Continuing to alter her tactics and speeds, she never permitted Miss Evert a chance to find her own tempo. In no time at all, the first set had gone to Mrs. King, 6–0. She had lost only nine points to an opponent who was not playing at all badly. She continued this dream tennis through the first two games of the second set. Then the magic faded a little as Miss Evert started to hit more solidly through the ball on her shots and Mrs. King made a few human errors. At 5–5, though, stepping up the pace again and playing a succession of stunning strokes, Mrs. King broke Miss Evert's service, and then she held her own at 15 for the match. I don't believe I have ever seen anyone, man or woman, play as superb a set as Mrs. King's first. (I did not get to watch Suzanne Lenglen in action, but I never saw my favorite woman player, Alice Marble, play a more impressive or enjoyable match than Mrs. King had.)

Mrs. King's victory served to remind us of the phenomenal record she has compiled at Wimbledon. Only three times in the last eleven years has she failed to reach the final of the singles. She has now won the singles five times, not to mention the women's doubles nine times and the mixed doubles three times. One can understand why her doubles partner, Rosemary Casals, who is a few years her junior, refers to Wimbledon as "the old lady's house."

MRS. KING'S spectacular triumph was just the thing needed to get the machinery for an autumn meeting

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between her and Bobby Riggs started again. The previous May, after he had defeated Mrs. Court with no trouble at all in their nationally televised match on Mother's Day, there had been a lot of talk to the effect that he should next play Mrs. King to prove that his victory was no fluke, but nothing had been pinned down. Now, on her return from Wimbledon, there was spirited bidding among the television networks for the rights to a King-Riggs confrontation, and in mid-August the American Broadcasting Company announced that it would be televising the match in prime time on the night of Thursday, September 20th, from the Astrodome, in Houston, for a purse of a hundred thousand dollars—winner take all. Within a matter of weeks, the two participants had been deluged with all kinds of commercial tie-ins, and it became clear that the *loser* would pull in at least a hundred thousand dollars from these subsidiary gleanings and that the winner's total haul would far surpass two hundred thousand.

All this constituted an astounding coup for Robert Larimore Riggs, considering that, at fifty-five, he was twenty-five or thirty years past his prime time as a tennis player. In 1939, he had won Wimbledon; in 1939 and 1941, Forest Hills; in 1946, 1947, and 1949, the United States Professional Championship. As a professional, he had held a decided edge in his many meetings with the great Don Budge, but somehow Riggs' exceptional talents—the dependability of his strokes, the shrewdness of his tactics—were underestimated, even when he reigned as champion, possibly because he had such a large supply of whatever is the opposite of charisma. He was too short: five-seven and a half. He had a pesty, chesty personality. (He became much more likable in later years.) Above all, he was a gambler—an honest, self-avowed hustler but a hustler nonetheless. This was one of the chief reasons he was continually in hot water with the United States Lawn Tennis Association during his amateur years. It was typical of Riggs that just before the 1939 Wimbledon tournament began he got down a bet of a hundred pounds at 3–1 odds that he would win the singles, and talked the bookmaker into letting the money ride, in the event that he took the singles, on the doubles at 6–1, and then on the mixed doubles at 12–1. He won all three titles and £21,600, or a hundred and eight thousand dollars. From his early years, Riggs, the fifth, and youngest, son of a Los Angeles minister of the Church of Christ, had to

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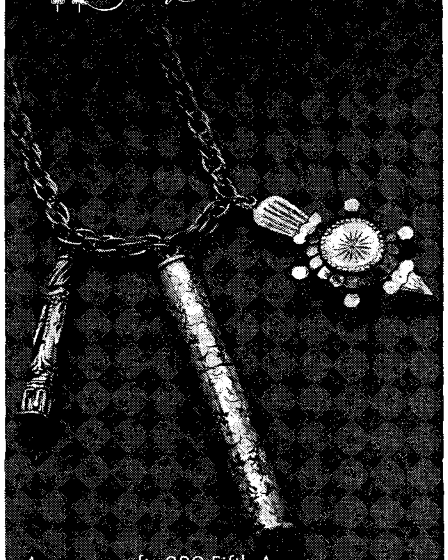

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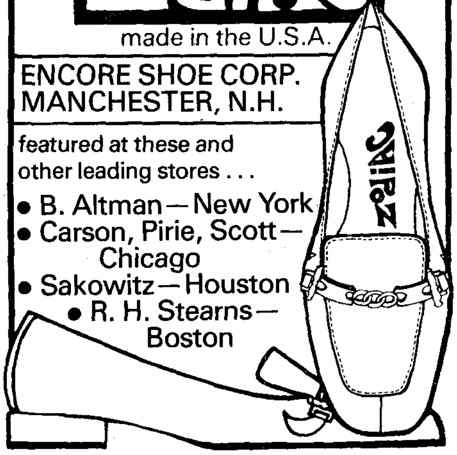

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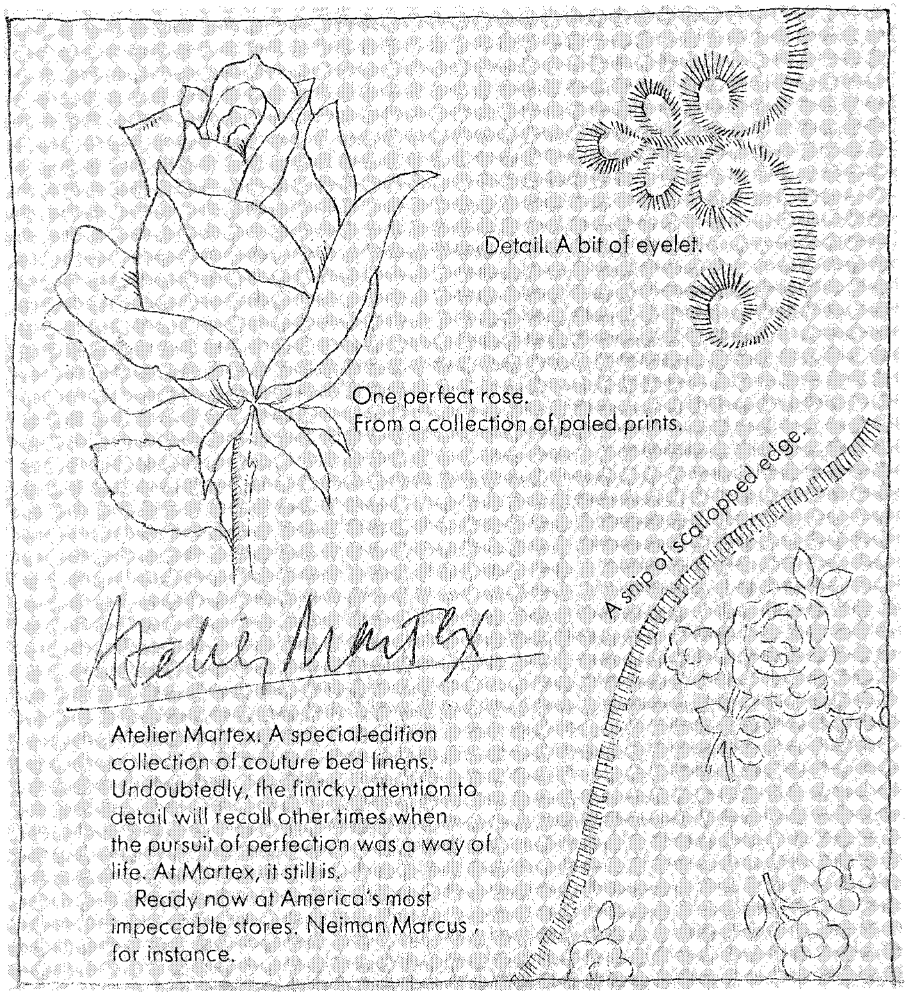
have some "action" going in order to enjoy his tennis thoroughly. Since his acuteness as a bettor soon got around, he was forced to invent all sorts of zany, offbeat wagers to lure the pigeons to his roost. There is a wonderful story—no doubt embellished over the years—of how, during his amateur days, he was pitted in an early round of one of the big Eastern tournaments against a run-of-the-mill player who would normally have been lucky to get more than two games in a set from Riggs. When their match had been in progress about an hour, some friends of Riggs' walked over from the clubhouse to see how close he was to wrapping it up. They were astonished to find that the second set had only just got under way. Indeed, it took Riggs well over two hours to subdue his much inferior opponent. This was hard to believe to start with, but what made it all the more enigmatic was that the scores were 6–0, 6–0, 6–0. When his friends demanded an explanation, Riggs said, with a little smile, "I had a bet going that I could beat that bum love, love, and love without coming in past the service line. That's why it took so long." According to locker-room lore, Riggs in time became a compulsive gambler; that is, if he lost a string of bets he had to keep on betting until he was cleaned out or finally broke his losing streak. For example, the story goes that in the summer of 1948, after losing a dozen or so bets running, he ran into Bob Falkenburg. Wimbledon champion that year, Falkenburg was not an outstanding all-round player, but at that time he unquestionably had the most powerful serve in the world. Riggs, in his desperation to win a bet, proposed to Falkenburg that they play a match for five hundred dollars. It would be for one set, and he was prepared to give Falkenburg a sizable handicap—five games and his serve. Somewhat stunned by this proposition, Falkenburg didn't answer immediately, and, interpreting his silence as a sign of possible lack of interest, Riggs quickly added, "Also, I'll wear an overcoat." Falkenburg took the bet. Riggs, flopping around the hot court in a heavy camel's-hair job, took the set 7–5. He was healthy again.

Riggs' penchant for hustling—first at tennis and later at golf, where he became a 3-handicap player and a deadly putter under pressure—helped to break up his two marriages. (He has two children by his first marriage and four by his second, which lasted twenty years.) Last winter, after he had been out of the spotlight as long as Alida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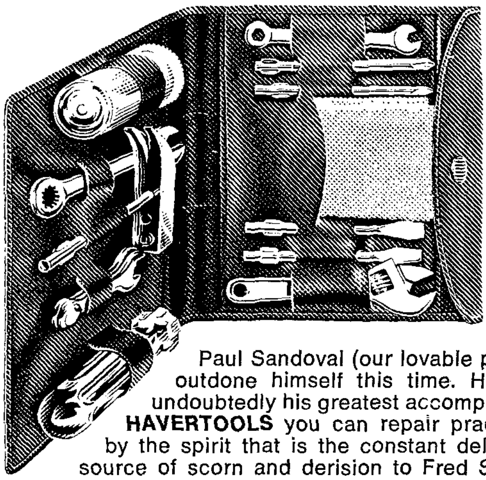

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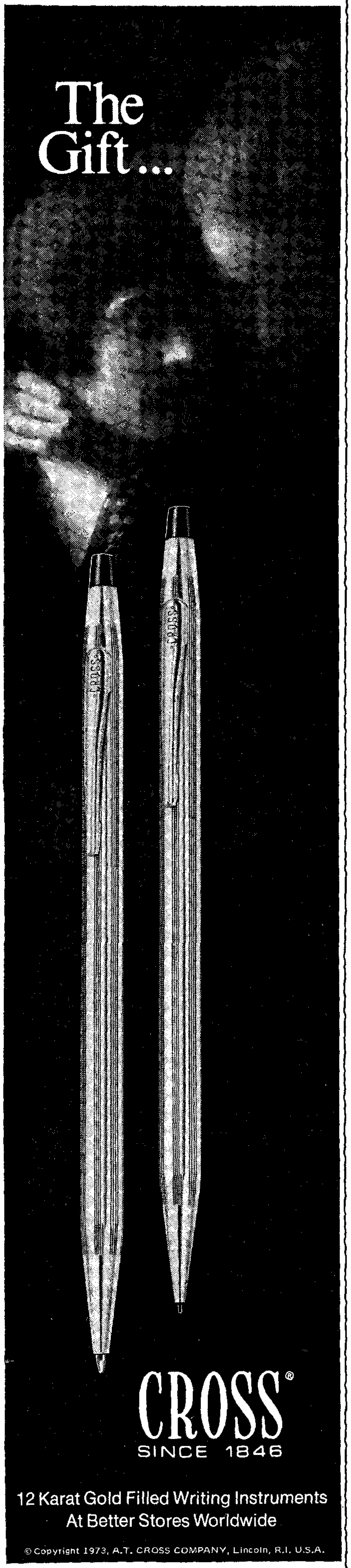

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Valli and Steve Van Buren, he became news again. At that time, having become immersed in the booming new senior (forty-five and over) tennis circuit, he grew annoyed by the demands that Mrs. King and the other women stars were making for a larger share of the prize money at Wimbledon, Forest Hills, and the other traditional championships. He genuinely felt that the women simply didn't deserve more money—they didn't even play as good tennis as the best seniors did. To drive home his point, he declared that a man like himself, with one foot in the grave, could still beat the top women players. This led him to formally challenge Mrs. King to a match; he would put up five thousand dollars—winner take all. Mrs. King turned him down, but Mrs. Court, whom he approached next, accepted his challenge. Riggs instantly launched a fantastic promotion campaign—among other things, billing himself in this age of women's lib as the country's No. 1 male-chauvinist pig—and he eventually stirred up such interest in the match that the Columbia Broadcasting System decided to televise it. It was held at the San Diego Country Estates, in an atmosphere that recalled the bizarre bygone era when heavyweight fights for the world championship were held in small, remote towns of the old West (Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada, in 1897; Jeffries vs. Johnson at Reno, Nevada, in 1910; Dempsey vs. Gibbons at Shelby, Montana, in 1923). Work had been started only a few months before on the San Diego Country Estates, a resort development in the arid Cuyamaca Mountains, fifty miles northeast of San Diego, and close by Wildcat Canyon. The players, press, and officials were put up at the clubhouse of the San Vicente Golf Club, which is a part of the project. (Though the clubhouse was completed, only a few of the holes were, which is par for the course these days.) For the big match, the management put in a cement court and erected bleachers for thirty-five hundred spectators. During the first game—as early as that—it became evident that Mrs. Court, who throughout her career has been subject to strange *crises de nerfs*, was not herself at all. (The only other top-level athlete in recent years who has suffered these periodic emotional hang-ups is Jim Ryun, the great runner.) Riggs, for his part, was as relaxed as if he were in his own living room. He walked through the two sets, 6–2, 6–1, with an almost errorless display of con-

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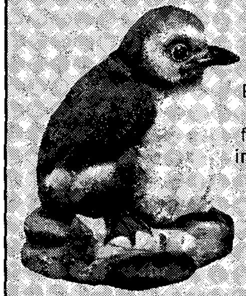
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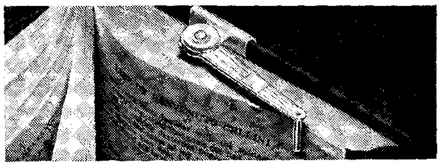
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trolled, soft-ball teams. He had trained hard for the match and was in perfect trim. Under the direction of Rheo Blair, a Hollywood nutritionist, he had reduced from a hundred and sixty pounds to a hundred and forty-four in eight weeks. He had followed a strict diet of protein and dairy foods, and had built himself up by taking four hundred and fifteen pills a day, containing liver extract, germ oil, vitamins, and predigested proteins. Blair is no man for halfway measures. The night before the match, he came down to the San Diego Country Estates and personally prepared Riggs' dinner—a baked potato and an avocado salad.

Because of the considerable interest in the Riggs-King match, which was to be held eleven days after the conclusion of Forest Hills, a good deal of extra attention was paid to Mrs. King's progress from the first day of those championships. In winning her first two matches, she played quite well, but both on and off the court she looked a bit wan and seemed to have less verve than she had at Wimbledon. Some Riggs partisans, who regard him as the most gifted psycher since Rasputin, claimed that Mrs. King was already feeling the strain of her coming evening in the Astrodome, but most people attributed her lack of animation to the heat. The day before the start of the championships, a fearsome heat wave, which was to last nine days, hit the New York area, and, with the temperature constantly in the nineties and the humidity intense, the field at Forest Hills found the going enervating. In the third round, Mrs. King came up against Julie Heldman, an experienced internationalist, who can play good, intelligent tennis on her day but who more often than not finds it difficult to maintain her patience and her concentration. (For some inexplicable reason, this match was scheduled not for the stadium court or the grandstand court but for the clubhouse court, which is distractingly noisy and also has such scabrous grass that old Bumpers Wingfield himself would have found it hard to cope with the bounces. Mrs. King and Miss Heldman did not like this court assignment at all.) For a while, their match went much as one might have expected. Mrs. King, in fair enough form, won the first set, 6–3, and went to a 4–1 lead in the second. Then the pattern of play gradually changed. Mrs. King began to move more and more slowly to the ball, and Miss Heldman, encouraged by a series of passing shots, began to hit the ball more forcefully, especially

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with her forehand. She swept the next five games, to take the set, 6–4. After she had gone out in front 3–1 in the third, and deciding, set, she asked Mrs. King, who by then had slowed down to a walk, how she was feeling. Mrs. King replied that she felt as if she were going to faint but said she wished to continue. When they were changing courts after the next game (Miss Heldman had won it, to lead 4–1), Miss Heldman, ready to begin play, asked the umpire if the minute's rest allowed was up. Mrs. King then said, "Well, if you want it so much, you can have it," and told the umpire she would have to retire from the match. Dr. Daniel Manfredi, the tournament's chief physician, who examined Mrs. King, announced later that it was a good thing she had stopped play when she did, or she might well have collapsed in the ninety-six-degree heat. He explained that Mrs. King, who had been suffering from a cold, had been taking penicillin, and that the combined effect of the drug and the tremendous heat had brought on chills and nausea.

With Mrs. King's unfortunate early departure, the women's singles lost a good deal of their interest, naturally. At the same time, this was one of the most bountiful Forest Hills we have had in ages, packed with an abundance of rousing matches and with many matches that provided stretches of absorbing tennis or isolated moments of high drama. Let me describe, as briefly as I can, some of the main ingredients of this cornucopia.

Pancho Gonzales, who is now forty-five, is nearing that time of life when, at least in blazing-hot weather, he can play only one set going all out. In the first round, against Tom Okker, who was seeded seventh, the old, graying lion shot the works in the first set and forced it to 6–6. In the nine-point tie-breaker, he fell behind 2–4, but an ace helped him to pull up to 4–4. Gonzales would be serving the deciding point of the tie-breaker, and, under the rules in force at Forest Hills, on that point the receiver has the choice of which court he wants to receive in. Okker chose the backhand court. Gonzales pushed his hair back off his forehead, and then, moving into an easy windup, as if he would be going with an off-speed breaking serve, cracked a bullet that hit the sideline chalk about four feet up from the service line. The ball whizzed past Okker before he could get his racket on it—a perfect serve. It may be the last great shot we will see Gonzales play at Forest Hills—though, with Gonzales, one never knows. Ok-

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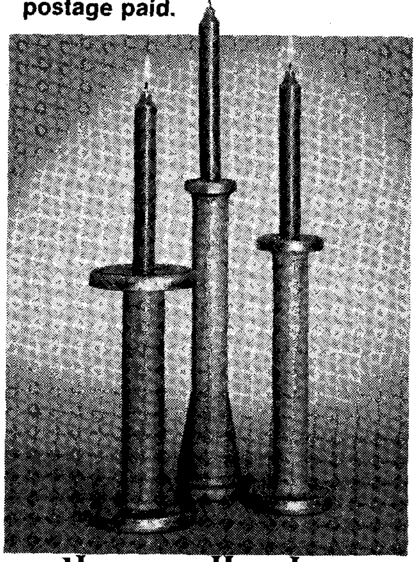

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ker then sailed through the next three sets with the loss of eight games.

In the second round, there was a major upset. Nastase, the eccentric defending champion, who hears a different tambourine from most people, was pitted against Andrew Pattison, of Rhodesia, one of the many tall, blond, strong, able young men who people tournament tennis these days. After taking the first two sets, Nastase began to clown around, and, before he knew it, Pattison had won the next two sets and was out in front 5-3 in the deciding set. At that point, the match was called because of darkness. Upon its resumption the next day, Nastase held his serve, but Pattison then held his for set and match. A cultivated young man of twenty-four, Pattison attended Stellenbosch University, in South Africa, where he majored in mathematics. He is currently attached to the Lakeway World of Tennis, Lamar Hunt's huge development outside Austin, Texas, with which the veteran South African star Cliff Drysdale is also connected.

In the third round, two of the young Wimbledon heroes burst upon the scene to the delight of the galleries: Amritraj defeated Rod Laver, seeded fourth, in five furious sets, 7-6, 2-6, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4, and Borg scored an equally flabbergasting upset over Arthur Ashe, seeded third, 6-7, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4. Ashe has for years possessed one of the fastest and roughest serves in the game, but as the match wore on, the aggressive Swedish youngster found it no problem at all. In the final set, for example, he broke Ashe's service twice, first at 15 and then at 30, the second time by rocketing back two returns of service for clean placements. Amritraj also hits the ball with enormous power, but his victory over Laver, who is now thirty-five, depended on fine all-court play, especially an excellent return of service and some lightning-fast moves in the forecourt to set up winning volleys. Frequently, after Laver had passed him down the line or crosscourt with that wonderful topspin backhand drive of his, Amritraj, bursting out into a wide smile, would applaud the shot by slapping the face of his racket with his hand. This was no synthetic exhibition of sportsmanship. Amritraj is the genuine thing. In addition, he is an extraordinarily charming and bright young man, and he should add a great deal to the tennis scene in the years ahead.

Borg, playing more erratically than he had against Ashe, went out in the fourth round to Pilic in four sets, and Pattison went out to John Newcombe,

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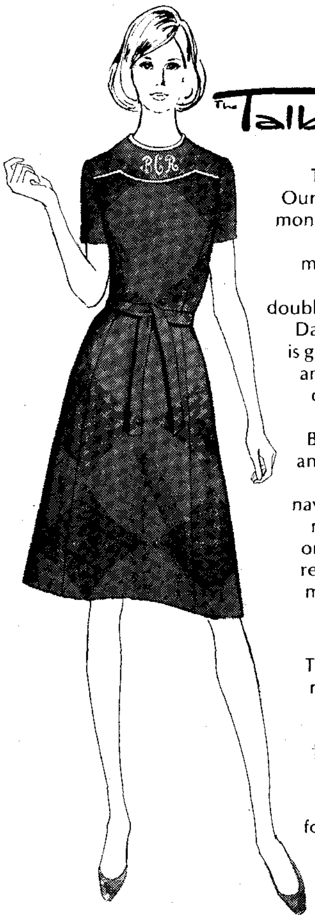

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the formidable Australian, also in four sets. Perhaps the best tennis of this round was produced by Jimmy Connors, a twenty-one-year-old protégé of the two Panchos, Gonzales and Segura, who comes from Belleville, Illinois. A relaxed left-hander with a helpful sense of humor, Connors clobbers everything with terrific speed and snap. Against Okker, whose weakness is his own lack of severity, everything went in for Connors, and he won by the lopsided score of 6–3, 6–2, 6–4. This took us to the quarter-finals. In the top half of the draw, Stan Smith, last year's Wimbledon champion, and Kodes, this year's, got through to the semis—Smith easily, Kodes only after a bitter five-set battle with his old European rival Pilic. In the lower half, we had two very attractive matches: Connors vs. Newcombe, and Amritraj vs. Ken Rosewall, the ageless Australian control artist, who hadn't lost a set during the first four rounds. Newcombe got by Connors, 6–4, 7–6, 7–6, in a slam-bang duel that was as close as the score, Newcombe winning both tie-breakers, five points to four. The other match was quite different. Rosewall simply wouldn't let Amritraj get rolling. For example, the tall, lithe Indian would unfurl one of his big serves, absolutely loaded with spin, and precise little Rosewall—looking hardly different from the way he did at seventeen, twenty-one years ago, when he first appeared at Forest Hills—would twinkle into position and, with that fantastic eye-and-hand coördination of his, meet the ball so squarely in the center of his racket and so firmly that he would, in effect, rob the serve of all the stuff Amritraj had put on it, and send the ball shooting back, loaded with his own spin and diving right at Amritraj's feet. The scores were 6–4, 6–3, 6–3. "I never played a man who returned serve so well," Amritraj said with an admiring sigh. "I've always loved watching Rosewall play. I was looking forward to seeing what it would be like to come up against that famous backhand. Well, today when I saw it, I wanted to come off the court as soon as I could."

No two people see a tennis match the same way. I mention this because for me the best tennis of the championships was, oddly, provided by the three-set semifinal between Newcombe and Rosewall. Both, I thought, were close to the top of their game. Newcombe, who had played only nine previous tournaments this year and was so far off form in the spring that he lost to comparative nobodies in the first round of the French

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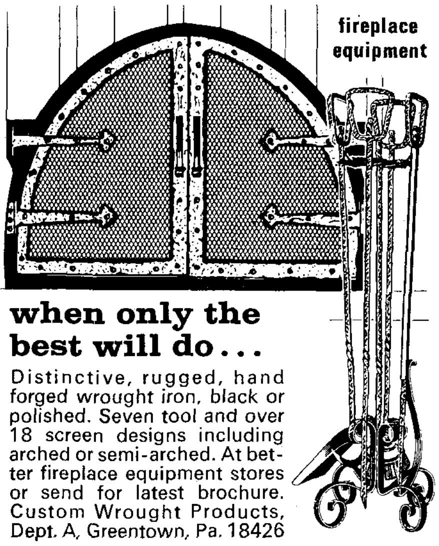

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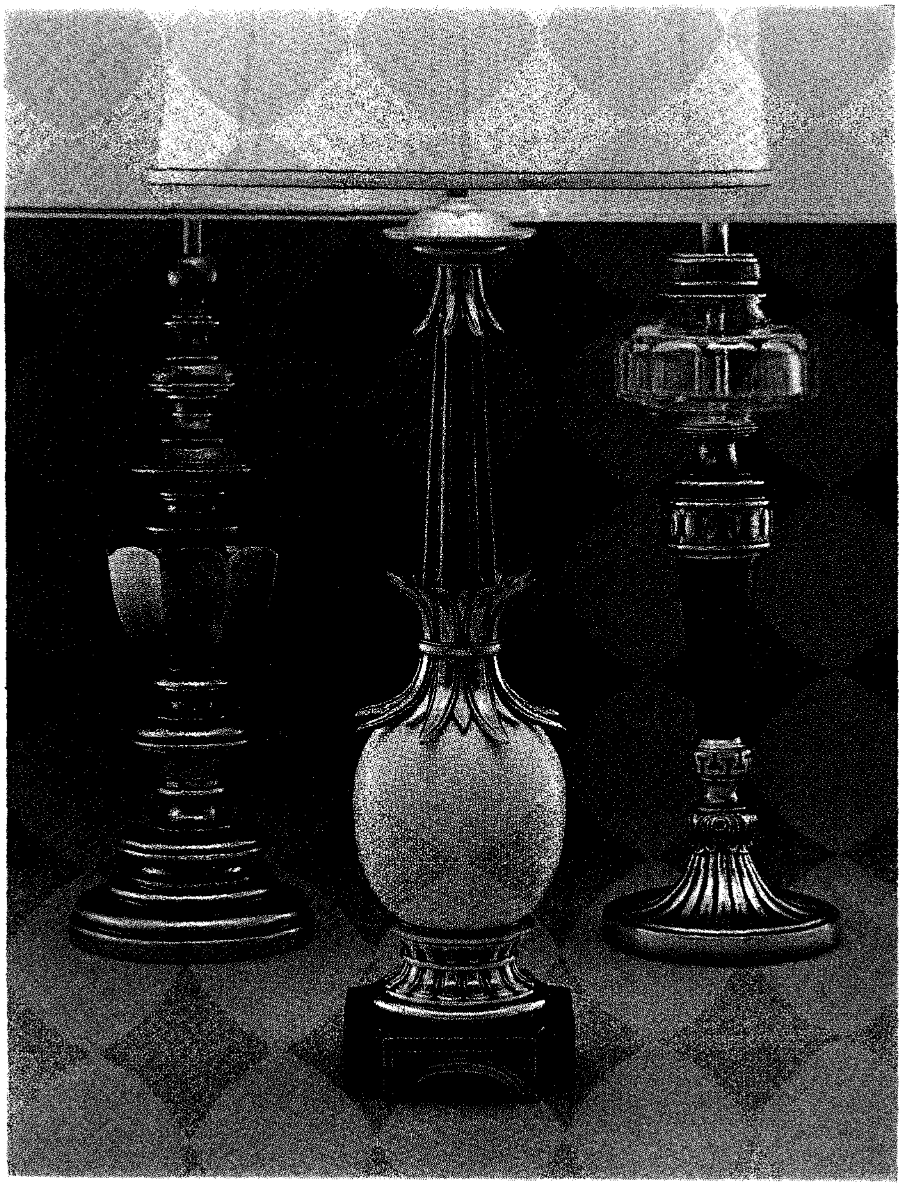

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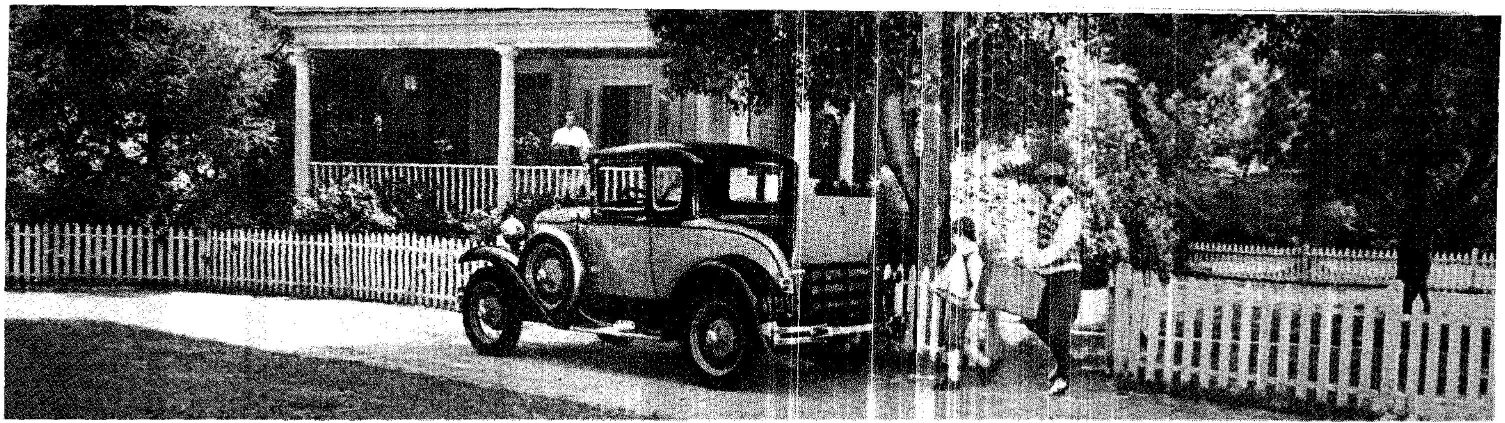

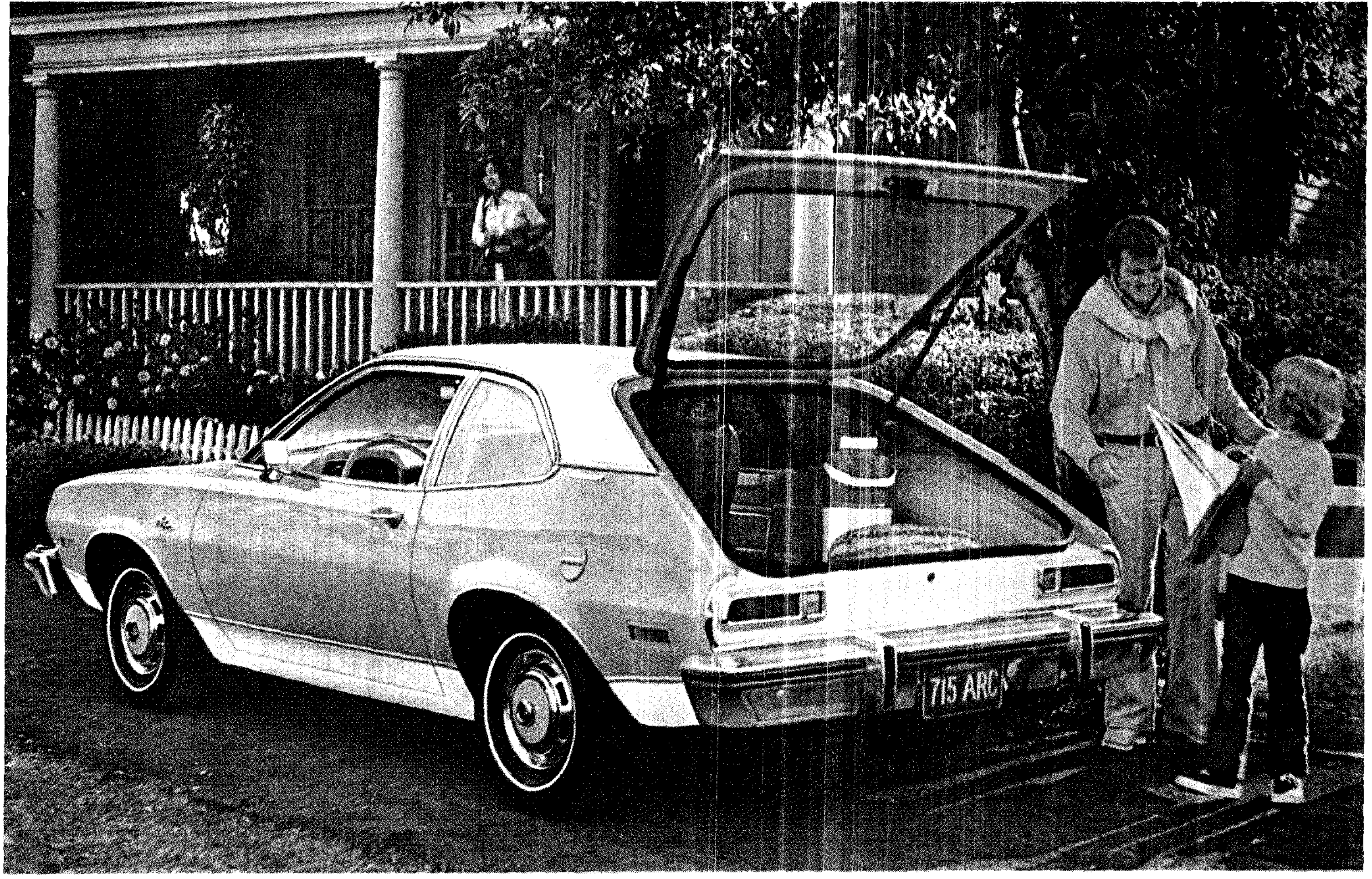

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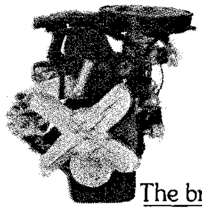

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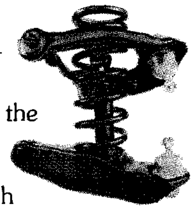

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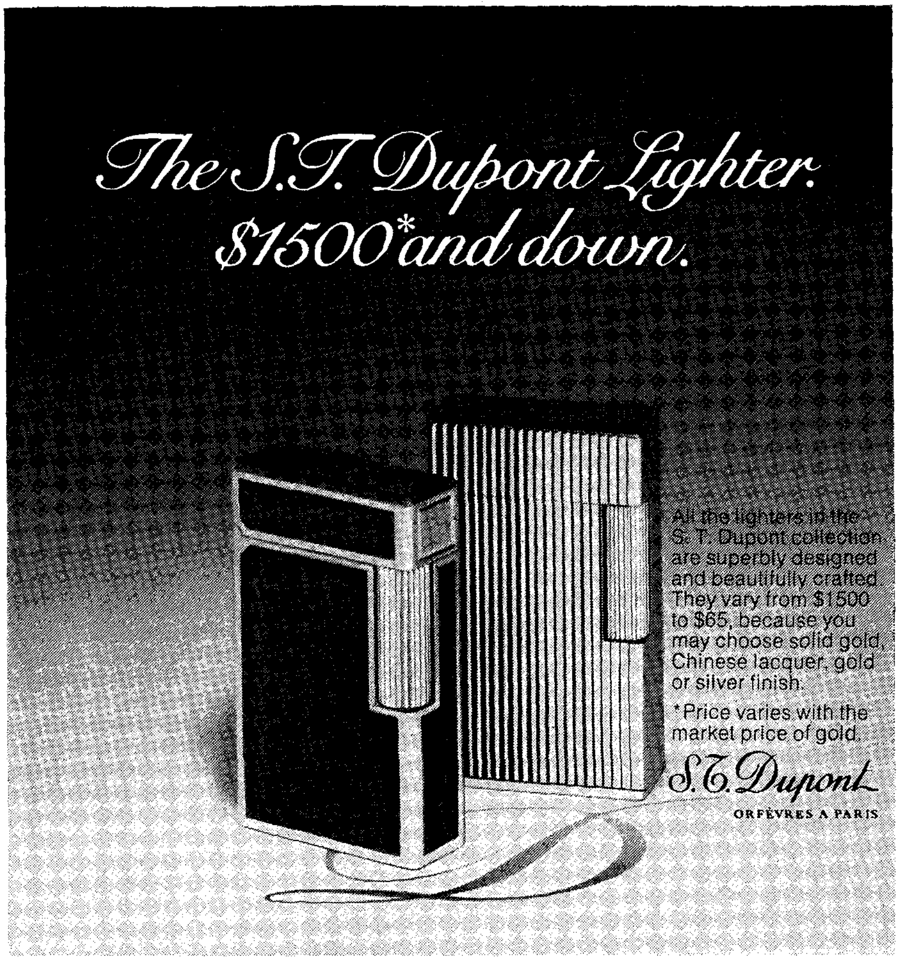
Open and the second round of the Italian Open, was pounding in that heavy service, returning service purposefully, stretching wide for cutoff volleys—the whole potpourri he dishes up when he is really on. Rosewall was Rosewall, handling Newcombe's power adroitly, and rather consistently playing the real winning shot off what had looked like the winning shot. It was wonderful tennis, and yet on paper—Newcombe, 6–4, 7–6, 6–3—it appears nothing special. The whole course of the match might have been different, Rosewall ruminated afterward, had he cashed in on the break point he held on Newcombe's very first service. After that, he was always playing catch-up tennis. Not until the tenth game of the second set did he succeed in cracking Newcombe's serve, and by then he had already dropped his own serve once in that set. In effect, he had only prolonged the set. He lost it in the tie-breaker when the winning point, a backhand volley by Newcombe, hit the tape and crawled over the net. Rosewall spent a long time in the locker room thinking about the match. After all these years, all these campaigns, he still takes defeat quite hard whenever he feels he was playing well enough during a tournament to win it.

The other semifinal, Smith vs. Kodes, undoubtedly produced spottier tennis, but what a dramatic match it turned out to be! Kodes, who comes from Prague, is a good-looking, medium-sized man of twenty-seven with curly light-brown hair, a light mustache, the muscular legs of the soccer player, a good eye, very quick reflexes, and a commendable amount of stubbornness. He took the first set, 7–5, and was leading 4–0 in the second when Smith, who had looked slow and stiff all during the tournament, came to life, fought his way back to 4–4, and ultimately took the set by capturing the tie-breaker, five points to four. Kodes was of the opinion that Smith's serve on the winning point had been well out (he was not the only person who saw it that way), and when the call stood he manifested his rage by kicking a hole through the seat of one of the chairs that are put out for the players to sit on during the intervals when they are changing courts. Smith then won the third set, 6–1, and looked very much in command, but the fourth set was all Kodes, and went to him, 6–1. The fifth moved slowly to 2–2, 3–3, 4–4. By that time, dusk had fallen. Overhead, a pale moon had risen in the sky, and the west wind, which had blown lightly all day, was now rustling noisily



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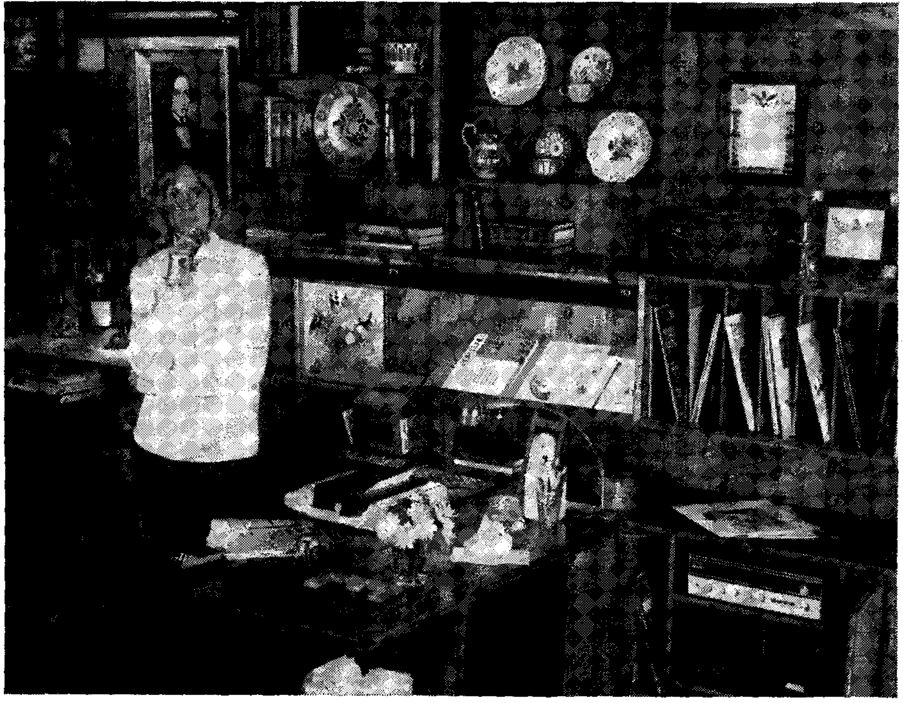

through the trees. These were hardly appropriate conditions for a match of such significance, but since neither player wanted it to be called and resumed the next day, the umpire let it go on. In the tenth game, Smith held a break point on Kodes's service at 30–40, but Kodes bailed himself out by getting in a big, skidding first serve on the next point. The long eleventh game was decisive. Serving at 5–5, Smith, after fighting off two break points, blew two volleys in a row. Kodes then served out at love for set and match.

It was a good final—much better, I must confess, than I thought it might be. Off his showing against Rosewall, I thought that Newcombe would not have much trouble with Kodes—that it would go four sets at the most. In capturing the first set, 6–4, Newcombe did look impressive, winning Kodes's serve at love in the ninth game and then holding his own at love in the tenth by the simple expedient of hammering in four consecutive first serves. Few cannonballs in the business are as tough to handle as Newcombe's, and his second serve has hardly less crunch. There is nothing complicated about his service action. A rangy, broad-backed six-footer (with a face like an Australian Gary Cooper), he throws his whole body into his service as his racket comes winging over his shoulder like the arm of a windmill. His forward momentum helps to carry him more than halfway to the net as he follows his service in, and this puts him, especially when you take his wide reach into consideration, into the perfect position to volley the return of service.

In the second set, there were some changes. Newcombe's timing began to slip—both his footwork and his anticipation suddenly seemed laggard—and, simultaneously, Kodes's whole game picked up. Among other things, his serve had more pace and more depth, although there had been no visible alteration in his wooden-soldier, by-the-numbers service technique: lean back, lean forward, bounce and catch ball, bounce and catch ball again, lift head toward the sky, toss ball up and swing racket back, hit ball. Kodes's return of service also came on. As he gets set to receive, the accent, again, is not on grace but on efficiency. The head and neck are thrust far forward; the neck swivels as if it were trying to screw itself into the shoulders; the racket is extended with both hands clamped tautly on it; the knees are deeply bent, and sway from side to side. The overall posture is not unlike that of a novice skier tensing up at the top of a frighten-

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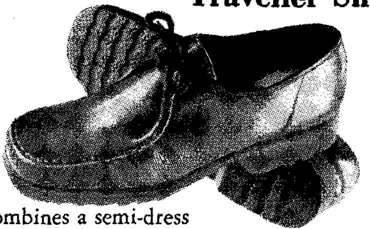

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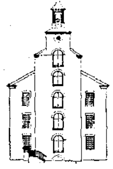

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ing slope. It works for Kodes, though. From it, he can spring into position to meet his opponent's serve in an instant. Coming on confidently now, he won Newcombe's service twice in the second set, frequently hitting the cannonball back faster than it came over, and placing it well, too. He took that set, 6–1. He went on to take the third, 6–4, thanks in about equal measure to his acrobatic scrambling around the court—he made some incredible gets—and to a plethora of shouldered forehands, overhit backhands, and other assorted errors by Newcombe. (In one game in this set, the break game, he was guilty of five errors and two double faults.) In the fourth set, however, Kodes made a costly mistake: he let down a fraction. It was understandable. He was now feeling the toll of being embroiled in what turned out to be his third five-set match in four days. Slowly, Newcombe started to take advantage of Kodes's less pressing play, and fought his way back into the match. This was no easy thing to do, since the only stroke he could really depend on was his serve. In any event, he won the fourth set, 6–2, to square the match. Then he won the deciding set, 6–3. The one service break in this set came in the fourth game, and after that Newcombe held on grimly.

At the press session afterward, Kodes surprised me by saying, "In the fifth set, the guy is always going to make it who makes the break first." Not necessarily. But I suppose a man might feel that way after fighting Newcombe for three hours or so. It must be something like fighting Rocky Marciano. Even on those nights when Marciano scored with few clean blows, he wore down his opponents with all those heavy, attritive punches that landed on the arms, the shoulders, the neck, the back. Finally, they couldn't lift their hands.

Newcombe, who is twenty-nine, has now won six major titles: three Wimbledon Championships, two United States Championships, and one Australian Championship. The last came this winter, when he turned down a spot on the rich W.C.T. tour and, instead, chose to play Davis Cup for Australia in the preliminary rounds against Japan and India. It is only right to note that he also devoted some of that time to exploring the possibilities of organizing a Far Eastern circuit, which would be played in the autumn of the year. Brainy, congenial, quietly ambitious, independent, Newk, who is an authentic citizen of the world (he and his wife, a native of Germany, and

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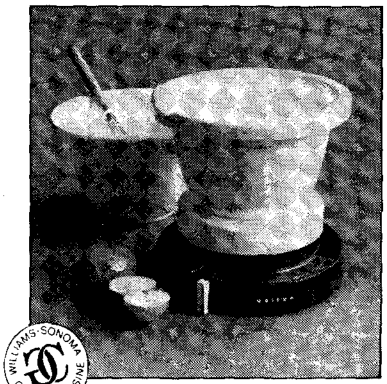

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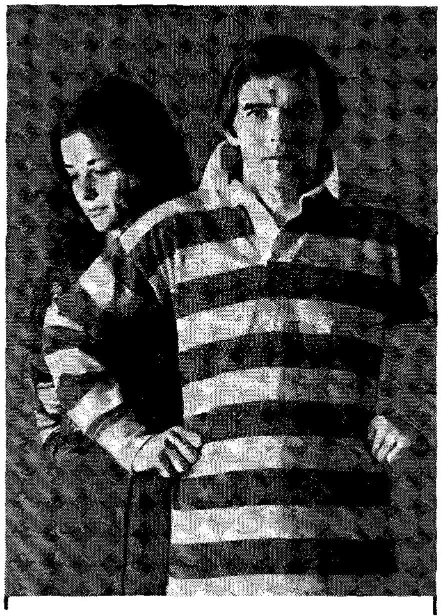

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their three children make their permanent home at his tennis camp in New Braunfels, Texas), has always wanted a life with something more in it than a constant diet of competitive tennis. The only difficulty with staying away from the tournament world for long periods is that it becomes much tougher to win when one returns. At Forest Hills, Newcombe had the essential determination and found a way.

To everybody's gratification, Mrs. Court was victorious in the women's singles, beating Miss Evert in the semifinals and Miss Goolagong in the final. The other semifinalist was Helga Masthoff, of Germany, who made her only previous appearance in our championships ten years ago, when she was Helga Niessen. By any name, she is *rara avis.* A pretty young woman with large doe eyes and the long legs of a model, she stands a slender six-one. She regularly appears on court wearing a plain white sports dress with a little lace on it, and a white cloche-type hat with a small bill. Some of her movements are oddly angular. When she is serving, for instance, she raises one leg, storklike, before striking the ball. For the most part, though, she does everything—even the grubby things like covering court assiduously—with elegance and a certain soignée quality, as if she were entering the casino at Monte Carlo. Although her strokes are rather unconventional, she is a deceptively good tennis player. She is the current German champion, and she has been a finalist in the French Championships and a quarter-finalist at Wimbledon. She took the second set from Miss Goolagong and could well have taken the third. It is a shame, really, that she didn't marry a nobleman, for it would be remarkably fitting to hear the umpire calling out, "Advantage, Countess Masthoff."

PRECEDED by ten days of incessant hoopla and drumbeating, the day of the second Battle of the Sexes, September 20th, at length rolled round. That evening, more than thirty thousand people, the largest crowd ever to watch a tennis match, piled into the Astrodome to see how well Mrs. King would do against Riggs. (She went in a 5–2 underdog.) Along with this, about fifty million Americans, supplemented by the citizens of fifteen foreign countries, eventually watched the telecast. Something—maybe just the knowledge that they would be making sports history in a big way—beguiled the promoters into providing the match with an atmosphere that was part cir-

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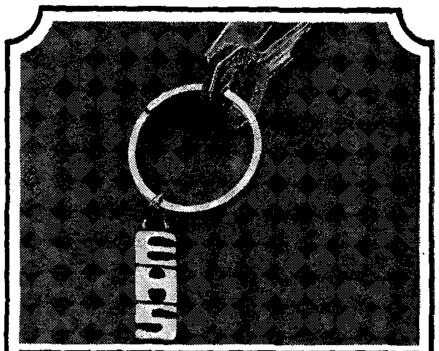

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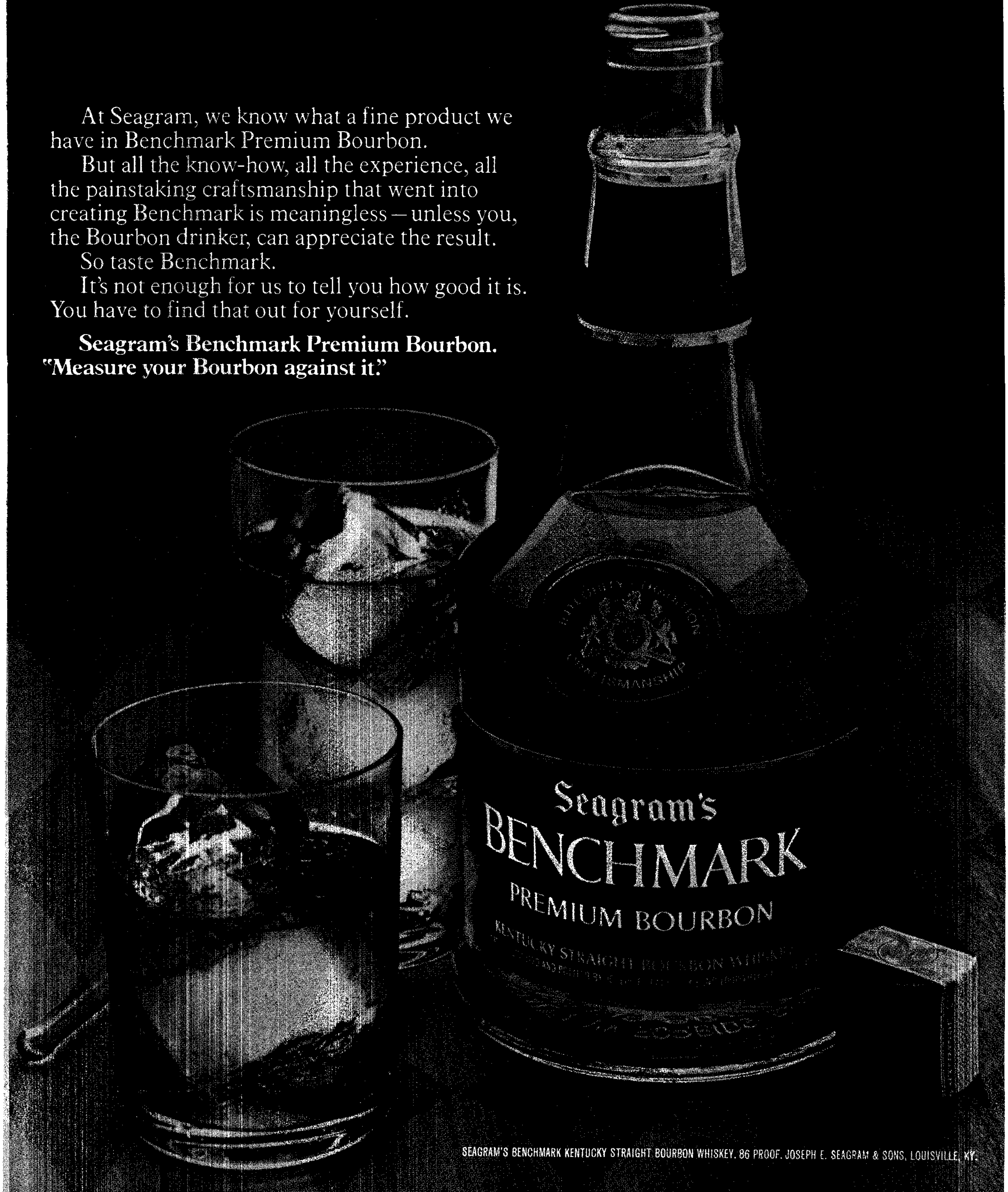
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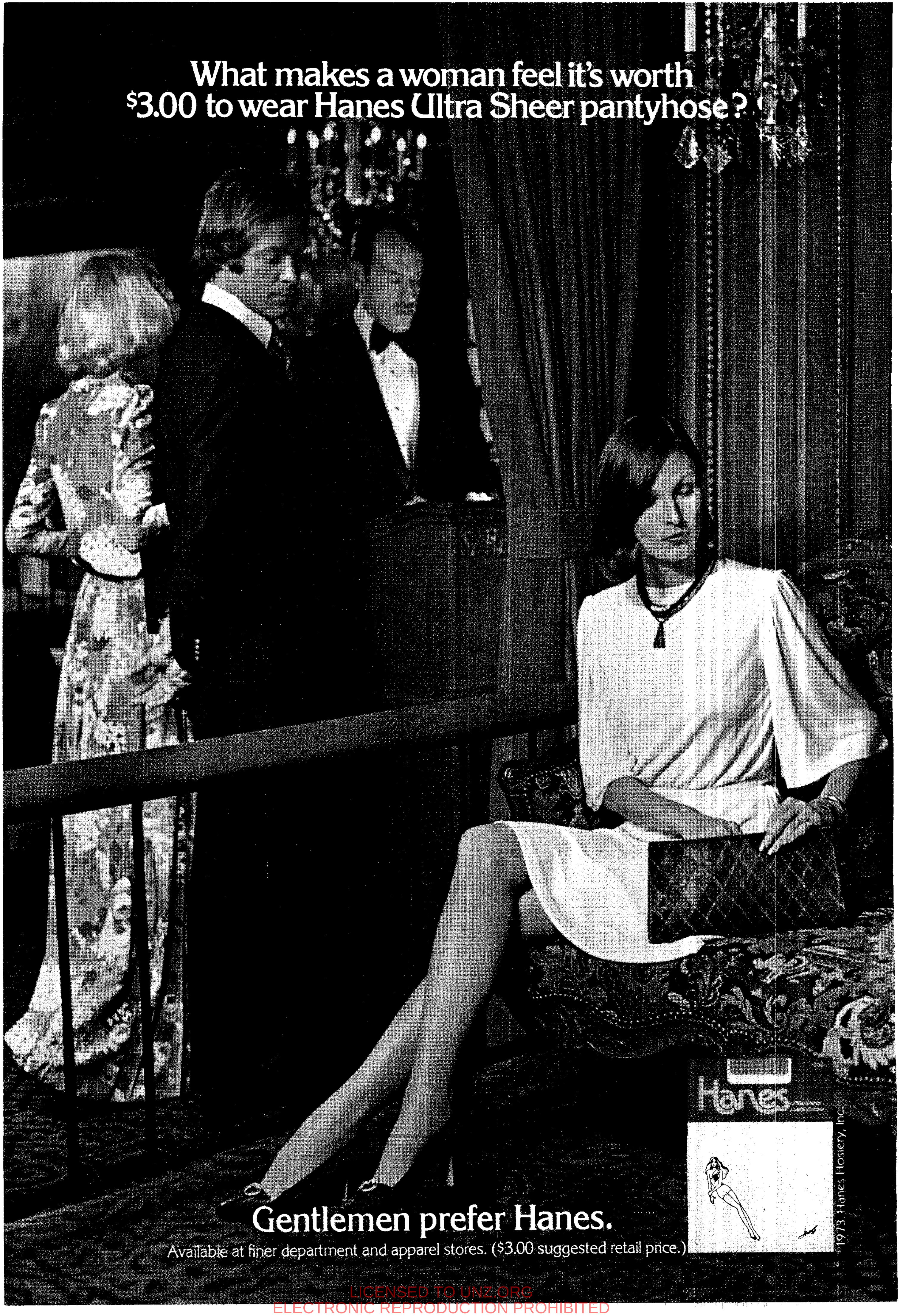
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cus, part Hollywood première, part television giveaway show, and all bad taste. Escorted by a troupe of male attendants waving hot-pink, fuchsia, and white plumes, Mrs. King made her entrance carried high on a litter, like an Ethiopian potentate of old. Riggs, clad in a gold-and-maroon warmup jacket with a commercial message for a candy bar—Sugar Daddy—inscribed on it, was wheeled in by some showgirls as he reclined in a chariot. For the life of me, this resembled nothing so much as the late Bobby Clark, with his painted-on glasses, making *his* entrance in a Broadway musical. To add to the rampant maladroitness, the anchorman for the telecast was Howard Cosell, complete with dinner jacket and a conspicuously thin understanding of tennis. To make sure that the woman-vs.-man theme of the promotion was not forgotten, Cosell was assisted by Rosemary Casals, Mrs. King's longtime friend and doubles partner, and, to balance things, Eugene Scott, a former Davis Cup player. From the outset, there was nothing tentative—to use Miss Casals' favorite word—about her remarks but, rather, an unvarying belligerence. Scott had comparatively little to say; as a man who had picked Riggs to win easily, there just wasn't much for him to comment on. As everyone knows, Mrs. King defeated Riggs very soundly in straight sets, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3. To Miss Casals' credit, she had predicted the score right on the nose.

There doesn't seem much point in analyzing the match in detail at this date. The first mild shock came in the sixth game of the first set when Riggs, who had just broken Mrs. King's service to go into the lead, was immediately broken back. This is precisely what doesn't happen in a typical Riggs match, and it reinforced a feeling many viewers had had from the start that he was in much less sharp physical shape than he had been against Mrs. Court. Too much partying, probably. At any rate, after that break-back, Mrs. King was never in trouble of any sort the rest of the evening.

A second mild shock was provided by the way in which Riggs lost the first set. With games 4–5, he was serving. The score went to 30–all. On the next point, a critical one, he threw up a lob to Mrs. King's backhand side—a good tactical play. It was a little short, though, and Mrs. King put it away with a sensational leaping backhand volley. (Miss Casals was also right in reminding us early on that Mrs. King plays the backhand volley as well as anyone in the

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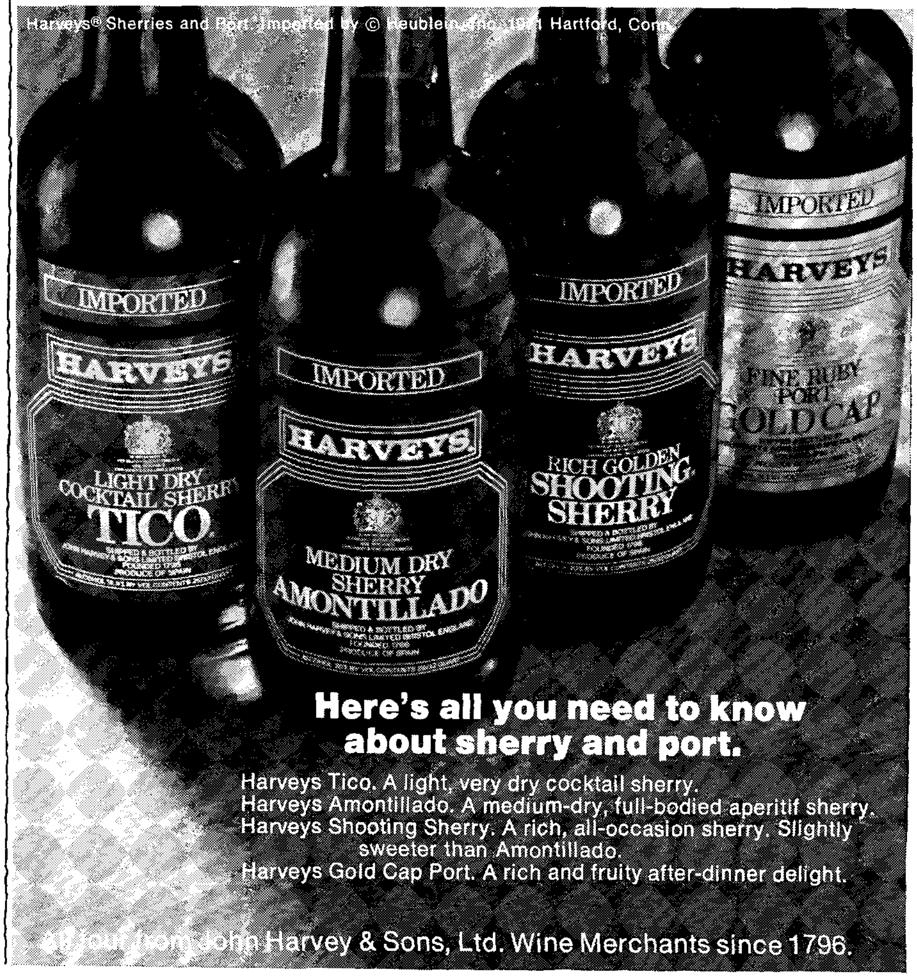

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game.) Then, on set point for Mrs. King, Riggs, the fabled nerveless hustler, double-faulted.

After that, I don't think anyone was surprised that Mrs. King won, but they were by the ease with which she did it. Despite the hard occasion, she kept her nerves well in check. She was the superior player in just about every respect. She served better on the fast acrylic-fibre surface. (Riggs could not get his first serve in all night.) With her fine anticipation and her speed afoot, she ran down most of his chips and dinks and other junk, frequently ending these exchanges with passing shots for clean winners. His famed lob, which was not working well, gave her no trouble, and, by my count, she missed only one overhead smash in the three sets. And, finally, and most emphatically, she beat him cold in the forecourt, outmaneuvering him and playing better shots. (By the way—not that genetic corroboration is necessary to bring out what an exceptional athlete Mrs. King is—her younger brother, Randy Moffitt, pitches for the San Francisco Giants.)

This brings us to the real enigma of the match. What was Riggs, the master strategist, the Einstein of the *en-tous-cas*, doing playing serve-and-volley all night? That is Mrs. King's game, not his, and he doesn't play it well. To put it another way, why didn't Riggs spend more of his time back at the baseline, where he thrives, patiently playing *his* game, and feeding Mrs. King his best junk, the stuff that has been winning for him for years? And why, with all his tennis acumen, did he keep playing Mrs. King's stalwart backhand? I have no idea. Perhaps Mrs. King was so much the superior player that night that nothing Riggs tried would have prolonged the match appreciably. Anyway, the South Sea Bubble of 1973 has burst—with the difference from the original that everyone has got rich. I'm sorry that Major Wingfield couldn't have been around to see his game played in the Astrodome and, possibly, to slide in for a few well-paying commercials himself. One must settle for the reasonable in this world, however, so let us hope that Baron Ash, tardily awakening to the charms of tennis, got down a few quid on the winner.

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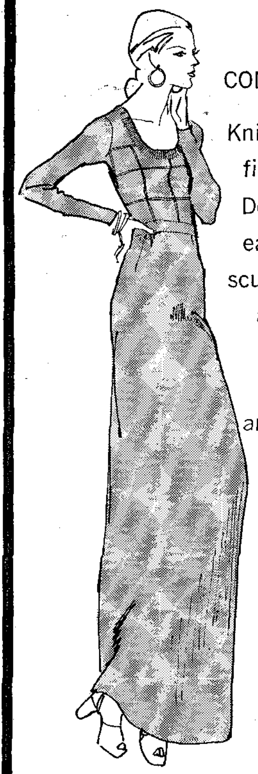
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THERE are a few other worthwhile piano recordings to comment upon:

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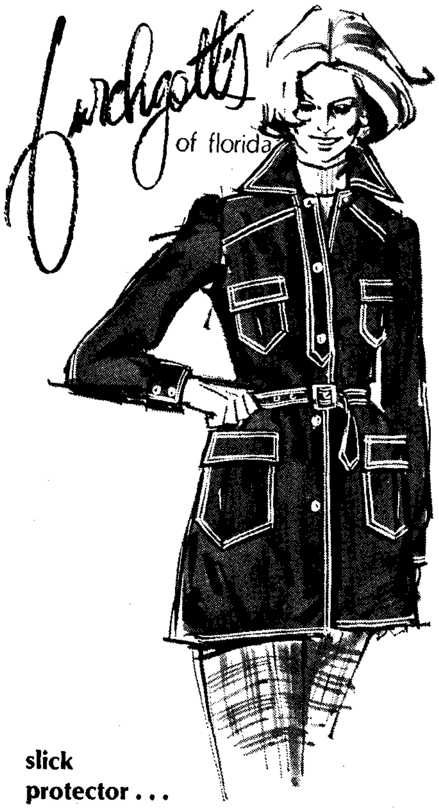

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ture and cultivated, his technique fluent, his approach authoritative.

All the Chopin Polonaises have been set down by Garrick Ohlsson on Angel SB-3794 (stereo, four sides). Mr. Ohlsson, winner of the 1970 Warsaw Chopin Competition, is a young pianist of sterling gifts, though his Chopin style is not quite as assured as the now middle-aged Mr. Graffman's. There is a certain hesitancy in his rhythm in the Polonaises generally called the "Military" and the "Heroic." Still, he possesses a brilliant technique and an enormous amount of youthful élan, and it is *nice* to have *all* the Polonaises in one album.

Glenn Gould performs Grieg's Sonata in E Minor, Opus 7, Bizet's Variations Chromatiques, and Nocturne No. 1 on Columbia M-32040 (stereo, two sides). Mr. Gould, who is always up to something, plays the Grieg sonata with great deliberation—an approach he believes reveals the "dour, curiously dispassionate qualities of Ibsenesque gloom" he finds in this and other Grieg works. Opinions may differ about the matter, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Gould has performed a public service of importance in disinterring Bizet's rather Chopinesque variations, which are practically unknown. He plays them with no trace whatever of Ibsenesque gloom. Mr. Gould is a wit as well as a fine pianist, and his liner notes constitute a funny bit of raillery at solemn musicologists. He sets up and then knocks down the concept of "Tristan und Isolde" as the fountainhead of nineteenth-century Romanticism, kids the notion of *Zeitgeist* aesthetics, and assures his prospective critics that he ought to know how to play Grieg because Grieg was a cousin of his maternal great-grandfather.

The Mozart Piano Concertos in F (K. 413) and A (K. 414) have been recorded by Rudolf Serkin with the Marlboro Festival Orchestra, Alexander Schneider conducting (Columbia M-31728; stereo, two sides). These are infrequently heard Mozart works, though they are among his best, and Mr. Serkin, as is to be expected of one of the world's leading Mozart players, does them full justice. So do Mr. Schneider and his excellent orchestra.

"Monster Concert" is the title assigned by Columbia to its M-31726 (stereo, two sides), for which ten pianos and sixteen pianists (Eugene List and faculty members and graduates of the Eastman School of Music) perform under the baton of Samuel Adler. Among the items, all recorded in the Eastman Theatre, in Rochester, are

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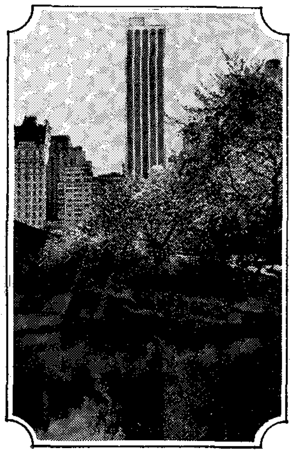

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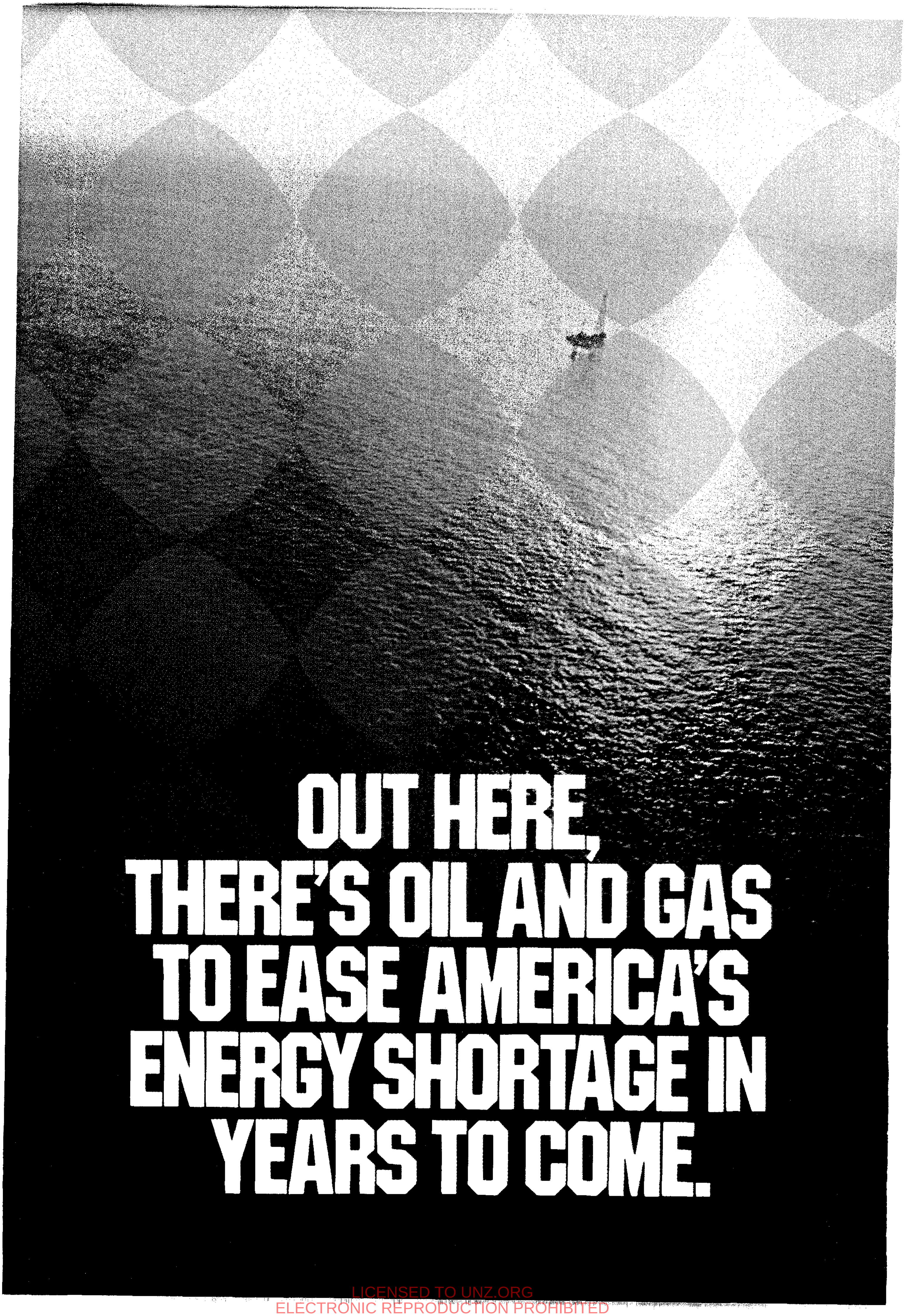
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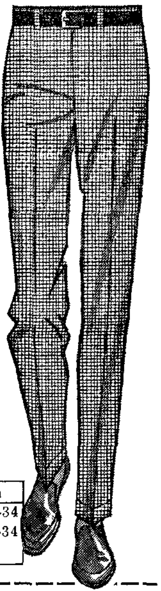

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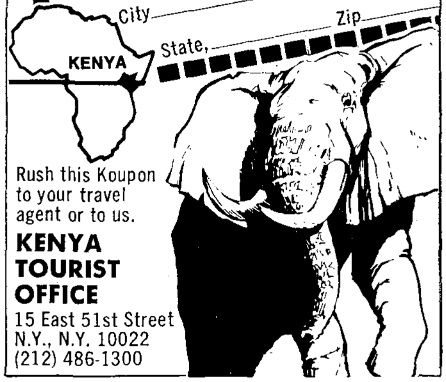

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•

TO: European Trade Mission Participants and Coöperating Agencies
FROM: Fred E. Merrell, Executive Vice-President
RE: Cancellation of 1973 European Trade Mission

This memo acts as an official notice to inform all those individuals related to preparations for the Long Island Association's fourth Trade Mission (scheduled for London, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Dusseldorf) that because of variables presented through the uncertainty of those company representatives anticipating participation, the time lapse has been such to conclude that we do not have the proper mission structure both in number of personnel and companies for a projected successful operation, therefore it has been necessary to cancel this mission. —*Letter received by a man on Long Island.*

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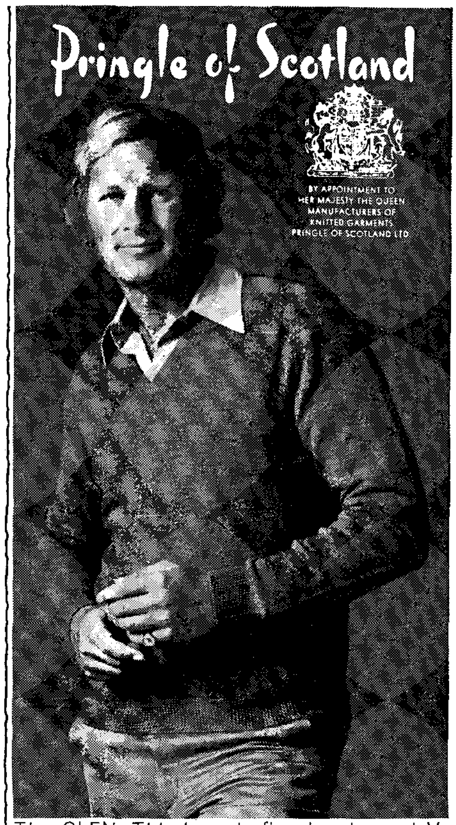

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Everyday Inferno

Martin Scorsese's "Mean Streets" is a true original of our period, a triumph of personal filmmaking. It has its own hallucinatory look; the characters live in the darkness of bars, with lighting and color just this side of lurid. It has its own unsettling, episodic rhythm and a high-charged emotional range that is dizzyingly sensual. At the beginning, there's a long, fluid sequence as the central character, Charlie, comes into a bar and greets his friends; there's the laying on of hands, and we know that he is doing what he always does. And when the camera glides along with him as he's drawn toward the topless dancers on the barroom stage, we share his trance. At the end of the scene, when he's up on the stage, entering into the dance, he's not some guy who's taken leave of his senses but a man going through his nightly ritual. Movies generally work you up to expect the sensual intensities, but here you may be pulled into high without warning. Violence erupts crazily, too, the way it does in life—so unexpectedly fast that you can't believe it, and over before you've been able to take it in. The whole movie has this effect; it psychs you up to accept everything it shows you. And since the story deepens as it goes along, by the end you're likely to be openmouthed, trying to rethink what you've seen. Though the street language and the operatic style may be too much for those with conventional tastes, if this picture isn't a runaway success the reason could be that it's so original that some people will be dumbfounded—too struck to respond. It's about American life here and now, and it doesn't look like an American movie, or feel like one. If it were subtitled, we could hail a new European or South American talent—a new Buñuel steeped in Verdi, perhaps—and go home easier at heart. Because what Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot and violence than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil.

The zinger in the movie—and it's this, I think, that begins to come together in one's head when the picture is over—is the way it gets at the psychological connections between Italian Catholicism and crime, between sin and crime. Some editorial writers like to pretend this is all a matter of prejudice; they try to tell us that there is no basis for the popular ethnic stereotypes—as if crime among Italians didn't have a different tone from crime among Irish or Jews or blacks. Editorial writers think they're serving the interests of democracy when they ask us to deny the evidence of our senses. But all crime is not alike, and different ethnic groups have different styles of lawlessness. These Mafiosi loafers hang around differently from loafing blacks; in some ways, the small-time hoods of "Mean Streets" (good Catholics who live at home with their parents) have more in common with the provincial wolf pack of Fellini's "I Vitelloni" (cadging, indulged sons of middle-class families) than with the other ethnic groups in New York City. And these hoods live in such an insulated world that anyone outside it—the stray Jew or black they encounter—is as foreign and funny to them as a little man from Mars.

Many people interpreted the success of "The Godfather" to mean that the film glorified the gangsters' lives. During the Second World War, a documentary showing the noise and congestion of New York City was cheered by nostalgic American soldiers overseas; if audiences were indeed attracted to the life of the Corleone family (and I think some probably were), the reaction may be just as aberrant to the intentions of "The Godfather," the best gangster film ever made in this country. It's likely that Italian, or Sicilian, Catholicism has a special, somewhat romantic appeal to Americans at this time. Italians appear to others to accept the fact that they're doomed; they learn to be comfortable with it—it's what gives them that warm, almost tactile glow. Their voluptuous, vacant-eyed smiles tell us that they want to get the best out of this life: they know they're going to burn in eternity, so why should they think about things that are depressing? It's as if they were totally carnal: everything is for their pleasure. Maybe it is this relaxed attitude that gave the Mafiosi of "The Godfather" their charm for the American audience. Was the audience envying them their close family ties and the vitality of their lawlessness? Was it envying their having got used to a sense of sin? It's almost as if the non-Catholic part of America wanted to say that *mea culpa* is *nostra culpa*.

Before "Mean Streets" is over, that glow gets very hot and any glamour is sweated off. The clearest fact about Charlie (Harvey Keitel), junior member of a Mafia family—and, in a nonliteral sense, the autobiographical central figure—is that whatever he does in his life, he's a sinner. Behind the titles you see him smiling his edgy, jocular smile and shaking hands with a priest, as if sealing a pact, while the words appear: "Directed by Martin Scorsese." Charlie, you can see in his tense ferret's face, feels he was born to be punished. Like his friends, round-faced, jovial Tony the barkeep (David Proval) and pompous Michael (Richard Romanus), a chiselling dude, he basks in the life. Running numbers, gambling, two-bit swindles: they grew up in this squalor and it's all they've ever known or wanted. To them, this is living it up. But Charlie isn't a relaxed sinner; he torments himself, like a fanatic seminarian. He's so frightened of burning he's burning already. Afraid of everything, he's everybody's friend, always trying to keep the peace. He's a dutiful toady to his Uncle Giovanni (Cesare Danova), the big man in the Mafia, and he fails those he really cares about: his girl, Teresa (Amy Robinson), and his friend Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro), a compulsive gambler—more than compulsive, irrational, a gambler with no sense of money. Charlie is too vain and sycophantic not to give in to social pressure. Teresa isn't rated high enough by his uncle; and his uncle, his king, the source of the restaurant he hopes to get, has told him not to be involved with Johnny Boy. Johnny Boy was named after Giovanni, but the family protects you only if you truckle to the elder

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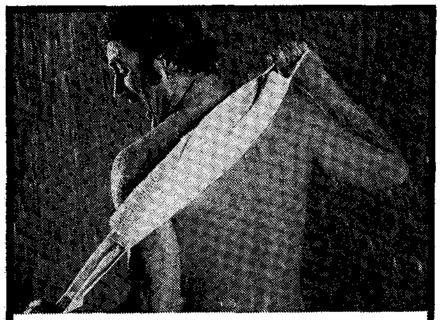

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statesmen and behave yourself—if you're a good timeserver.

Johnny Boy isn't; he flouts all the rules, he just won't "behave." He's fearless, gleefully self-destructive, cracked—moonstruck but not really crazy. His madness isn't explained (fortunately, since explaining madness is the most limiting and generally least convincing thing a movie can do). When you're growing up, if you know someone crazy-daring and half-admirable (and maybe most of us do), you don't wonder how the beautiful nut got that way; he seems to spring up full-blown and whirling, and you watch the fireworks and feel crummily cautious in your sanity. That's how it is here. Charlie digs Johnny Boy's recklessness. De Niro's Johnny Boy is the only one of the group of grifters and scummy racketeers who is his own man; he is the true hero, while Charlie, through whose mind we see the action, is the director's worst vision of himself.

The story emerges from the incidents without dominating them; it's more like a thread running through. The audience isn't propelled by suspense devices, nor is the cataclysmic finish really an end—it's only a stop. Johnny Boy needs help. He owes Michael, the dude, a lot of money, and it hurts Michael's self-esteem that he can't collect; nagging and spiteful, he threatens violence. But Charlie doesn't save Johnny Boy by going to his big-shot uncle for help, because he just can't risk taking a problem to his uncle. A good Mafia boy is not only subservient; unless something important is happening to him, he maintains his visibility as near to invisibility as possible. Uncle Giovanni, a dignified, dull, dull man, doesn't really see Charlie—doesn't register his existence—and that's what keeps Charlie in his good graces. But if Charlie asks for help for a crazy friend in trouble, he loses his low visibility. So Charlie talks a lot to Johnny Boy about friendship and does nothing. He's Judas the betrayer because of his careful angling to move up the next rung of the ladder. How can a man show his soul to be pettier than that? Charlie, the surrogate for the director, is nobody's friend, and—as the movie itself proves—least of all his own. Charlie knows from the beginning that he pays for everything. Scorsese isn't asking for expiation of Charlie's sins in the movie; sins aren't expiated in this movie. (The director has cast himself in the bit part of Michael's helper; when Johnny Boy makes Michael look so bad that Michael decides to get satisfaction, it is Scorsese

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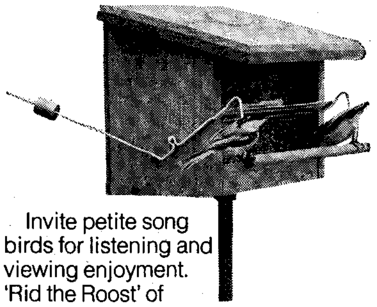

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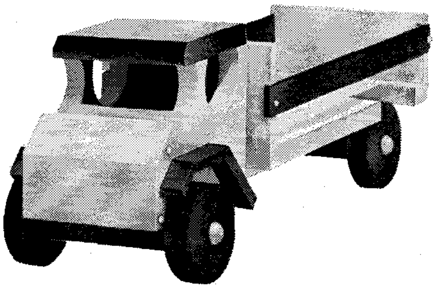

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who, as the gunman, pulls the trigger.)

It's twenty years since Fellini's "I Vitelloni" planted the autobiographical hero on the screen. Fellini did it in a fairly conventional way: his Moraldo (Franco Interlenghi) was the sensitive, handsome observer who looked at the limitations of small-town life and, at the end, said goodbye to all that. In "La Dolce Vita," the Fellini figure was the seduced, disillusioned journalist (Marcello Mastroianni) to whom everything happened, and in "8½" Mastroianni, again standing in for Fellini, was the movie director at the center of a multi-ring circus, the man sought after by everyone. In "Roma," Fellini threw in new versions of several of his earlier representatives, and himself to boot. No other movie director, except among the "underground" filmmakers, has been so explicitly autobiographical. But in "I Vitelloni" we never caught a glimpse of the actual Fellini who emerged later; we never saw the fantasist as a young man, or the energy and will that drove him on. Movie directors have not yet learned the novelists' trick of throwing themselves into the third person, into the action, as Norman Mailer does even in his reporting; directors tend to make their own representatives passive, reflective figures, with things happening to them and around them, like Curt (Richard Dreyfuss) in George Lucas's nice (though overrated) little picture "American Graffiti." Scorsese does something far more complex, because Charlie's wormy, guilt-ridden consciousness is made abhorrent to us at the same time that we're seeing life through it. Charlie is so agitated because he is aware of his smallness.

Scorsese's method is more like that of the Montreal filmmaker Claude Jutra, who, playing himself in "À Tout Prendre," masochistically made himself weak, like those chinless self-portraits with traumatic stares which painters put at the edges of their canvases. Jutra left out the mind and energies that made him a movie director, and apparently put on the screen everything in himself he loathed, and this is what Scorsese does, but Scorsese also puts in the tensions of a man in conflict, and a harlequin externalization of those tensions. He's got that dervish Johnny Boy dancing around Charlie's fears, needling Charlie and exposing him to danger despite all his conciliatory niceguyism. Johnny Boy's careless, contemptuous explosions seem a direct response to Charlie's trying to keep the lid on everything—it's as if Charlie's id were throwing bombs and laughing

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at him. When Johnny Boy has finally loused everything up, he can say to Charlie, "You got what you wanted."

While an actor like Jeff Bridges in "The Last American Hero" hits the true note, De Niro here hits the far-out, flamboyant one and makes his own truth. He's a bravura actor, and those who have registered him only as the grinning, tobacco-chewing dolt of that hunk of inept whimsey "Bang the Drum Slowly" will be unprepared for his volatile performance. De Niro does something like what Dustin Hoffman was doing in "Midnight Cowboy," but wilder; this kid doesn't just act—he takes off into the vapors. De Niro is so intensely appealing that it might be easy to overlook Harvey Keitel's work as Charlie. But Keitel makes De Niro's triumph possible; Johnny Boy can bounce off Charlie's anxious, furious admiration. Keitel, cramped in his stiff clothes (these Mafiosi dress respectable—in the long, dark overcoats of businessmen of an earlier era), looks like a more compact Richard Conte or Dane Clark, and speaks in the rhythms of a lighter-voiced John Garfield, Charlie's idol; it's his control that holds the story together. The whole world of the movie—Catholicism as it's actually practiced among these people, what it means on the street—is in Charlie's mingy-minded face.

The picture is stylized without seeming in any way artificial; it is the only movie I've ever seen that achieves the effects of Expressionism without the use of distortion. "Mean Streets" never loses touch with the ordinary look of things or with common experience; rather, it puts us in closer touch with the ordinary, the common, by turning a different light on them. The ethnic material is comparable to James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan trilogy and to what minor novelists like Louis Golding did in the street-and-tenement novels of the thirties, but when this material is written on the screen the result is infinitely more powerful. (In a film review in 1935, Graham Greene—a Catholic—said that "the camera . . . can note with more exactitude and vividness than the prose of most living playwrights the atmosphere of mean streets and cheap lodgings.") And though "Mean Streets" has links to all those Richard Conte Italian-family movies, like "House of Strangers," and to the urban-feudal life of "The Godfather," the incidents and details are far more personal. Scorsese, who did the writing with Mardik Martin, knows the scene and knows how it all fits together; it's his, and he has the ability to

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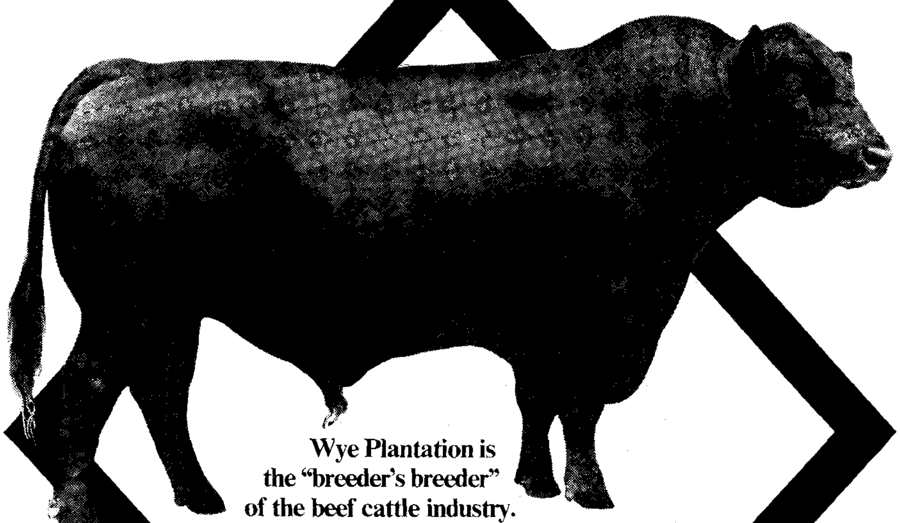
put his feelings about it on the screen. All this is what the Boston Irish world of "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" lacked; the picture was shallow and tedious, because although we could see how the gangsters victimized each other, the police and the gangsters had no roots—and intertwined roots were what it was meant to be about. It was a milieu picture without milieu. In "Mean Streets," every character, every sound is rooted in those streets. The back-and-forth talk of Charlie and Johnny Boy isn't little-people empty-funny (as it was in "Marty"); it's a tangle of jeering and joshing, of mutual goading and nerves getting frayed. These boys understand each other too well. Charlie's love for Johnny Boy is his hate for himself, and Johnny Boy knows Charlie's flaw. No other American gangster-milieu film has had this element of personal obsession; there has never before been a gangster film in which you felt that the director himself was saying, "This is my story." Not that we come away thinking that Martin Scorsese is or ever was a gangster, but we're so affected because we know in our bones that he has walked these streets and has felt what his characters feel. He knows how natural crime is to them.

There is something of the Carol Reed film "The Third Man" in the way the atmosphere imposes itself, and, like Reed, Scorsese was best known as an editor (on "Woodstock," "Medicine Ball Caravan," "Elvis on Tour," C.B.S. documentaries, etc.) before he became a director ("Who's That Knocking at My Door?," "Boxcar Bertha"). Graham Greene, the screenwriter of "The Third Man," wrote a prescription for movies that fits this one almost perfectly. "The cinema," Greene said, "has always developed by means of a certain low cunning. . . . We are driven back to the 'blood,' the thriller. . . . We have to . . . dive below the polite level, to something nearer to the common life. . . . And when we have attained to a more popular drama, even if it is in the simplest terms of blood on a garage floor ('There lay Duncan laced in his golden blood'), the scream of cars in flight, all the old excitements at their simplest and most sure-fire, then we can begin—secretly, with low cunning—to develop our poetic drama." And, again, "If you excite your audience first, you can put over what you will of horror, suffering, truth." However, Scorsese's atmosphere is without the baroque glamour of evil that makes "The Third Man" so ambiguous in its appeal. There's nothing hokey here; it is a low, malign world



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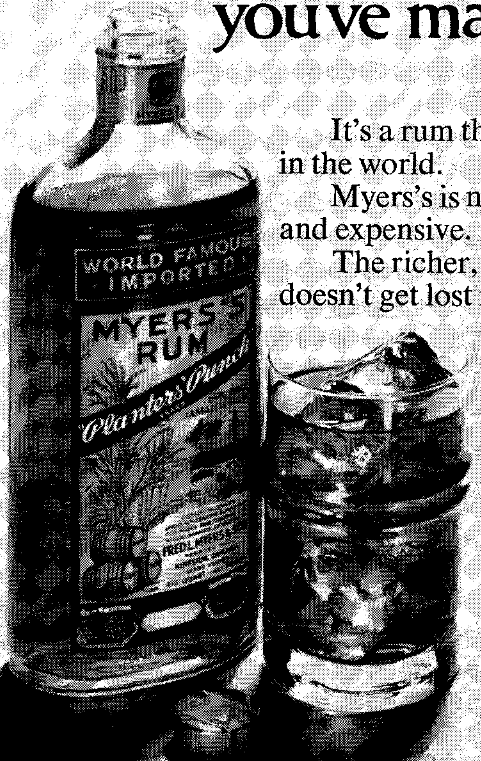

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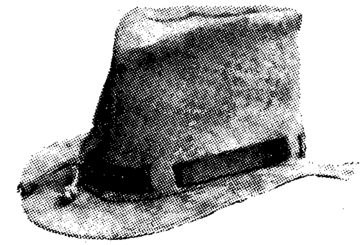

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Scorsese sees. But it's seen to the beat of an exuberant, satiric score. Scorsese has an operatic visual style (the swarthy, imaginative cinematography is by Kent Wakeford), and, with Jonathan T. Taplin, the twenty-six-year-old rock-record impresario, as producer, he has used a mixture of records to more duplicit effect than anyone since Kenneth Anger in "Scorpio Rising." It's similar to Bertolucci's use of a motley score in "Before the Revolution" and "The Conformist" and to the score in parts of "The Godfather," but here the music is a more active participant. The score is the background music of the characters' lives—and not only the background, because it enters in. It's as if these characters were just naturally part of an opera with pop themes. The music is the electricity in the air of this movie; the music is like an engine that the characters move to. Johnny Boy, the most susceptible, half dances through the movie, and when he's trying to escape from Michael he does a jerky frug before hopping into the getaway car. He *enjoys* being out of control—he revels in it—and we can feel the music turning him on. But "Mean Streets" doesn't use music, as "Easy Rider" sometimes did, to do the movie's work for it. (In "American Graffiti," the old-rock nostalgia catches the audience up before the movie even gets going.) The music here isn't our music, meant to put us in the mood of the movie, but the characters' music. And bits of old movies become part of the opera, too, because what the characters know of passion and death, and even of big-time gangsterism, comes from the movies. In Scorsese's vision, music and the movies work within us and set the terms in which we perceive ourselves. Music and the movies and the Church. A witches' brew.

Scorsese could make poetic drama, rather than melodrama laced with decadence, out of the schlock of shabby experience because he didn't have to "dive below the polite level, to something nearer to the common life" but had to do something much tougher—descend into himself and bring up what neither he nor anyone else could have known was there. Though he must have suspected. This is a blood thriller in the truest sense. —PAULINE KAEL

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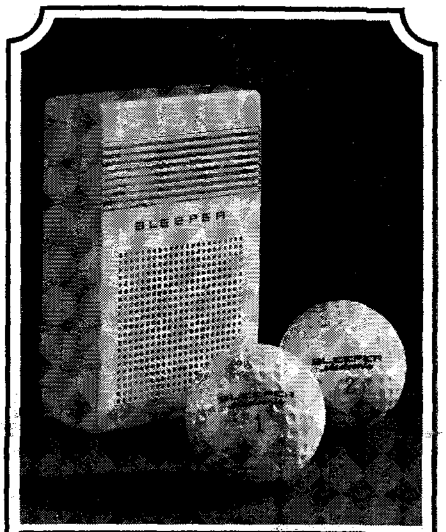

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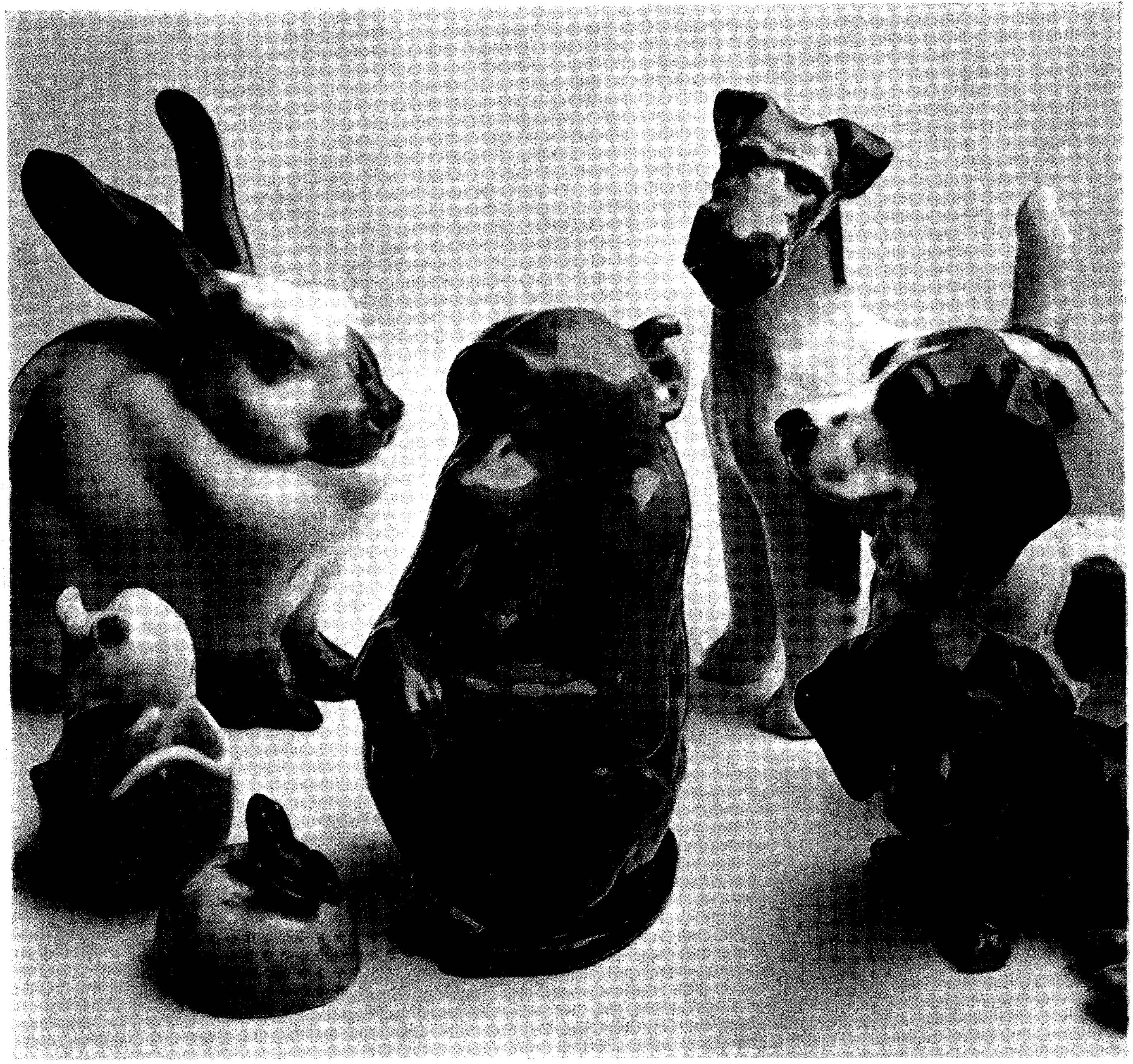

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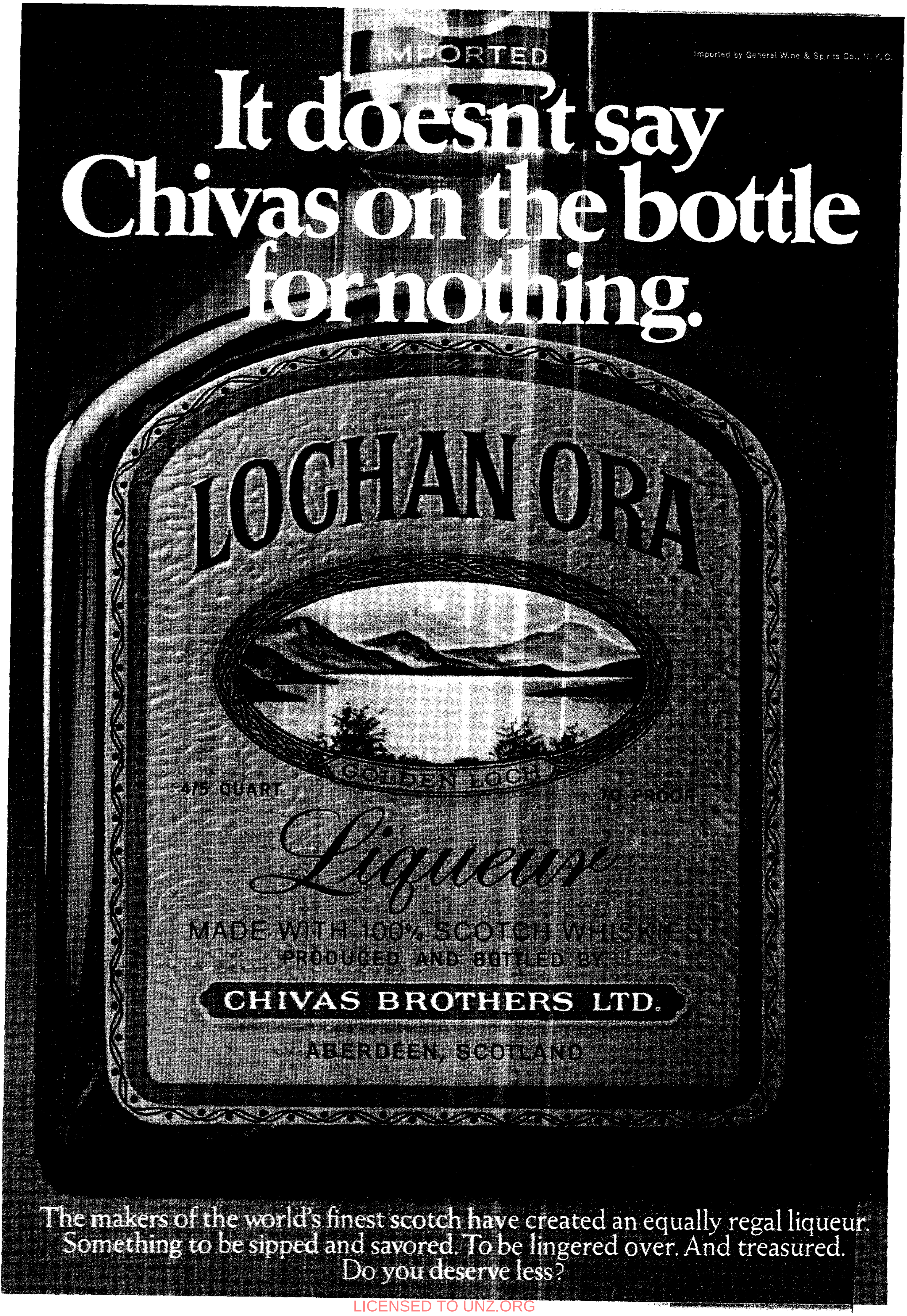
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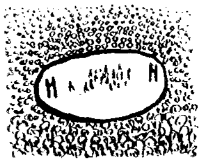
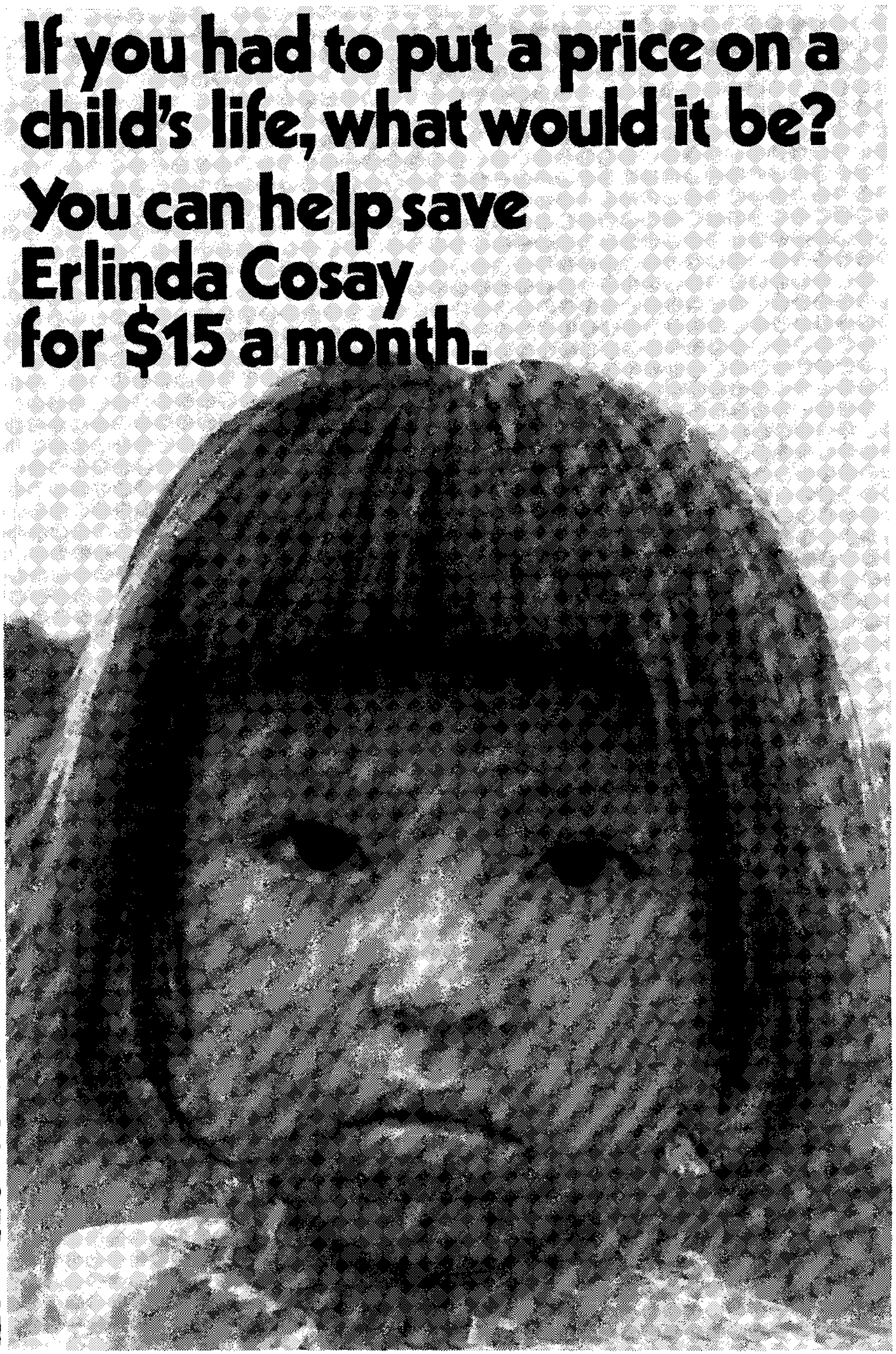


ARMY and Navy got into more of the same last weekend—California 51, Army 6, and Michigan 14, Navy 0—and the Ivy League, commencing its season by facing up to the outside world, did rather worse, against a set of industrious non-Leaguers: four defeats, two ties, and two triumphs. (Or should we say *de*feats, the way television chatterers say *de*fense?) A university education, it is said, prepares the undergraduate to make his way in the outside world. One wonders. Army and Navy, at their current battalion strength, might as well take up again their bygone kinship with the League, and what are known as observers profess to have seen what are known as omens: Princeton ran off a controlled scrimmage with Army a fortnight past; a recent meeting of minds between Army and Dartmouth and Princeton will bring about a meeting of players in the nineteen-eighties (football teams are booked nearly as far ahead as is Santa Claus); Army is talking it over with Yale and Pennsylvania; Navy is talking it over with Princeton. So!

Saturday last, Shuman was throwing as well as ever, and Penn State made it easily over Iowa, 27–8; Fink, too, was throwing as well as ever for Army, but his catchers were not getting to where they should have been or were not holding on to the ball, and California—California, which had lost its first two matches of this fall by a total of ninety-three points to seven—had no trouble. The most noticeable accession to this year's California must be Muncie, a swiftsure back who a couple of seasons ago was romping for Arizona Western as though he were O. J. Simpson. He sat out (so to speak) last season as a "redshirter," and now, a newly created sophomore, he is in the Big Big Time. But back to Fink: one reason for his showing this year is that he and Domres, once of Columbia and now of the Colts, had a quarterbacking conference or two up at West Point this summer.

Brown got itself a new coach a while ago, and got itself a tie, 20–20, with Rhode Island on Saturday; for Brown these days, that is almost a moral victory. Princeton got itself a new coach this year, but got itself nothing of importance on Saturday—Rutgers (which has its eyes on the Big Time, such as Air



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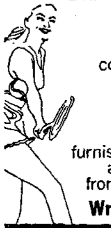

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Force later this fall) 39, Princeton 14. Princeton, which gave up single-wing football some years past for a style of attack that had no style at all, did, after it pulled a sophomore quarterback, Beible, off the sidelines, unleash a style of attack that was stylish indeed (the phraseologists would call it the veer), and it could be that Princeton football will be a matter of interest once again. Even Perkins, a slowboat last season, ran formidably as a veerer, and Princeton's Snickenberger ran like blazes. Rutgers, though, ran like mad, and, on behalf of *its* new coach, put away Princeton as easily as it had put away Lehigh the week before. One has to say Princeton's Snickenberger because of the other Snickenberger, inconspicuous indeed for the past year but now the starting quarterback for Dartmouth, which came in second to New Hampshire, 10–9, on Saturday. Columbia, which graduated practically everyone of note in June, made do with a newcomer at quarterback—Rios, a Cuban—and got itself a tie, 0–0, with Bucknell. Well, all right; trial and error for a whole bunch of earnest beginners. Lafayette 16, Pennsylvania 14—an event not wholly unexpected. Cornell 35, Colgate 21—ditto. But Yale, using Doyle, who as a freshman and sophomore was wizard at moments, and who now qualifies as a Voice of Experience, had little luck the same day—Connecticut 27, Yale 13. Forgive them all their sins—of omission and commission, naturally—for they are young and know not always what they do.

IS it not possible that Al Woodall, who is filling in for Namath as pilot of the Jets, and Craig Morton, who on occasion fills in for Staubach, of the Cowboys, would be first-stringers on teams of any other name? And O. J. Simpson, who seems invincible even though he has to run the ball for the Bills, looks almost as fine as the Cowboys' imperishable Calvin Hill.

THIS correspondent's retired professional colleague Crowe Magnon reports trouble with his television set. He likes to watch the Howard Cosell comedy show, but though he can hear his hero throughout the whole three hours, the camera is often trained upon what appears to be a football match.

—J. W. L.

•

In Every 9 to 15-Year-Old
There's the Soul of a Woman
—*Adv. in the Times Magazine.*

Sorry to hear that.

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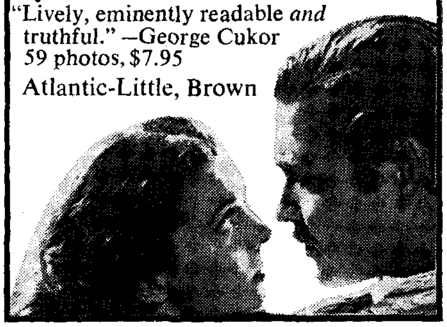

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BOOKS

Oceans Apart

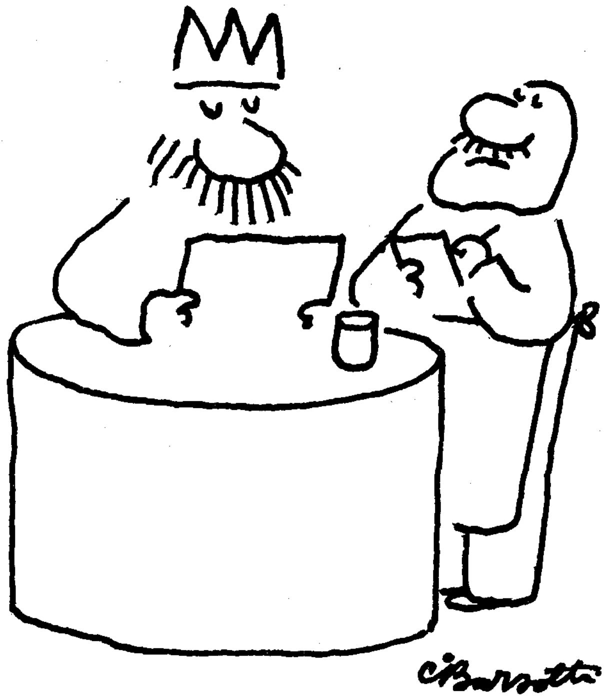
THE bond between Irish-Americans and their motherland seems a far closer one than that between, say, an Italian-American and his ancestors' Italy. It is commonplace—even expected—for an American novelist with a name like Breslin or Donleavy to write not only about America but about Ireland. Why? Perhaps because the American Irish, who remain socially mobile enough in America to be proud of their origin and, by the same token, to reject assimilation, are tied to the homeland by a whole canon of socio-religious custom that, imported wholesale from Ireland, was until quite recently worn here in much the same fashion. This transatlantic traffic still flourishes—as an Anglo-American traffic noticeably does not—to the benefit of our letters. We see fresh evidence in two recently published novels: "World Without End, Amen," by Jimmy Breslin (Viking), and "A Fairy Tale of New York," by J. P. Donleavy (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence). The bulk of the Breslin book is concerned with Ulster; Donleavy's hero brings to New York an Irish incredulity at American urban ways and means.

In "World Without End, Amen," Breslin, to my surprise and delight, outruns his writ as a New Journalist and becomes, in the best sense, an Old Novelist. He has written an effectively naturalistic novel of Irish life on both sides of the Atlantic. It is almost two novels, because the connection between his Irish scenes and his American ones is so tenuous; this structural problem aside, though, he gives us a serious and moving account of two kinds of living under pressure. His principal figure is Dermot Davey, a Queens policeman who, aged twenty-nine, is already a victim of the circumstances of his life: a rigid, old-fashioned Catholic education; the severe, confining family life of the Queens Irish; and the inevitable corruption of police work. Before he is thirty, Davey has already become an incipient alcoholic and a dangerous man with a gun, and the Police Department has relieved him of his weapon and sent him to a rehabilitation center for alcoholic cops in New Jersey. Breslin writes with enormous knowledgeability of these things, but without his former insistence on an easy, Runyonesque laugh: when we hear that Davey has been assigned to the Bow and Arrow Squad (those police who are deprived of their firearms), we expect a facile joke; instead, we get a chilling picture of men at tether's end. Breslin keeps on surprising us like this. His savage depiction of life in the Davey family and life on the Force is meant to instruct, not to amuse, and it carries much of the authority of Robert Coles' recent studies of Middle American rage and frustration. Davey's anger, it is clear, arises from the fact that he is trapped in a life of minimal comfort and no dignity—a life he must nevertheless pursue, if he is to follow the rules, until his retirement.

Davey flees this insupportable burden—on a fourteen-day cheap charter excursion—to Ireland. He carries with him a handgun for delivery to a Provisional I.R.A. partisan in Ulster; this is his passport to the battleground. In Belfast, and again in the small towns of the Six Counties, he finds a squalor and bitterness that far exceed anything he has known at home. Worse, he, a lifelong bigot by birth and circumstance, finds his own people the victims of bigotry in Ulster, and the activists to whom he is attracted are leftists, even Communists—opponents of everything he has been taught to believe in. His world is turned upside down, not least because he falls in love with the Marxist Deirdre, the least believable character—because she is the most romantic—in the book. And in an encounter with his feckless father, who had deserted his family to return to Ireland many years before, Dermot learns that they have simply nothing to say to each other.

All of these events affect Dermot's development—or his stagnation—but his character has already been set back home in Richmond Hill. The scenes in Ulster belong to the people of Ulster, and the principal figure of these scenes is actually the Protestant-Catholic struggle. Breslin's reportorial skill tells here: I have not read a more persuasive account of the modern Troubles. Though the author seems to side with the Catholic faction, and though he adduces many instances of their oppression, there is no feeling of polemic in his pages. One is reminded of Morley Safer's television reports from Vietnam, telling us, between the lines, that this is really how it is.

The book ends, back in America, with a calculated whimper. Davey has returned to the iron round of his life in Queens; as an earnest of his continued bondage, he acquiesces in the acceptance of a particularly shabby piece of graft. Nominally, the novel has resumed its shape and fulfilled its promise as a novel. But the reader is left to contemplate more than the stuff of another mere novel: in the ruin of Dermot Davey, and the parallel ruin of Ulster, Breslin has told two unblinkable truths about our times.



"The Royalburger is a double cheese with a side order of fries."

DONLEAVY'S "A Fairy Tale of New York" is something else. Though the publisher is reticent on this point, internal evidence suggests that the period is not the present, and the first date in the copyright notice is 1961. If the book were another "Ginger Man," this small lack of candor would be eminently forgiveable. But "A Fairy Tale" is not among Donleavy's better books. At his best, this man is rather a magician, stitching idiosyncratic fantasies together into almost the texture of myth. At his least, he is simply a sleight-of-hand artist, a master of languidly easy effects. "A Fairy Tale of New York" finds him in perigee.

The book, for those who feel they must read it to keep up with the canon, concerns itself with the return of Cornelius Christian to New York after a long sojourn in, presumably, Ireland. Though he is a native New Yorker, he is shocked by the changes of the years—and by the death of his young wife on the voyage over—into a new distance from America. The people and places are thus seen by a kind of Candide. Christian, near destitution, first finds employment at the funeral parlor from which his wife has been buried; he is snatched thence by the importunities of Fanny Sourpuss (what a clunker of a name!), a recent widow and one of the bereaved to whom Christian is assigned. The rich Fanny attempts to keep him; Christian, unwilling to be kept, must pursue his determinedly picaresque adventures; and so the plot goes on. And on. There are some felicities in the writing, most of it in a spare, disjunctive, Joycean stream-of-consciousness style, but without Joyce's puns or allusions; these felicities are offset by the pretentious little verse epilogues to the chapters; one of these, quoted proudly by the publishers on the jacket, reads, in its witless entirety:

Happiness
Is
A big cat
With a mouse
On a square mile
Of linoleum.

On second thought, why don't you just reread "The Saddest Summer of Samuel S" instead? —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RIVERSIDE VILLAS MURDER, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A period re-creation that is also, at times, a gentle, winsome parody. The place and period, as the title perfectly proclaims, are a middle-class London suburb in the middle nineteen-thirties. The hero is an attractive fourteen-year-old boy who resides with his parents at No. 19 Riverside Villas, or, as the parents prefer to call it, Montrose. There is a murder, and it is investigated by the Acting Chief Constable, one Colonel R. P. W. Manton, D.S.O., M.C., who is every brilliant, elegant fictional detective of the years between the wars. There is a lustful

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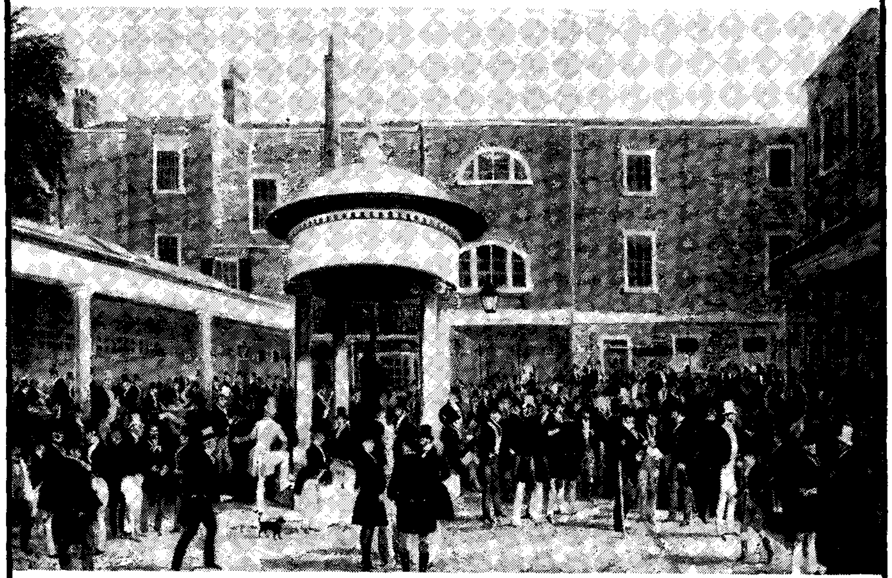

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MORROW

young wife, who briskly seduces the only too willing hero. There is the snooty neighborhood beauty, whose name, inevitably, is Daphne. There is much humor—real humor—and affectionate understanding, and the result is truly joyful.

GENERAL

G. K. CHESTERTON, by Dudley Barker (Stein & Day). Weekly journalist, biographer, poet, friend of Hilaire Belloc and Maurice Baring, amicable opponent of George Bernard Shaw, extoller and faithful customer of English pubs, moralist, egalitarian, and anti-Semite, Chesterton is remembered mainly, perhaps, as a convert to Roman Catholicism, and it may require a Roman Catholic biographer to give wholehearted, pointed consideration to his checkered views. Mr. Barker, a non-Catholic, has not done this, but he has achieved a sympathetic, deft account of many episodes in Chesterton's life—the prosperous upbringing, the tormented youth (from which he draws some hasty Freudian conclusions), the literary games (some of them played by a debating club called the I.D.K., whose members, when asked what the initials meant, would answer, "I don't know"), the sudden fame as a journalist, the constant writing, the equally constant drinking (which did not stop the writing, though it undermined the writer's health), the family crises and disappointments, and the old-fashioned, letter-writing friendships.

THE DANCE OF LEGISLATION, by Eric Redman (Simon & Schuster). The title comes from Woodrow Wilson, and the author, who is now at law school, comes from the State of Washington. His entertaining book describes his experiences working in the office of his state's senior senator, Warren Magnuson, on a bill—S. 4106—to create a National Health Service Corps to provide doctors for doctorless, poverty-stricken areas. Mr. Redman makes it plain that the bill, which was passed in 1970, was only one of innumerable matters that kept Magnuson and his office busy; he simply uses the bill to show how a law evolves from a concept into a statute. Though Mr. Redman often describes political or legal complexities, he is always lucid, and he is frequently funny.

MEMOIRS OF WALDO FRANK, edited by Alan Trachtenberg, with an

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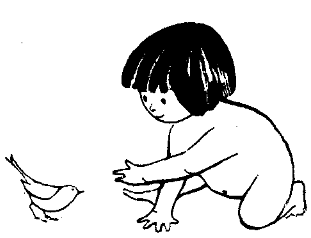

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introduction by Lewis Mumford (University of Massachusetts Press). The unfinished autobiography of an eminent author, critic, and editor—an artistic and intellectual discoverer and appreciator whose latter days were saddened by a feeling that he himself was no longer appreciated. Frank (1889-1967) grew up in New York City with well-off parents who encouraged his precocity, and Mr. Mumford, who knew Frank personally, suggests that he missed greatness because of his egocentricity. A spoiled-child quality is apparent in this book, but so are Frank's other gifts—among them his quickness at seeing what was new or valuable, or was needed, in arts and letters. There is, for only one example, his enchantment with Hispanic culture, and his sense—years ahead of anybody else in North America—that Latin America had plenty to contribute. The memoir also displays a lovely prose style.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT: 1972, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum). The mixture as before—portraits of all the candidates, accounts of the primaries, explication of the issues, analysis of the final results. The White formula has one large, built-in difficulty: he must write fondly and admiringly of the winners and the near-winners, for he will need their coöperation for his next volume. In this one, he must have dismissed Senator McGovern as a man without much of a future, for he treats him with undisguised contempt. Richard Nixon, on the other hand, gets more admiration than he got in the earlier White volumes, which is saying quite a bit. White had just about finished the book when the Watergate hearings began, and he managed to work in as much about them as he could at press time, but not so much as to raise any serious questions about the character of the President or the Administration.

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THE RENAISSANCE PLEASURE FAIR opens in the Oak Forest, (near Novato in Marin) on Labor Day weekend and continues through October 8 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tickets may be ordered in advance from Renaissance Pleasure Fair, P.O. Box 18104, San Francisco, 94118. Adults $3.75, children under 12, $1.50. Wear your Victorian costumes and join in the parades and pageants.—*Woodland (Calif.) Democrat.*

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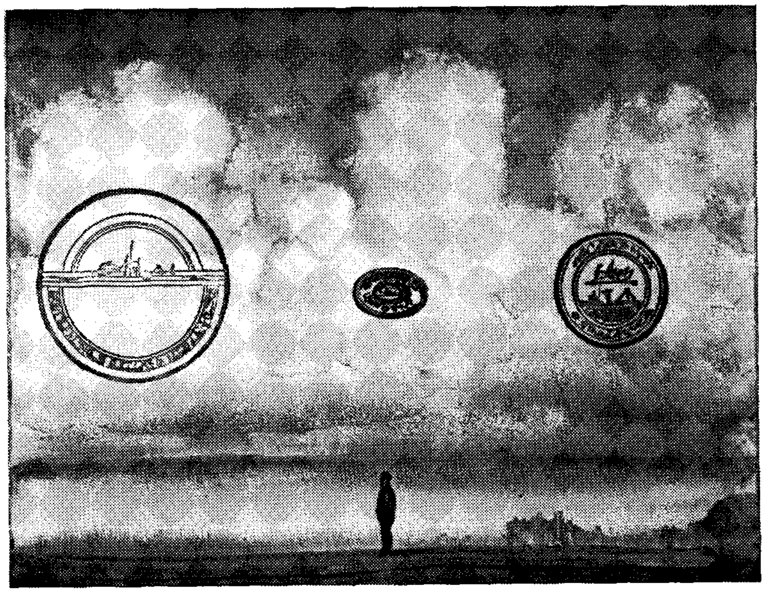

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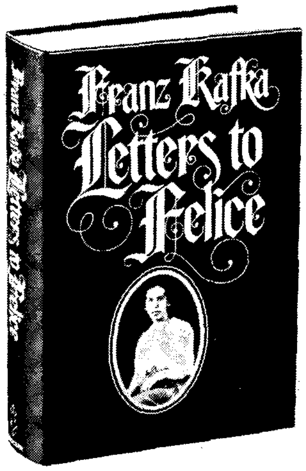

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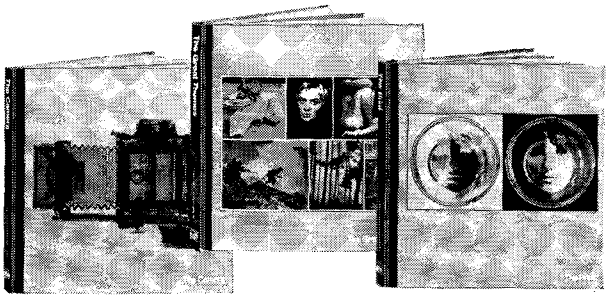

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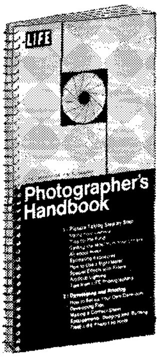
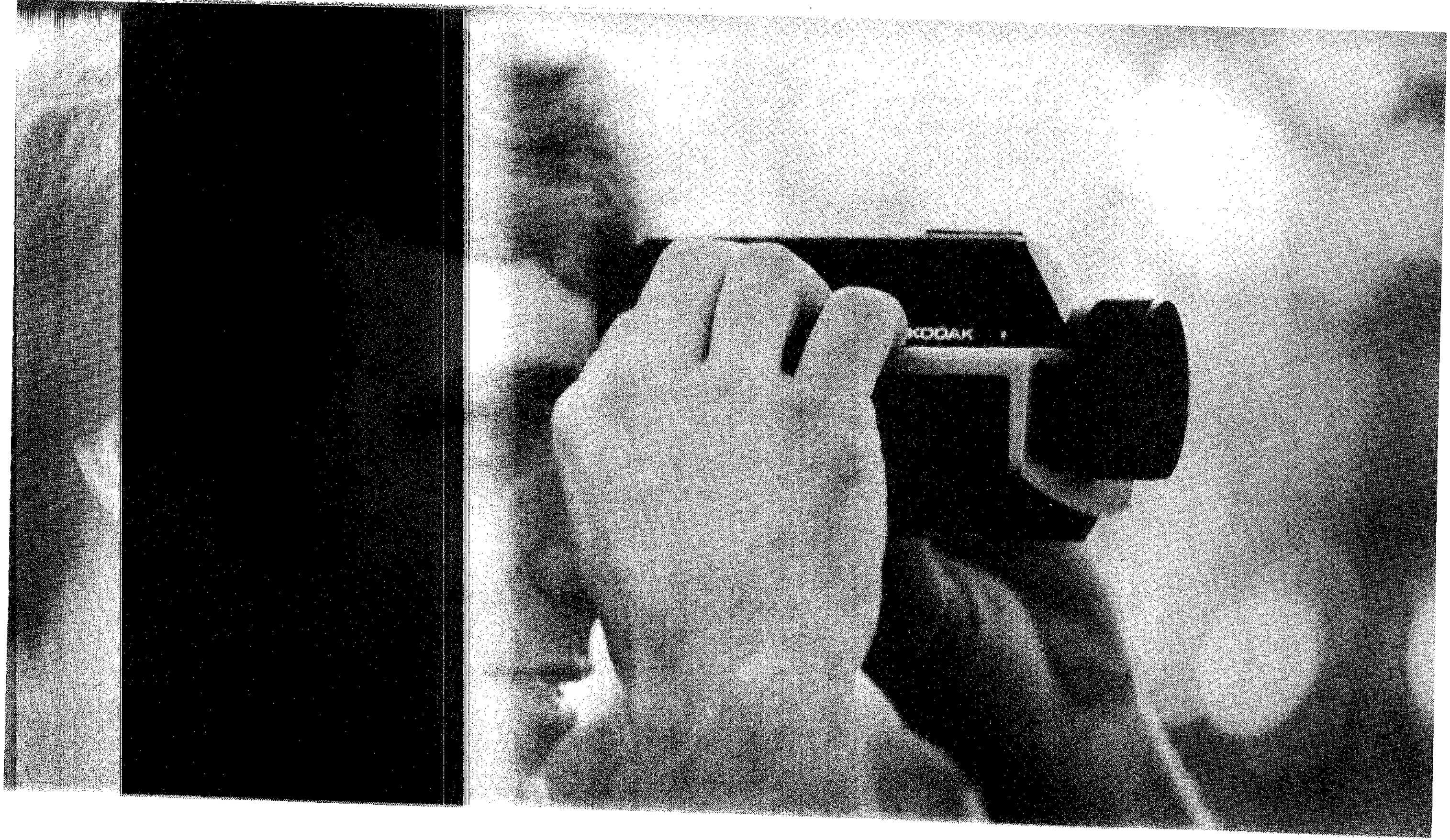
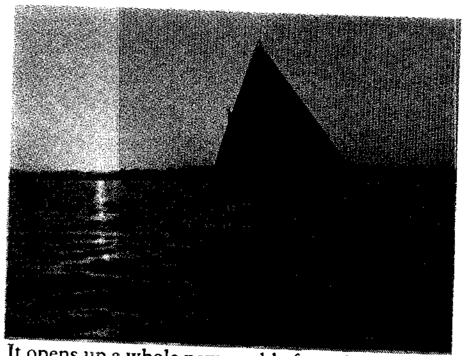
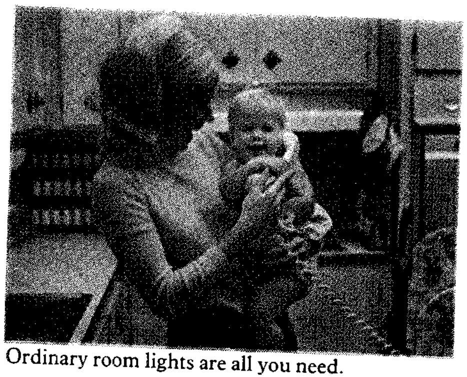




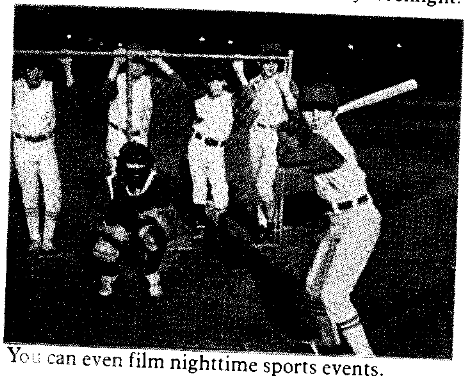
Movies without movie lights.
The Kodak XL movie camera lets you take movies you couldn't take before.

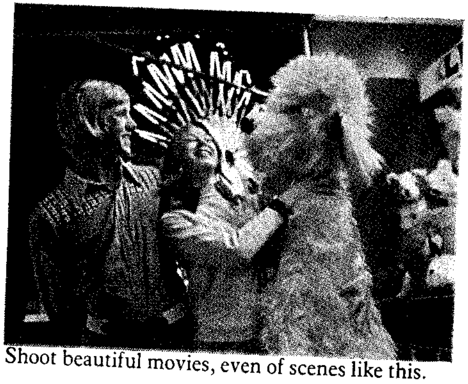

It opens up a whole new world of movie-making.

Now you can even take your movies by torchlight.


Ordinary room lights are all you need.

No place for movie lights? No need for them now!


You can even film nighttime sports events.


Shoot beautiful movies, even of scenes like this.

Now you can take all kinds of movies—without movie lights. All you need is a Kodak XL movie camera and high-speed Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film—the film that's four times faster than Kodachrome II movie film.

Kodak Ektachrome 160

Kodak XL movie cameras have a specially designed lens, shutter, exposure control, and viewfinder that allow up to six times more light to reach the film than cameras without these features. From less than $120 at your photo dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak XL movie cameras/Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film.

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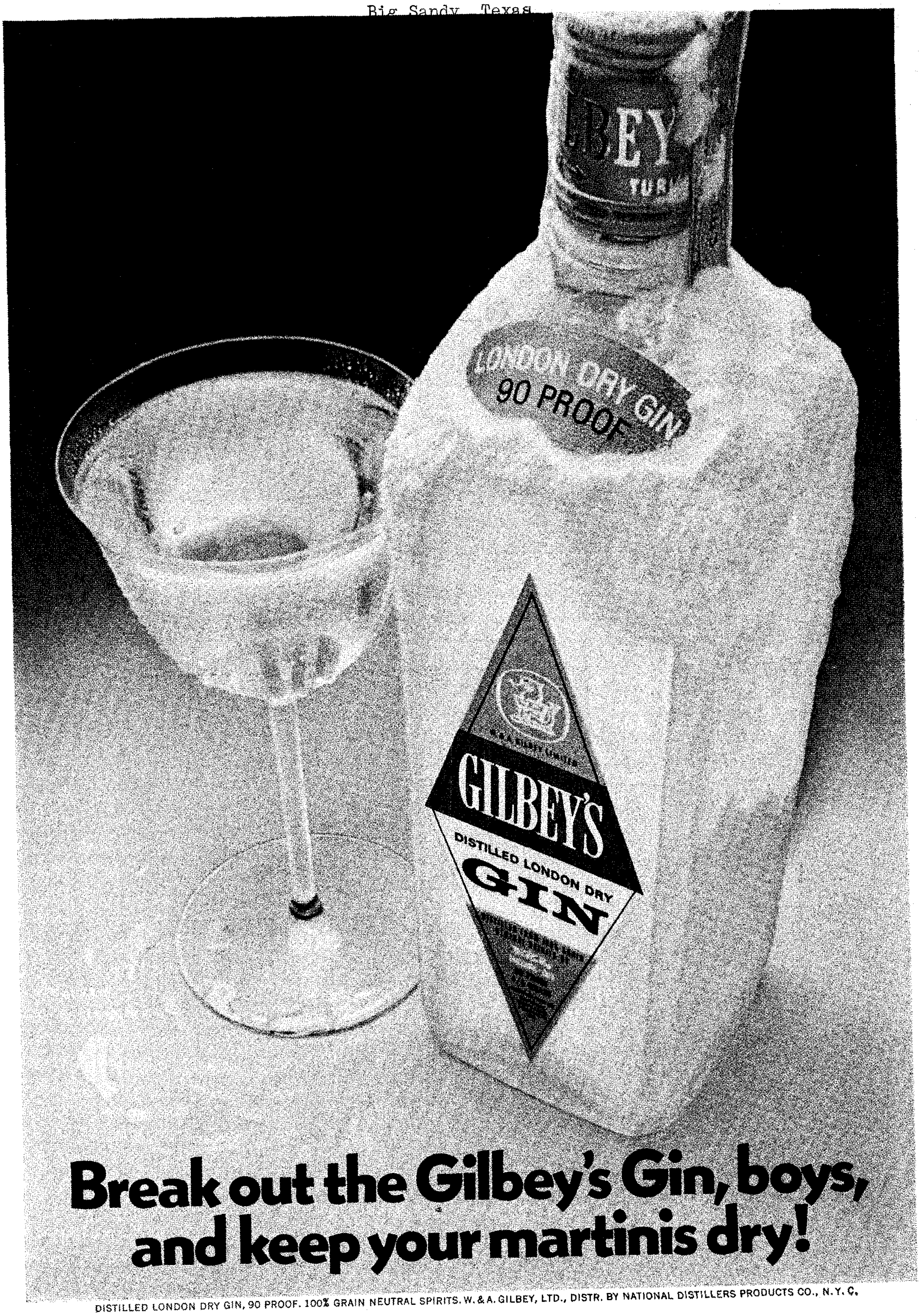
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